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OLD WORLD HERO STORIES



EVA MARCH TAPPAN



HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY



Albert Bushnell Hart

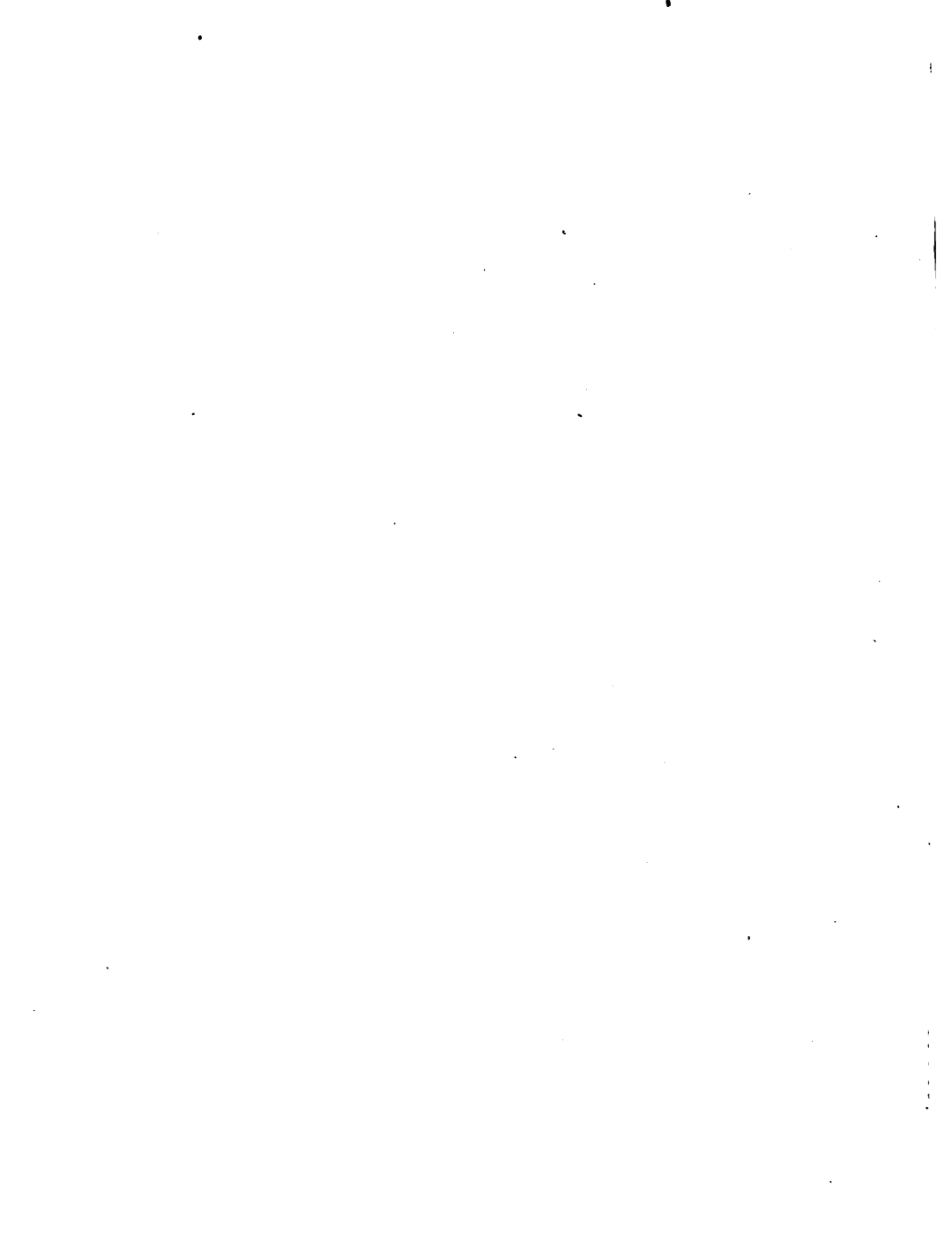
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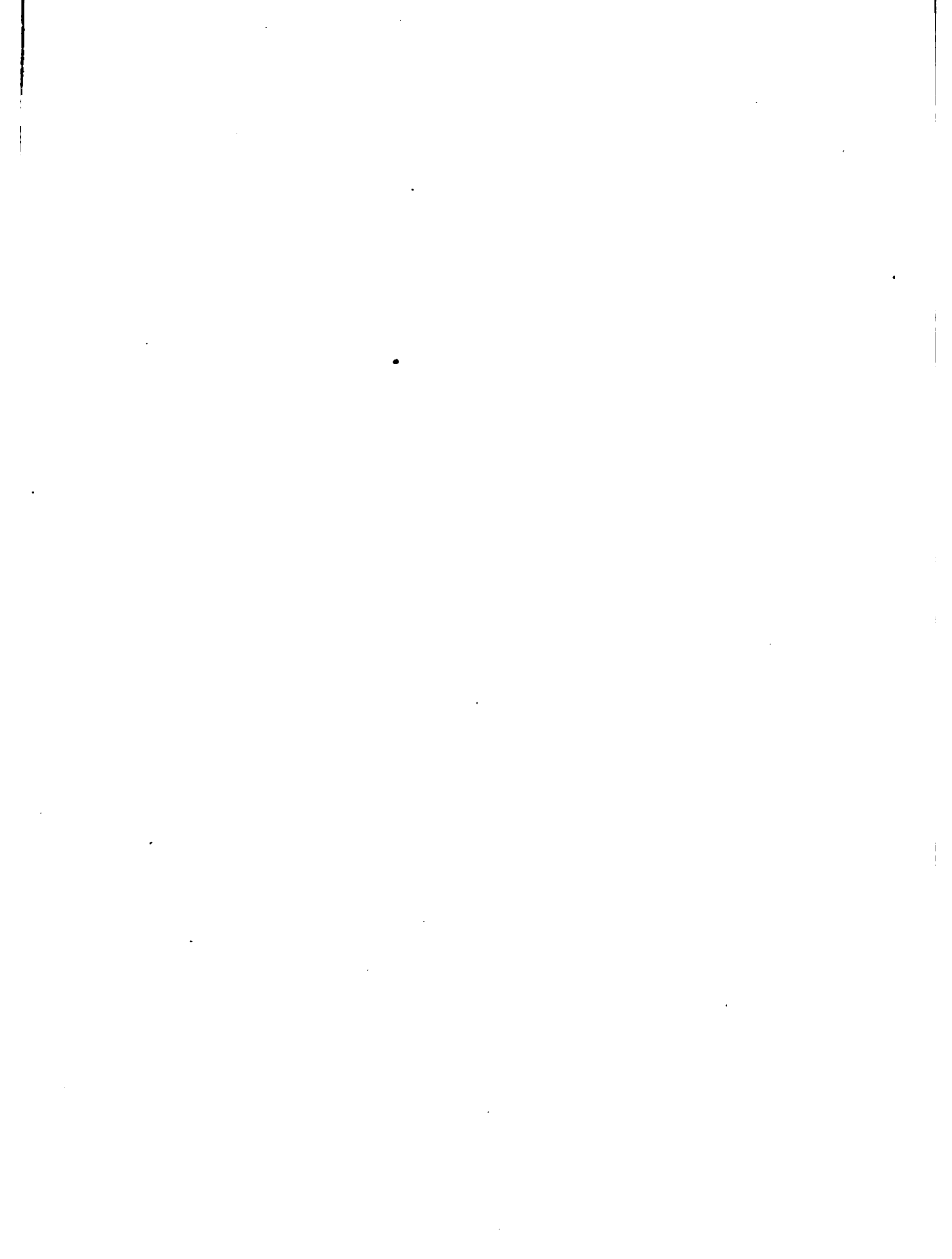


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COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF SPAIN

OLD WORLD HERO STORIES

BY

EVA MARCH TAPPAN, PH.D.

Author of "The Story of the Greek People," "The Story of the Roman People," "England's Story," "Our Country's Story," "American Hero Stories," etc. Editor of "The Children's Hour"



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PREFACE

It is not so many years since the school history was practically a dry chronicle of discoveries, settlements, and wars. A narrative that was in any degree personal and anecdotal was gazed upon askance as being necessarily unscholarly and undignified. Discoveries and settlements and wars there must be, and accounts of them must be written and made familiar; but the one and only way to bring past issues into the life of a child with any vividness is first to interest him in the actors themselves. Carlyle says that history is at bottom "the history of the great men who have worked here." There is no better introduction to the study of the Augustan Age than the story of the life of Augustus; no better way to arouse interest in the philosophy of Plato and Socrates than the tales of their lives.

This book is a collection of biographical stories of a number of the prominent men of the last three thousand years. Each one of these men was looked upon by hosts of his contemporaries as a hero. He was the ideal man of his time, and in the following stories one may trace that changing of ideals which has been the true history of the world. Holmes writes of having the same easy feeling among books that a stable boy has among horses. If a child can only gain that "easy feeling" among the men who have brought momentous events to pass, he has received the best possible preparation for the study of history.

EVA MARCH TAPPAN.

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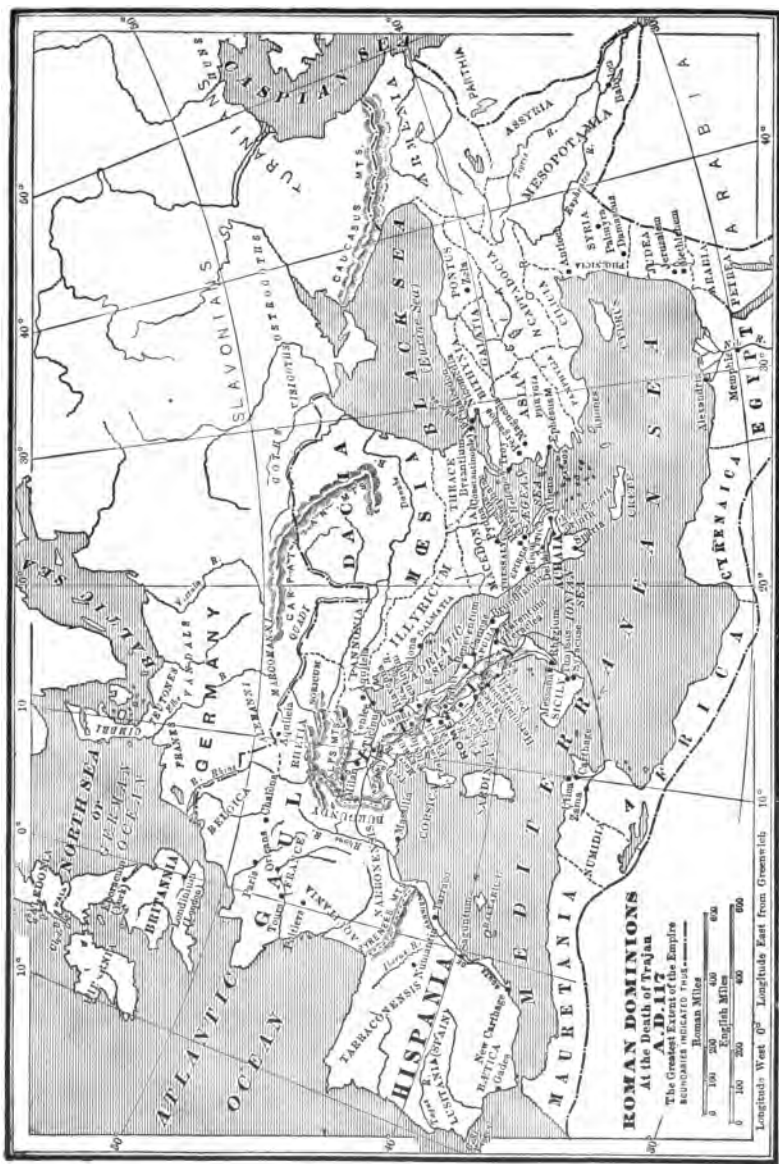
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PART ONE
ANCIENT HERO STORIES.



OLD WORLD HERO STORIES

I

HOMER, THE GREAT STORY-TELLER

A LONG, long time ago — perhaps three thousand years or more — there was a man named Ho'mer. No one knows much about him; but there are legends that he was born on the island of Chios¹ and that he was blind. He wandered about the land, homeless, but welcome wherever he chose to go, because he was a poet. He once described how a blind poet was treated at a great banquet, and probably that is the way in which people treated him. He said that when the feast was ready, a page was sent to lead in the honored guest.



Flaxman

A GREEK BARD

A silver-studded chair was brought forward for him and set against a pillar. On the pillar the page hung his harp, so near him that he

¹ ki'os

could touch it if he wished. A little table was placed before him, and on it was put a tray spread with food and wine. When the feasting was at an end, he sang a glorious song of the mighty deeds of men. The Greeks liked to hear stories just as well as the people of to-day, and they shouted with delight. Then they all went out to the race-course, the page leading the blind singer carefully along the way. There were races and wrestling matches and boxing and throwing of the discus. After this, the poet took his harp and stepped to the centre of the circle. The young men gathered around him eagerly, and he chanted a story of A'res, the war god, and Aph-ro-di'te, goddess of beauty and love.

Homer composed two great poems. One is the Il'i-ad, which takes its name from Il'i-um, or Troy, a town in A'sia Mi'nor. For ten long years the Greeks tried to capture Ilium. They had good reason for waging war against the Tro'jans, for Par'is, son of the king of Troy, had stolen away the Grecian Helen, the most beautiful woman in the world. She was the wife of a Greek prince named Men-e-la'us; and the other princes of Greece joined him in attacking Troy. They took some smaller places round about and divided the booty, as the custom was. In the tenth year of the war, A-chil'les and Ag-a-mem'non, two of the greatest of the princes, quarreled about one of these divisions, and here the Iliad begins. Achilles was so angry that he took his followers, the Myr'midons, left the camp, and declared that he would have nothing more to do with the war, he would return to Greece.

Now the Greeks were in trouble, indeed, for Achilles was their most valiant leader, and his men were exceedingly brave

soldiers. They sent his friend Pa-tro'clus to beg him to come back. Achilles would not yield, even to him; but he finally agreed to allow his followers to return and also to lend his armor and equipments to Patroclus.

When the Trojans saw the chariot and armor of Achilles, they ran for their lives, as Patroclus had expected; but at length Hec'tor, son of King Pri'am, ventured to face his enemy, and Patroclus fell. Achilles was heartbroken. It was all his own fault, he declared, and he groaned so heavily that his wailing was heard in the depths of the ocean. He vowed that, come what might, he would be revenged. He went back to the camp and made up the quarrel with Agamemnon; and then he rushed forth into battle. The Trojans were so terrified that they all ran back into the city save one, Hector. But when Achilles dashed forward upon him, his heart failed, and he, too, ran for his life. Three times Achilles chased him around the walls



THE DISCUS-THROWER

(From the statue by Myron)

of Troy, then thrust him through with his spear. He tied cords to the feet of his fallen enemy and dragged his body back and forth before the eyes of the Trojans; and when the

following morning had come, he dragged it twice around the tomb of Patroclus.

The Greeks believed that if a person's body had not received funeral rites, he would be condemned to wander for one hundred years on the banks of the Styx,¹ the gloomy river of the dead; but Achilles declared in his wrath that the body of Hector should be thrown to the dogs. Then King Priam loaded into his litter rolls of handsome cloth, rich garments, and golden dishes, and made his way to the tent of the fierce warrior. "Your father is an old man like me," he pleaded. "Think of him and show pity. I have brought a wealth of ransom. Take it and give me the body of my son." The fiery Achilles yielded and even agreed to a twelve-days' truce so that the funeral might be celebrated with all due honor. The tale ends with the building of an immense pyre and the burning of the body of Hector.

Homer's second poem is the *Od'ys-sey*. Troy finally fell into the hands of the Greeks, but *U-lys'ses*, or *O-dys'seus*, one of the leaders, was unfortunate enough to be hated by *Po-sei'don*, god of the sea. His home was on the island of *Ith'a-ca*; but before Poseidon would allow him to return to it, he drove the homesick wanderer back and forth over the *Med-i-ter-ra'ne-an* Sea for ten long years and made him undergo all sorts of danger. The *Odyssey* tells the story of his wanderings and his wonderful adventures. First, he was driven by a storm to the land of the *Lo'tos-eaters*. Whoever ate the lotos forgot his home and friends, and cared for nothing but to stay in the lotos country and idle his life away

¹ stiks

*Schultzenberger***THE CYCLOPS THROWING IMMENSE ROCKS AT ODYSSEUS'S VESSEL**

in vain and empty dreams. Some of Odysseus's men tasted this fruit; and he had to drag them on board the ship and even tie them to the benches to keep them from staying behind.

Odysseus's second adventure was in the country of the Cy-clo'pes, monstrous giants, each having one huge eye in the middle of his forehead. One of these giants, Pol-y-phe'-mus, found the Greeks in his cave when he drove home his sheep and goats. He devoured two of the men at once, and others on the following day. But Odysseus was planning revenge. He offered the giant a great bowl of wine, which pleased him mightily. "What is your name?" the Cyclops asked. "No man," replied Odysseus. Then Polyphemus promised him as a great favor that he should be the last of the company to be eaten. But when the giant was sleeping

stupidly, Odysseus and his men took a stick of green olive wood as big as the mast of a ship, heated one end in the fire until it was a burning coal, and plunged it into the eye of Polyphemus. He roared with pain, and the other giants ran from all sides to his aid. "What is it? Who is murdering you?" they cried. "No man," howled the giant, "No man is killing me." "If it is no man," they said, "then your ill-

*Burne-Jones*

CIRCE

(She is represented as preparing the magic drink that turned men into beasts)

ness comes from Zeus, and you must bear it. We can do nothing," and they went their way.

The Greeks made their escape, but it was not long before they were in trouble again. They landed on the floating island which was the home of Æt'o-lus, god of the winds. He was kind and friendly, and when they departed, he gave

Odysseus a leathern sack tied up with a silver cord. All the stormwinds were safely shut up in this sack; but Odysseus's men supposed it was full of treasure. They were so afraid they would not get their share that while their leader slept, they tore it open.

Æolus had given them a favorable breeze, and they were so close to their own island that they could see men heaping wood on the fires, but now the stormwinds rushed out of the bag, and the vessel was driven back again over the waters.

They landed on the island of the enchantress Cir'ce, who had an unpleasant habit of chang-

ing people into the animals that they most resembled. They passed by the Si'rens, beautiful, treacherous maidens who sang so sweetly from a soft green meadow near the shore that no seamen who heard them could help throwing themselves into the water to make their way nearer to the mar-



Schulsenberger

THE RETURN OF ODYSSEUS

velous music. The wise Odysseus had himself bound to the mast and forbade his sailors to free him, whatever he might say or do. Therefore he was able to hear the magical songs in safety. Neither did he lose his vessel, for he had stopped up the ears of the sailors with wax. They passed between the snaky monster Scyl'la and the horrible whirlpool Cha-ryb'dis; and after many long years of wandering and hardship Odysseus arrived on the shore of his beloved Ithaca.

Pe-nel'o-pe, wife of Odysseus, had been tormented by a throng of suitors, who for years had been feasting upon her food and wasting her property. Her son Te-lem'a-chus was only a youth and not yet strong enough to drive them away. Penelope never gave up the hope that Odysseus would return, and to gain time she put the suitors off by every device in her power. When everything else had failed, she began to weave a web in her loom, and promised that when it was done, she would choose among them. She worked at this for three years, and the suitors waited; but in the fourth year her maids found out the secret, that she was pulling out by night what she wove by day. In the very nick of time Odysseus appeared. He and Telemachus slew the wicked suitors and punished all who had been unfaithful in his absence. Then Telemachus and Penelope and the aged father of Odysseus rejoiced, for at last their lord had come to his own again.

These are bits of the stories that Homér tells in the Iliad and the Odyssey; but their greatest charm is in his manner of telling them. He seems to know just how each one of his characters feels. He understands the anger of Achilles, and he sympathizes with the sorrow of Hector's wife when the hero is

going forth to battle. He knows how to use words so marvelously well that he can make one line sound like the tramping of horses on a plain and another like the beating of waves against the rocks. He describes every event as if he himself had seen it, and he never forgets to mention the little things which so many people pass over. Best of all, the stories are told so simply and naturally that, even after the many centuries, we can hardly help feeling that Homer is alive and is telling them directly to us.

SUMMARY

Homer. — The treatment of a poet. — The Iliad. — The death of Patroclus and of Hector. — The Odyssey. — The Lotos-eaters. — The Cyclopes. — The storm-winds. — Circe. — The Sirens. — Scylla and Charybdis. — The return of Odysseus.

II

LYCURGUS, WHO MADE HIS COUNTRYMEN INTO SOLDIERS

No one can say just how much of the stories that Homer tells is true; but one thing seems certain, namely, that in very early times many of the Greeks joined together to wage war against the Trojans. They did not often unite in any undertaking, for Greece was made up of little kingdoms, generally separated from one another by mountains or arms of the sea; and each kingdom had its own laws and customs and was exceedingly jealous of the others.

There were several reasons, however, why the people of these little states felt that, quarrel as they might, they nevertheless belonged to the same family. They spoke the same language and they worshiped the same gods. They believed that the surest way to learn the will of the gods was to go to an oracle. The most famous was that of A-pol'lo at Del'phi,



GREEK WORSHIP

Schmale

(The procession is approaching the statue of a god)

a wild spot in the mountains. From a cleft in the rock a stupefying vapor arose. The priestess breathed this until she was half unconscious. The priests noted carefully all her mutterings and broken sentences and interpreted them to the people who were always eagerly waiting for answers to questions of all sorts. These oracles were highly valued by all the Greeks; and, however much they might differ on other points, they were united in wishing to protect them and even the roads which led to them. For this purpose they formed amphi'ty-on-ies, or "groups of neighbors."

A third bond among the Greeks was the games, in which no foreigner was allowed to take part. All the Greeks believed that the gods liked to see athletic contests; and therefore the games became very important. The most noted were held at O-lym'pi-a. At first there were only foot-races; but later



THE OLYMPIA FOOT-RACE

there were wrestling, boxing, leaping, throwing quoits, hurling javelins, and races of four-horse chariots. The only reward given to the victor was a wreath of wild olive; but he was applauded and feasted; statues were set up in his honor, a seat was reserved for him at the theatre, and as long as he lived he was treated with the utmost respect.

Each little kingdom had its own ways, as has been said; but the two that were most unlike were La-co'ni-a with its cap-

ital Spar'ta, and At'ti-ca, whose chief city was Ath'ens. The legends say that Ly-cur'gus was the person who established the customs of Sparta. When he was a young man, his enemies spread the story that he meant to steal the kingdom from the baby king. Lycurgus was so indignant that he left the country and stayed in exile for many years. When at length he came back, he was full of plans for making Laconia the strongest state in Greece. His countrymen were ready



LYCURGUS OFFERING TO GO INTO EXILE

to follow his lead ; but they must have been surprised at some of his requirements. First, he insisted that all the land should be divided equally among the citizens. The people agreed to this, but they would not agree to having the money divided ; so Lycurgus had a law passed that iron should be

used for money and that gold and silver should be of no value. He made them all, from the king down, eat at the same table and live on the simplest sort of food, a repulsive black broth being the principal dish. Their houses had to be built of rough logs. The doors could not have fitted very well; for it was forbidden to use any tool but the saw.

But Lycurgus was far more interested in the children than in the grown folk, and he planned to bring up the boys and girls to despise luxury and even comfort and to glory in being able to bear hardship. In the first place, no baby was allowed to live unless it seemed to be strong and well. Until the boys were twelve years old, they ran about naked, that they might become used to heat and cold and storm. To teach them to provide for themselves in time of war, he gave them little food and ordered them to steal the rest as best they could. If they were clumsy in doing this and were caught, they not only went without the food, but they were soundly whipped. Indeed, they seem to have been whipped for almost everything. The object of this was not only to make them perfectly obedient, but to teach them to bear pain. Once at least the older boys were brought before one of the altars and flogged most severely. The one who bore the suffering longest was given a reward and was praised by every one. It is said that one boy was flogged to death without even crying out.

The education of the boys was not neglected. They were taught music and poetry and a little of reading, writing, and arithmetic. Much more attention, however, was paid to teaching them to talk in the fashion that Lycurgus thought best. He bade them be silent unless they had something

worth saying, and then to use few words. If a boy was asked a question, he was taught to make a brief, pointed reply. For instance, when a Spartan was asked if he would not come to listen to a person who could imitate the song of the nightingale, he replied, "I have heard the nightingale herself." This retort was certainly as rude as it was keen, but it was just what pleased Lycurgus.

The boys were expected to do their own thinking, and tests of their ability to do this were often given them. Every group of boys was in the charge of an *i'ren*, a young man of twenty years. From time to time, they were called together before the older men and the magistrates, and the *iren* bade them do various things to prove their progress. One of the hardest of these tests was to call upon a boy to tell whether some action of one of the prominent men was good or bad. He must not only say whether he thought it was wise or unwise, but he must give reasons for his opinion. If he did not do well, the *iren* punished him. After the test had come to an end, the boys were sent away; and now came the test of the *iren* himself. If it was thought that he had not decided wisely and justly, he was flogged even more severely than the boys.

The girls were not treated so harshly; but they were made to run and wrestle and throw quoits in order to make them hardy and strong. They were taught that the most admirable thing in the world was glory in war, and that a woman's highest honor was to lose a son in the service of the state. When a Spartan youth was starting out for battle, his mother's farewell was not tears and prayers, but the bidding, "Return with your shield or on your shield," that is, "Conquer or die."



SPARTA

This is the way Lycurgus trained his countrymen. He taught the young people to be kind and respectful to the aged, to be honest and upright, to tell the truth, and above all things to love their country. The Spartans became such brave soldiers and such devoted patriots that for nearly five hundred years Laconia was the strongest of the kingdoms of Greece. So far this training was most excellent; but on the other hand, the Spartans cannot have been very agreeable companions. They were so sure that their own ways were best that they despised the ways of other folk. Moreover, they were not polite enough to keep their opinions to themselves, but had a disagreeable fashion of telling people how foolish they were and how much more wisely the Spartans managed affairs. Nevertheless, Lycurgus had made them

just what he wanted them to be, a race of bold, hardy soldiers. The question was how to keep them so; for he was afraid that after he was dead, they would slip back into their old ways and become like the people of the other states. At length he fixed upon a plan. He called them together and told them that, much as had been done, there was still one thing more which was necessary to the prosperity of the kingdom. Before he revealed it, he must first make a journey to the oracle at Delphi, he said; and then he asked them, "Will you solemnly swear to obey the laws until I return?" Of course they would; the man who had made their country so great might ask whatever he chose; and they took a solemn oath to keep the laws. Lycurgus went to Delphi. He offered up a sacrifice to the gods, bade farewell to his son and the friends who had journeyed with him, and then refused all food and waited for death. He ordered that his body should be burned and his ashes not carried to his own country, but thrown into the sea; and thus the Spartans could never say that even his body had returned. This was the way by which he made sure that the people would keep his laws; and he died happy in the belief that his state would be strong and powerful forever.

SUMMARY

The truth in Homer. — Delphi. — The Olympian games. — The requirements of Lycurgus. — How the Spartan boys were brought up. — Their fashion of talking. — The iren. — The treatment of girls. — The result of Spartan training. — The death of Lycurgus.

III

SOLON, WHO MADE LAWS FOR THE ATHENIANS

A CERTAIN young A-the'ni-an named So'lon expected to inherit a large fortune; but when his father died, it was found that he had been so generous to all in need as to leave little property to his son. There were wealthy friends who would have willingly supported Solon, but he preferred to support himself, and he became a merchant. In those times, a merchant not only sold goods, but he went from land to land to purchase them. In this business Solon made himself rich and also saw the customs and became familiar with the laws of many countries. People said that he was always eager to learn and that he liked to write poetry. He was a most devoted father. When one of his children died, he wept as if his heart would break. A friend who tried to comfort him pleaded with him not to weep, because it would do no good. "And that is just why I do weep," Solon replied.

At that time the Athenians were divided into parties, and the members of each party thought far more of having their own way than of acting for the good of the state. Athens became so weak that even the tiny kingdom of Meg'a-ra ventured to make war against her, and got possession of the island of Sal'a-mis, and, what was more, held on to it in spite of the efforts of the Athenians to win it back. At length they gave up all hope of ever regaining it. They even passed a decree that any one who should suggest making the attempt

should be looked upon as an enemy to his country and should be put to death.

Now Salamis was Solon's birthplace, and he could not bear to have it in the hands of enemies. The way he set about regaining it, however, was to shut himself up in his house and send out a report that he had become insane. In reality, he was writing a poem; and when it was done, he sallied forth



SALAMIS FROM ACROSS THE BAY

into the marketplace, always full of people, and mounted the stone from which proclamations were made. There he stood and recited the poem. It was a ringing appeal to his countrymen to recover the island. An insane man could not be put to death for breaking a law; and this poem so aroused the Athenians that they repealed the law, set out for war, put Solon in command, and regained the island.

In another way Solon was of great help to his countrymen. The Athenian, Cy'lon, and his friends had raised a revolt and had seized the temple of the goddess Mi-ner'va. The magistrates told them that if they would tie a cord to the shrine of the goddess and keep fast hold of it, they would still be under her protection and might come down from the temple and be sure of a fair trial. It chanced that the cord gave way; and at this the magistrates rushed upon them and killed them. Some of the Athenians believed that the many troubles of the state had come upon it because of this broken promise, and they were most grateful to Solon when he induced the magistrates to come to trial. The people of Megara took advantage of the difficulties of the Athenians and seized Salamis again. There is no knowing when the struggle over the island would have come to an end, had not both states finally agreed to leave the decision to five judges appointed by the Spartans. Then each side pleaded its right to Salamis. Solon was the chief speaker for the Athenians. He could reason and argue as well as fight; and he won the victory. Salamis was given to Athens.

Solon now became a maker of laws. No two parties wanted exactly the same thing. Taking the people as a whole, the only change desired by the rich was to be better protected in enjoying their wealth; while the poor thought that all wealth ought to be equally divided among the citizens, whether they had ever done anything to earn it or not. These different classes all had confidence in Solon; and he was chosen archon, or chief magistrate. The men who owned little farms were in the most pressing trouble. If a hard season

had made it necessary for a farmer to borrow some money, he had to give so high a rate of interest that there was small hope of his debt ever being paid. In that case, his creditor had a legal right to sell him as a slave. Solon's first laws were made to help these farmers. He allowed them to pay their debts to individuals in coins only three fourths as heavy as the old ones, but counted as of the same value. He forgave all debts of farmers to the state. He decreed that no man should be made a slave because he failed to pay borrowed money; that whoever had seized a man as a slave should set him free, and if he had been sold into a foreign country, should bring him back.

Solon's next reform was in regard to the manner of making the laws. Thus far, they had been made by the nobles, that is, the men of high birth. Solon divided the people into four classes according to their income from land. The wealthiest class alone were to hold the highest offices; but they had to pay the most taxes. The lowest class could hold no office in the state, as they paid no taxes for its support; but every man could rise from one class to another, and every man, rich or poor, had the right to vote in the general assembly.

Solon did not forget to look out for the interests of the children. He forbade people to sell their children as slaves, a thing which had formerly been allowed; and he ordered that every father should teach his son a trade. If he neglected to do this, the law did not oblige the son to care for him in his old age.

The laws to punish crime had been put in shape by Dra'co about a quarter of a century earlier. They were so severe

that they were said to have been written in blood. Even the smallest theft was punished by death. Solon revised them and made them far more reasonable. Then he turned his attention to some of the ways in which money was wasted.



PREPARING FOR THE FUNERAL

(From a vase painting)

He decreed that less should be expended in display at funerals, that not more than three garments should be buried with the body, that there should be no sacrifice of an ox and no hired mourners. A woman going on a journey was permitted to carry only three dresses.

The laws of Solon were written on wooden tablets and set up in places where every one could read them. There is a tradition that he began to put them into verse, but gave up the attempt. Every one did read them; and promptly one and all began to find fault. The wealthy nobles had lost a great deal of money by the remitting of debts and the freeing of slaves; and they were indignant that so great a share in the government had also been taken from them. The poor people had supposed that in some mysterious way these changes would make them all rich; and they felt wronged and disap-

pointed. Each little party had its special grievance, and everybody blamed Solon. Besides this, people were constantly appealing to him to know the meaning of one law or another; and at length he concluded that it would be best for him to go away for a while and let the Athenians manage matters for themselves. He made them promise that they would keep his laws for ten years, and then he left the country.

When he returned, he found affairs no better. The people were restless and dissatisfied, and a man named Pi-sis'tra-tus was gaining much influence over them. Pisistratus had a frank, pleasant manner, he was generous, and he had won victories in the Olympian chariot-races. He claimed to be



GREEK CHARIOTS

Flaxman

a devoted friend to the poor, and made them feel that if he were only in power, he would do great things for them. One day, with his face

smeared with blood, he rode into the market place and declared that his enemies had tried to kill him for being so devoted to the interests of the poor. Pisistratus was a relative of Solon, but the honest old patriot could not endure this, and he cried out, "Pisistratus, you have done this thing to impose upon your countrymen." Nevertheless, the people believed in Pisistratus and allowed him to have a guard of

armed men. This guard grew larger and larger, and by and by this "friend of the people" captured the Acropolis, that is, the hill on which stood the finest temples and the strongest fortifications; and Pisistratus was now ruler of Athens. Solon could do nothing to prevent, and he put his weapons outside his door with these words: "I have done all in my power to defend my country and its laws."

After it was clear that Pisistratus would be able to remain in control, the friends of Solon were afraid of what he might do to the aged man to punish him for his opposition. They begged Solon to flee; but he refused. He stayed in his own house and made verses to the effect that whatever difficulties the Athenians might fall into, it was all their own fault.

Most men of that time, if in the place of Pisistratus, would have at least made Solon's life uncomfortable; but Pisistratus was too wise, and perhaps too good-natured. He always treated Solon with the greatest kindness and respect, asked his advice, and what was more, generally followed it. Solon believed that Pisistratus had no right to rule and that the Athenians would yet be sorry that they had allowed him to seize the government; but since he was in power and could not be put out, Solon thought that the best thing he could do for his state was to help make his rule as excellent as possible. This was the easier for Solon because Pisistratus really ruled extremely well. He gave cattle and seeds and tolls to the poor farmers; he reared handsome buildings; and, besides this, he invited all the people who knew the poems of Homer and He'si-od by heart to come together in Athens and com-

pare them as they had been used to reciting them. Then he had copies carefully made of the version that was decided to be the best. That is how it came to pass that we have the poems of these two great poets in almost the same words in which they were composed.

Solon always loved Salamis, and when he came to die, he bade his friends carry his ashes across the water and scatter them over his beloved island.

SUMMARY

The early life of Solon. — The capture of Salamis. — Cylon and the magistrates. — Salamis is regained. — Solon aids the farmers. — He reforms the manner of making laws. — The laws of Draco. — Edicts against extravagance. — The reception of Solon's laws. — The exile of Solon. — Pisistratus becomes ruler of Athens. — His treatment of Solon. — He saves the poems of Homer and Hesiod.

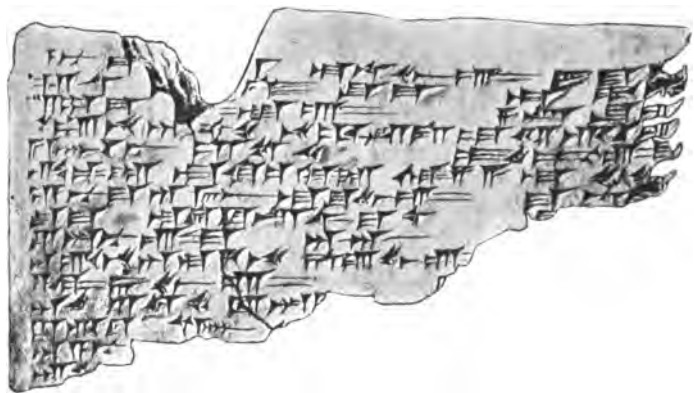
IV

DARIUS OF PERSIA IS REPULSED AT MARATHON

THE little country of Greece was not without its neighbors. Far away to the east, too far for any intercourse, were China and India. In the valley of the Ti'gris and the Eu-phra'tes Rivers there were, first, the Chal-dæ'ans, a learned folk who knew a good deal about astronomy and who collected great libraries. At the first glance, a library must have looked somewhat like a brick-kiln; for the Chaldæans wrote on little

tablets of clay in wedge-shaped letters. They built many temples with rough pyramids of brick for their foundations.

Chaldæa was at length conquered by the As-syr'i-ans. They were fierce warriors and terribly cruel to their captives. The kings had a fashion of inscribing on the walls of their palaces accounts of their greatest exploits; and one of them wrote proudly of a people whom he had conquered that he had cut off the hands and feet of some and the noses, ears, and lips of others, that he had built a tower of the heads of the old men, and had tossed the little children into the fires. The Assyrians built palaces of brick whose foundations were mounds eighty or ninety feet high and covered many acres.



FIRST TABLET OF THE ASSYRIAN NARRATIVE OF THE CREATION

The Assyrians as well as the Chaldæans made great collections of clay books. The most famous of these libraries was in the city of Nineveh. It is thought that it contained ten thousand tablets.

After six centuries had passed, the Neb-u-chad-nez'zar whose story is told in the Old Testament conquered Je-ru'sa-lem, carried away the silver and gold from Sol'o-mon's temple, and burned the temple itself. The people he made slaves.



RUINS OF A TEMPLE

(The walls are covered with inscriptions)

Bab'y-lon became his capital, and such a capital as it was! He had taken so many thousand captives in his wars that there was no limit to the number of men that could be forced to work for him. He built and repaired temples by the score. He built himself a palace that was six miles in circumference. Around it were three walls, entered by three gates made of brass taken from Jerusalem. The most famous of his struc-

tures were the Hanging Gardens, that were counted as one of the seven wonders of the world. Nebuchadnezzar's wife came from a country of mountains, and she had no liking for the level plains over which her husband ruled. Therefore he set to work to make a mountain for her. First, he had terraces built of earth resting on heavy piers. These formed a mound four hundred feet high. Trees were set out on this mound, which were moistened by water drawn up from the river Euphrates below. Whether the queen was pleased, no one can say; but in a flat country even a little hill seems lofty, and on the level plains of Babylonia the Gardens must have looked much like a real mountain.

In Syr'i-a was the kingdom of the He'brews, who in the midst of worshipers of many deities never yielded their belief in the one God. After the times of Solomon, the land was divided up into the Kingdom of Is'ra-el, whose capital was Sa-ma'ri-a, and the Kingdom of Ju'dah, whose capital was Jerusalem. The Assyrians overpowered the Kingdom of Israel, and Nebuchadnezzar conquered the Kingdom of Judah and destroyed the temple, as has been said.

Stretched along the eastern coast of the Mediterranean Sea was Phœ-ni'ci-a with its chief cities, Tyre and Si'don. The Phœnicians were traders and fearless sailors. While most other nations hugged the shore and trembled at the terrors of the ocean, the hardy Phœnicians sailed boldly through what is now the Strait of Gibraltar, made their way to Britain, and loaded their vessels with the products of the British tin mines. Another article of which they sold a vast amount was the famous Tyrian purple, a deep red dye made of a shell-fish

that was found on the Phœnician coast. Then, too, they sold an enormous quantity of fir from the forests of Mount Leb'-a-non, which lay on the eastern border of their country. When Solomon was about to build the temple in Jerusalem, he sent to Tyre for fir. The Assyrians and Babylonians, too, would not have been able to rear their great structures if they could not have obtained wood from the Phœnicians.

But of all the neighbors of Greece, the ancient country of E'gypt was the most interesting. Egypt was really the lands watered by the river Nile; and if there had been no Nile,



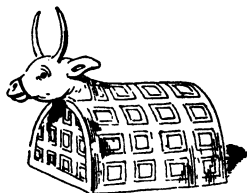
AN EGYPTIAN KING IN BATTLE

there would have been no Egypt, for the land was formed by the soil brought down by the river. Every year, when the rains were heavy at the sources of the

Nile, it rose and overflowed its banks. When the stream subsided, it left behind it a layer of rich mud. Seeds were planted in this, and as if by magic the bare mud-flats became covered with the rich green of fast-growing crops.

The Egyptians were skilled in astronomy and geometry. They wrote in hieroglyphics, that is, in rude pictures rather than in words. In one respect they were like the Hebrews,

namely, they believed in one God. At least, such is thought to have been the belief of the priests. It was supposed that the common folk could not understand this belief; and therefore they were taught to worship many gods and to show the utmost reverence to certain animals which were regarded as representing them. It was thought that people whose lives had not been good were obliged to return to earth over and over again in the forms of various animals.



AN EMBALMED BULL

This was called the transmigration of souls. Another part of the general belief was that after many thousand years the spirits of the dead would return and would wish to live again in their former bodies. This is why bodies were carefully embalmed, that is, wrapped so closely in bandages with oils and gums that great numbers of them have been preserved to this day and are the mummies which are shown in our museums. One of these is the body of Ram'e-ses II, the king who held in bondage the Children of Israel.

As the Egyptian kings were so sure that they would need their bodies, they built elaborate tombs for them. The oldest and most wonderful of these are the pyramids. King Che'ops built the largest pyramid. Its base covers thirteen acres, and it is more than four hundred and fifty feet high. Cheops meant that this should last forever; but the beautifully polished stones of the outside and many of the rougher stones under them were taken down centuries ago and carried to Cairo to be used in other building. Many pyramids have

been almost entirely destroyed, but about thirty are still standing.

Not far from the pyramid of Cheops is a great stone figure, seventy feet high, called the Sphinx. It has the face of a human being and the body of a lion. The Egyptian statues were not handsome in the least, but they were majestic and dignified. The Egyptians knew how to make some beautiful things; for instance, they could color glass far better than



MUMMY CASE OF RAMESES II

it can be done to-day; but in their statues they aimed chiefly at size. In the ruins of their cities there are great numbers of stone pillars, some of which are more than seventy feet high. At Thebes, there are two statues which are forty-seven feet high, and each is hewn from a single block of stone. Many of these great blocks were brought from a long distance, but we can only guess how this was done. The pyramids were built at least four thousand years ago. But no nation does such work while it is young; therefore we may be sure that even in those days Egypt was an old country; and when she was in the time of her youth no one can say.

When the year 600 B. C. had come, the strongest of these neighboring kingdoms was Babylon, and Nebuchadnezzar was on the throne. Egypt fell under his power. Little Phœ-



EGYPTIAN SCULPTURE AT THEBES

nicia, with her narrow strip of seacoast, had never been able to stand alone, but had paid tribute to one country after another; and she, too, came into the hands of Babylon. With the capture of Jerusalem Nebuchadnezzar had put an end to the Hebrew kingdom. He ruled not only in the valley of the Tigris and the Euphrates, but westward to the Mediterranean, and he also held Egypt. He was very proud of his conquests and his wide-spreading territories; but long before the year 500 B. C. had come, Babylon had lost them all.

The new conqueror was the kingdom of the Medes and Persians, which had grown up to the east of the Tigris and

the Euphrates valley. At first the Medes were the stronger of the two peoples, then the Persians. In the year 500, King Da-ri'us was on the Persian throne. He already held all that had belonged to Babylon; he had pushed to the east and conquered northwestern In'di-a; he had forced many towns in Thrace and Mac-e-do'ni-a to yield to him; and now he was ready to attack Greece. He had a good excuse for making the attack. Some time before this, the I-o'ni-ans, an ancient name for the people of Athens, had made settlements on the coast of Lyd'i-a. These had fallen into the hands of the Persians. In course of time they had revolted against Persia, and the Athenians had helped them. When Darius heard what the Athenians had done, he vowed that he would be revenged upon them, and he gave to a slave the command,



SEAL OF DARIUS

(Representing him in a lion hunt. The inscription is, "I am Darius, the Great King")

"Whenever I seat myself to eat, do you cry aloud thrice, 'O king, remember the Athenians!'"

Darius remembered them. Just as soon as he could make ready, he sent a fleet and an army against them. The fleet had to pass a long rocky promon-

tory, not very safe in a calm and extremely dangerous in bad weather. Just as the vessels were off Mount Ath'os, the end of the promontory, a furious storm arose and dashed them upon the rocks. So many ships were destroyed and so many men were drowned that there was nothing for the Persians

to do but to call back the army that had been sent by land and return to Persia.

Darius was not the kind of man to give up, and before long he was ready to try again. First, however, he sent envoys to the different states of Greece to demand that they send him earth and water. This was a token of submission. Some of the states yielded, but the Athenians were so indignant that they hurled the envoys into a chasm. The Spartans were



BATTLE OF MARATHON

quite as regardless of the rights of messengers and threw the envoys sent to them into a well, crying out, "There's your earth and water. Take your fill."

A very angry man was King Darius of Persia. He did not

wait for a calm day to sail around Mount Athos, but went straight across the sea to Attica. His troops knew just where to land, for on board of one of the vessels was a Greek named Hip'pi-as who knew the country well. He was the son of Pisistratus; and after his father's death, he had become ruler of Athens; but he was so tyrannical that he was driven out of the kingdom. He fled to Persia; and now he thought that if Darius could only conquer Athens, he himself might again become its ruler. Hippias told the Persians to land at the plain of Mar'a-thon. It was so wide and level, he said, that it would give plenty of room for using the cavalry.

The Athenian army was commanded by ten generals, who took turns in ruling for one day. Five of them wished to engage in battle; the other five did not think this was wise. There was one other person who had a vote, the minister of war. Mil-ti'a-des, a general who wished to fight, went to him secretly and persuaded him to favor a battle. So it was that the famous battle of Marathon was fought. Miltiades was in command. He drew up his lines in front of the hills at the edge of the plain. The Persians, ten times the number of the Greeks, were on the plain between them and the sea. Off the shore were the ships and the chains in which they planned to carry away the Greeks into captivity. The first charge was a vast surprise to the Persians, for the Greeks dashed upon them with no bowmen and no cavalry for protection. Then the two lines met in deadly conflict. Near the end of the engagement, the Greek wings routed the Persian wings; but the Persian centre broke through the Greek centre. Then the Greek wings faced about and burst upon the enemy so

furiously that the Persians, who had felt so sure of their victory, ran for their lives across the plain and down the slope of the shore. They splashed through the shallow water and clambered into their vessels as if fiends instead of Greeks were after them; but before they could get away, the Greeks had captured seven of their vessels.

The Persians did not give up, but hurried away as fast as their oars could drive them. Not a moment's rest was there for the weary Greeks, for the vessels were pointed toward Athens. The soldiers marched off at full speed; and when the Persians arrived and saw them encamped on a little river close to the city, they went back to their own country.

Sometimes a small battle is far more important than many a large one. The number of men who fought at Marathon was not great; but it was a momentous engagement, because it saved the liberty-loving Greeks from becoming the slaves of the Persians.

All honor was shown to Miltiades and to the minister of war, who had been slain in the battle. Their statues were even placed among those of the gods. It was the custom to bring home for burial the bodies of men who had fallen; but as a mark of special honor the Greeks agreed to bury the heroes of Marathon on the field. Over them were raised two mighty mounds of earth. Stately marble pillars were reared, whereon was written the name of every man, be he commander or slave, who had died in that place to save the freedom of Greece. The pillars have long since disappeared, but the great mounds of earth still remain and are pointed out to every one who visits the battlefield,

SUMMARY

The Chaldæans. — The Assyrians. — Nebuchadnezzar and the Hanging Gardens. — The Hebrews. — Phœnicia. — Egypt and the Nile. — Hieroglyphics. — Transmigration of souls. — The pyramids. — The sphinx. — The great size of Egyptian sculpture. — The victories of the Medes and Persians. — The expedition of Darius against the Athenians. — His second expedition. — The battle of Marathon.

V

XERXES OF PERSIA TRIES TO CONQUER GREECE

XERX'ES, who followed Darius as king of Persia, would much rather have stayed at home and enjoyed himself; but his counselors insisted that it would never do not to punish those insolent Greeks who had beaten his father's forces at Marathon. When once he had yielded, he set to work with energy to make ready for an invasion. He cut a canal across the promontory of Mount Athos, and he built two bridges of boats across the Hel'les-pont. He put up great storehouses along his proposed line of march and filled them with food. Then he fell into a fury, for a storm had swept away his bridges. Not even the Hellespont had any right to oppose the king of Persia, he thought, and as a punishment for this impertinence he bade his men give the waters three hundred lashes.

The mighty Persian army marched to the Hellespont. A

marble throne was built for Xerxes on a hilltop, and there he sat gazing at the hundreds of thousands of men encamped below him. Suddenly he began to weep, because the thought



THE SO-CALLED "THRONE OF XERXES"

had struck him that a hundred years from then not one of those men would be alive. This was undoubtedly true, but no able commander would have had time to think of it on the eve of an invasion.

On the following day came the crossing of the bridges, and the most superb procession that the world has ever seen. There was Xerxes himself in a magnificent war-chariot, and there was the even more magnificent chariot of the sun-god

with its eight white horses. There were the Ten Thousand Immortals, the special guard of the king, who marched gravely and steadily with crowns on their heads. There were troops from the many nations subject to Xerxes. Some of them wore coats of mail, some wore linen corselets, and some wore long cloaks. They carried all sorts of weapons; spears, daggers, bows, and arrows, and even heavy clubs knotted with iron, according to the customs of their countries. There were long lines of camels and servants with provisions. There were also more than four thousand ships gathered together

in the waters. Fortunately for all folk who like to hear a good story, there was a little four-year old boy then living in Asia Minor named He-rod'o-tus. When he grew up, he traveled to many places where interesting things had happened, learned all that he could about them, and wrote what he had learned. It is he who tells us about the expeditions of the Persians and this crossing of the bridges of



HERODOTUS AND THUCYDIDES
(From a double bust in the museum at Naples)

boats by the greatest army that was ever brought together.

The Greeks were in so great anxiety that some of them were ready to send earth and water at once. Others were

determined to resist even the mighty Persian sovereign. But they were so jealous of one another that even in their trouble they quarreled about the leadership. At length Athens, Sparta, and a few other states agreed to stand together, and the command was given to Le-on'i-das, the Spartan king.

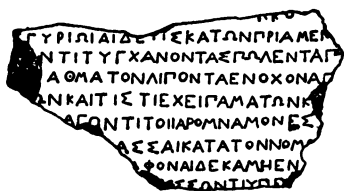
The Persians were marching nearer and nearer, keeping close to the shore. Xerxes heard that a few of the Greeks were at the Pass of Ther-mop'y-læ, but with his hundreds of thousands of men that was a small matter, and he marched on. He had just lost four hundred ships in a storm, and the Greeks were guarding the Eu-ri'pus, the strait between the island of Eu-boe'a and the mainland, or else he might have carried his men to Attica by water — if he had thought it was worth while.

At Thermopylæ the mountains jut out into the sea and leave only a narrow passage between them and the water. Here Leonidas with three hundred Spartans and about six thousand men from other tribes took their stand against the enormous numbers of the Persians. There were two days of terrible fighting. Then a traitor, who hoped for a great reward, told Xerxes that there was a footpath by which his men could go over the mountains and around the Pass.

When Leonidas found that the path had been discovered, he knew that he could not hold Thermopylæ. Nevertheless, he would not withdraw. "The laws of our country forbid that we should leave the place that we have been sent to guard," he said. The others made their way to their homes; but the Spartans and also the Thes'pi-ans refused to retreat. The Persians came upon them from above and from below. They

fought with their weapons, then with their teeth, with their fists, with stones, with anything that would make a wound or strike a blow, until every man of them was slain. The Persians had won the Pass of Thermopylæ, and they set out for Athens.

There was now no reason for guarding the Euripus, and the Greek warships sailed through it toward the south. The commander of the Athenian vessels was The-mis'to-cles, a man who had fought at Marathon. He was a far-seeing man,



GREEK WRITING ON STONE

and at the time when the Greeks were rejoicing because they had driven away Darius, he was serious and grave. "The Persians will come again," he declared, "and we must learn to defend ourselves on the water

as well as on the land." His constant cry was, "Build ships, build ships." The Athenians were slow to yield, but finally a fleet was built. This was the fleet which Themistocles was bringing down the Euripus. This commander never overlooked any chances. He knew that there must be Ionians, who were of Greek descent, in the army of Xerxes, and he cut messages for them on the rocks along the way. "Men of Ionia," these inscriptions said, "come over to our side if possible; if you cannot do this, we pray you stand aloof from the contest, or at least fight backwardly."

The Persians were aiming first at Athens; and the other kingdoms had abandoned her to her fate. The states lying to the south of the Isthmus of Cor'inth, the Pel-o-pon-ne'sus,

as that part of the country was called, were working night and day to build a high wall across the Isthmus to protect themselves and their own cities; and the Persians swept down upon Athens. They plundered and burned and destroyed till there was hardly one stone left standing upon another. The people of the city were saved; for just before the coming of the Persians they had been crowded into boats and carried to safe places.

Long before this, the Athenians had sent to the oracle at Delphi for advice. One line of it was, "Holy Salamis, thou shalt destroy the offspring of women." But who could say whether the "offspring of women" meant Greeks or Persians? Themistocles believed that it meant the Persians, and that a naval victory at Salamis was the only hope of the Greeks.

The men of the Peloponnesus who were building the wall objected. "We will fight at the Isthmus," they said, "and then if we are defeated, we can retreat to our homes; but we will not go out to fight on the water." Themistocles believed that the oracle had promised a victory at Salamis and nowhere else, and he resolved to make the objectors fight, whether they would or not. He sent a faithful slave to Xerxes to say that the Greeks were divided, that some were for him and some were against him. "Now is your chance to win a glorious victory," the message ended. The Persians were made to think that this message was sent by some Greek commander who favored their side.

The envoys of the states met again and talked far into the night. While they debated, a message was brought to The-

mistocles: "There is one without who would speak to you." It was an Athenian named Ar-is-ti'des. He, too, had been at Marathon. He was so upright and honorable that he was known as "the Just." He had believed that Themistocles was entirely in the wrong in urging the building of ships. He had opposed the course of his rival so strongly that at length the matter was brought to the test of ostracism. This was a peculiar custom of the Athenians. If it was thought that any one man was gaining too much power, the citizens were called together, and each was requested to write on a shell (os'tra-kon) the name of any one who he thought might endanger the liberty of the state. If any one person received six thousand votes, he was banished for ten years. It was in this way that Aristides had been banished. The Greeks had permitted all those to return who had been sent away, lest they should join the Persians; and here was Aristides in the darkness of the night, bringing a message to his old opponent Themistocles.

Aristides was so earnest a patriot that he was perfectly willing to help even Themistocles to win glory if by so doing he could save his country, and he whispered, "The Persian ships are at the entrance of the strait." Then Themistocles was delighted. He saw that his trick had deceived the enemy and that now the Greeks would have to fight on the water.

So it was that the battle of Salamis came about. The Greek ships formed in a line extending from Attica to Salamis. The Persian vessels lay to the south of them. Then the conflict began. All day long the battle raged. Both sides fought with the utmost courage. Indeed, the Persians would have done better if their commanders had not been quite so fearless.

Every one of them was eager to do some brave deed under the eye of the king, have his name set down by the royal secretaries as one of the king's "benefactors," and win the reward and honors that would await him. The result of this was that when the foremost Persian ships were put to flight, the vessels coming up behind them pressed on so zealously that they knocked against them and against one another. Rudders



THE VICTORS OF SALAMIS

Gornon

were destroyed, oars were snapped off, and the ships of the invaders drifted about helplessly, were rammed by the Greeks, and sank by the score. The Greeks were here, there, and everywhere; and wherever a Grecian vessel went, it ran its sharp prow into the sides of the Persian ships. The Greeks even sailed around the Persian fleet and attacked it from the rear. When night came, they had won the victory. Xerxes

started for home, sailing as fast as a ship would carry him, for he was terribly alarmed lest the Greeks should destroy the bridges over the Hellespont before his troops could march across them. Herodotus says that if all the men and women in the world had advised him to stay, he would not have done it. One of his generals was eager to try again, and he remained with three hundred thousand men. By this time the states had learned that they must unite. There was a savage battle at Pla-tæ'a. The Greeks were victorious, and this ended the attempt of the great king of Persia to overpower the little country of Greece.

SUMMARY

Xerxes prepares to invade Greece. — The crossing of the Hellespont. — Herodotus. — Leonidas commands the Greek forces. — Thermopylæ. — The inscription on the rocks. — The destruction of Athens. — The advice of the oracle. — Themistocles tricks the Persians. — Ostracism. — The battle of Salamis.

VI

PERICLES AND HIS AGE

AFTER the Persians had been driven away from Greece, the Athenians returned to their city. It was in ruins; but they were so jubilant over their victories that they hardly thought of their losses. They rebuilt their homes, and then they began to rebuild the city walls. The Spartans were not pleased.

They were willing that Athens should be almost as strong as Sparta, but not quite. They sent messengers to suggest that it was not well to wall in the city; for if the Persians should ever succeed in capturing it, the walls would make a strong shelter for them. But the Athenians only worked the faster; and before long the walls had risen so high that they could be as independent as they pleased.

The Athenians were then divided into two parties. One thought it best to keep on good terms with Sparta; the other believed that, no matter how hard they tried, Sparta would never be really friendly; and this party declared that the wisest course was to make Athens as strong as possible, and then Sparta might be friendly or unfriendly as she liked. The leader of this second party was Per'i-cles. He was calm and sensible, and when he spoke to the people, he was so reasonable and so eloquent that the Athenians were easily persuaded to follow his advice. Athens was an inland city, four miles from her seaport, Pi-ræ'us. Pericles reminded the citizens that, although Athens was strong and Piræus was strong, yet an enemy might come in between and shut the city from her port. He advised them to build two parallel walls from Athens to Piræus. This was done. These walls were sixty feet high, and so wide that two chariots could drive abreast on them.

Next, Pericles induced the Spartans to make a treaty of peace that was to last for thirty years. He had made Athens strong, and now he was free to carry out his plan of making her the most beautiful city in the world. The Athenians loved everything beautiful, and they were ready to fall in with his

wishes. It was nothing new to them to have handsome buildings and noble statues; but Pericles planned to build on the A-crop'o-lis a group of temples that should be more magnificent than anything the world had ever seen. The noblest of them all was the Par'the-non, or temple of A-the'ne. This was of pure white marble, with long rows of columns around it. Three styles of columns were used by the Greeks. One was the Co-rin'thi-an. The capital, or heading, of this looks



THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS

(As it appeared at the height of Athens's glory)

as if the top of the column were surrounded with a cluster of marble leaves. The second style was the I-on'ic, whose capital is carved into two coils a little like snail shells. The third style was the Dor'ic, which has a plain, solid capital. The

*Bühlmann*

MARKET PLACE OF ATHENS, RESTORED
(The Acropolis rises to the left, in the background)

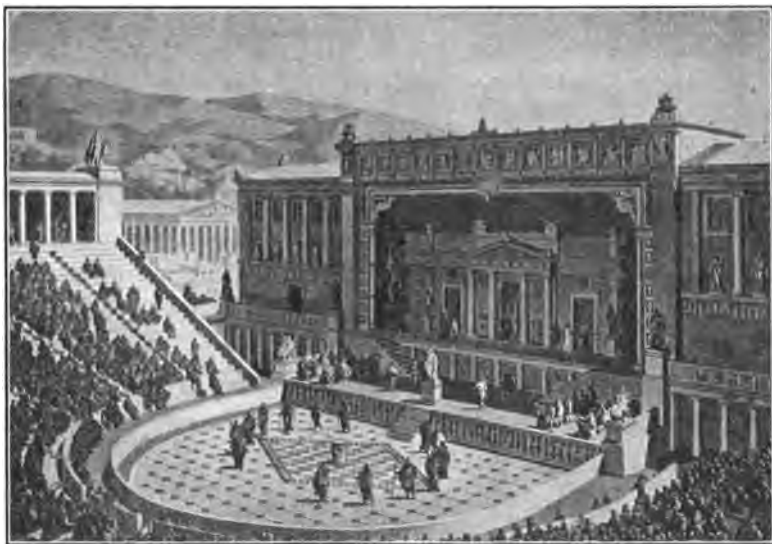
Corinthian and Ionic are beautiful, but the Doric looks strong and dignified; and therefore the Doric was chosen for the Parthenon. A frieze, or band of sculpture, ran around the whole building. This showed the famous procession which took place every four years to present to the statue of Athene a new peplos, or robe. This robe was exquisitely embroidered by maidens from the noblest families in Athens. The statue was thirty-nine feet high. It was wrought of ivory and gold, and the pupils of the eyes were probably made of jewels. Another of the buildings on the Acropolis was the Erechtheum, which was sacred to Athene and Poseidon. Out under the open sky stood a second statue of Athene; and this was made of bronze captured from the Persians at Marathon.

Pericles intrusted this work to the artist Phid'i-as, and he could not have made a better choice, for from that day to this, people have never ceased to discover new beauties in the Parthenon. Phidias was so anxious to make everything as perfect as possible that when people came to see his work, he used to stand just out of sight and listen to what was said. If any one discovered a fault, he did not rest until he had corrected it.

Pericles also improved the theatre of Di-o-ny'sus. A Greek theatre was not a covered building, but consisted of many rows of stone seats rising up the side of a hill. At the base of the hill was a level space where the actors stood. Some of the plays were tragedies. These were serious and grave. They were most frequently about the gods or the noble deeds of the early Greeks. Others were merry comedies which made fun of the whims and fancies of the day. The tragedies taught the listeners to be religious and patriotic, and the comedies made them think about what was going on around them. Both were so valuable to the people that Pericles thought no one ought to be kept away by poverty. Therefore he brought it about that the state should pay the admittance fee. Twice a year twelve plays were acted, and a prize was given to the author whose work was counted best. Thirteen times it was presented to the poet Æs'chy-lus. He was soldier as well as poet, and had fought bravely at Marathon and Salamis. Another poet was Soph'o-cles. The Athenians liked his plays because they were not quite so formal and his characters seemed more like real people. The third of the great tragic poets was Eu-rip'i-des. His plays were lighter

than those of Sophocles, and were more like scenes in everyday life.

The greatest writer of comedy was Ar-is-toph'a-nes. He amused himself by making fun of his fellow citizens in a witty, goodhumored fashion which was vastly entertaining to them. The Athenians thought that to go to court and listen to law-



THEATRE OF DIONYSUS, RESTORED

suits was the finest amusement in the world; and in Aristophanes's play "The Birds," he takes for chief characters two Athenians who are so tired of lawsuits that they have fled from men to the birds.

Herodotus, who gave so vivid a description of the crossing of the Hellespont by the forces of Xerxes, lived in the time of

Pericles. So did another famous historian named Thu-cyd'-i-des. Herodotus was a born story-teller; but Thucydides writes so simply and clearly that he is always interesting.

Pericles made some important changes in the laws. He believed that all citizens ought to have the same right to hold office. But as a poor man could not afford to leave his work in order to serve as a magistrate, he persuaded the Athenians to pass laws to give salaries to officeholders. More than this, if the men went to the meetings of the general assembly, they were paid; and if they served as jurymen, they were paid. Sometimes hundreds of jurymen sat on a single case. Soldiers had never received any wages before this time; they had defended their country as they would have defended their own houses; but now soldiers, too, were paid for their services. Indeed, in one way or another, a very large number of the citizens were paid by the state for doing what the Greeks had before this thought was only their duty. The years between 445 B. C. and 431 B. C. are known as the Age of Pericles. Athens was then the strongest of the states of Greece and the most beautiful. She had a protecting wall seven miles in length; she had the most powerful navy of the time, and the city was the richest in the world in superb temples and marvellous statues.

The Age of Pericles was a happy time for the citizens. With so much building going on, there was enough to do for workmen of all kinds; and if a man could work in gold, brass, stone, or wood, he was sure of good wages. There were ships enough for commerce, and there was commerce enough for the ships. The Athenians knew how to make all sorts



ATHENS, RESTORED

(In the distance may be seen the Acropolis, and beyond it mountains in Argolia. In the foreground are the city walls and a bridge over the Ilissus)

of earthenware; they did wonderfully fine work in metal; and other countries were eager to trade with them.

The homes of the Athenians were comfortable, but very simple. The house was usually built around an open court, and into this all the rooms opened. The Greeks lived so much in the open air that they looked upon a house as being chiefly a shelter from stormy weather and a place for their property. Their furnishings were not expensive, but the chairs and couches and bowls and jars were sure to be of graceful form and color; for the Athenians were such lovers of beauty that anything ugly really made them uncomfortable.

The children had tops and kites and carts and swings just like the children of to-day. The little girls learned at home

to read and write and care for a house; but the boys were sent to school. Greek parents would not allow a boy to go to school alone, but always sent with him a slave called a pedagogue to see that he behaved properly on the street. The boy was taught to read clearly and well. He learned to write with a stylus, or pointed piece of metal or bone, on a tablet covered with wax. When his tablet was covered, the wax could be smoothed, and then it was ready for the next day's work. Boys wrote a great deal from dictation, and often this dictation was taken from the Iliad or the Odyssey. They learned to reckon, to sing, to play on the lyre, and perhaps to draw. They must learn to throw the discus, to wrestle, to leap, and to run. No one expected that all the boys would become champion athletes, but it was looked upon as a disgrace for a boy not to be taught to carry himself well and use his muscles properly.

The peace which Pericles had arranged with Sparta lasted for only fifteen years. Then war broke out. Pericles was managing the defense of Athens with the greatest wisdom; but the plague came down upon the city, and soon the great Athenian lay dying. The friends about his bedside were talking of his victories, when he suddenly opened his eyes and said, "Many other generals have performed the like; but you take no notice of the most honorable part of my character, that no Athenian through my means ever put on mourning."

SUMMARY

Athens is rebuilt. — Pericles persuades the Athenians to build walls to Piræus. — The Parthenon. — The three styles of columns.

— The statues of Athene. — The Erechtheum. — Phidias. — The Greek theatre. — Æschylus. — Sophocles. — Euripides. — Aristophanes. — Herodotus. — Thucydides. — The changes in the laws. — The happiness of the Age of Pericles. — The Athenian homes. — How children were brought up and taught. — The death of Pericles.

VII

TWO PHILOSOPHERS, SOCRATES AND PLATO

ABOUT a century before the Age of Pericles, some one asked a very wise man, "What is a philosopher?" He replied: "At the games, some try to win glory, some buy and sell for money, and some watch what the others do. So it is in life; and philosophers are those who watch, who study nature, and search for wisdom." Now during the time of Pericles a young man lived in Athens who was to become famous as a philosopher, though perhaps no one thought so at the time. His father was a sculptor. The son followed the same occupation, and probably worked with hammer and chisel upon some of the statues that were making Athens beautiful.

This young man, whose name was Soc'ra-tes, studied with some of the teachers of the time; but he was not satisfied with their teaching, and he made up his mind that the best way for him to find out what was true was to think for himself. One of his conclusions was that, as the gods needed nothing, so the man who needed least was in that respect most like them. Therefore he trained himself to live on coarse and

scanty food; he learned to bear heat and cold; and even when he served in the army and had to march over ice and snow, he did not give up his habit of going barefooted.

Socrates was not handsome. He had a flat nose, thick lips, and prominent eyes. He became bald early in life. He walked awkwardly, and used to astonish people by sometimes standing still for hours when he wanted to think out something. On the other hand, he had a beautiful voice, he was bright and witty and brave and kindhearted. As he grew older, he used to spend the whole day wherever people were to be



SOCRATES

(From a bust in the Vatican Gallery at Rome)

found. He went to the market place, to the workshops, and to the porticoes where the Athenians were accustomed to walk up and down and talk together. He was ready to talk with any one, rich or poor, old or young, and to teach them what he believed to be right and true. His way of doing this was by asking questions and so making them think for themselves. For instance, his pupil Pla'to

represents him as having a talk with a boy named Ly'sis. "Of course your father and mother love you and wish you to be happy?" he asked. "Certainly," replied the boy. "Is

a slave happy, who is not allowed to do what he likes?" "No." "Then your parents, wishing you to be happy, let you do as you choose? Would your father let you drive his chariot in a race?" "Surely not," said Lysis. "But he lets a hired servant drive it and even pays him for so doing," Socrates continued. "Does he care more for this man than for you?" "No, he does not." "As your mother wishes you to be happy, of course she lets you do as you like when you are with her," said the philosopher. "She never hinders you from touching her loom or shuttle when she is weaving, does she?" Lysis laughed and replied, "She not only hinders me, but I should be beaten if I touched them." "When you take the lyre, do your parents hinder you from tightening and loosening any string that you please? How is this?" "I think it is because I know the one, but not the other," the boy replied thoughtfully. "So it is," said Socrates, "and all persons will trust us in those things wherein they have found us wise."

This was the philosopher's manner of teaching an honest boy; but if a man was not sincere, Socrates would tangle him up with his questions until the man had said that sickness and health, right and wrong, and black and white were the same things. He prayed and offered sacrifices to the gods as the laws required; but he believed that there was one God over all, and that to be honest and good was better than sacrifices. He taught his followers to say this prayer: "Father Ju'pi-ter, give us all good, whether we ask it or not; and avert from us all evil, though we do not pray thee so to do. Bless all our good actions, and reward them with success and happiness."

Socrates had made many enemies. The rulers hated him because he declared, among other remarks of the sort, that to govern a state was far more difficult than to steer a vessel; but that, although no one would attempt to steer a vessel without training, every one thought himself fit to govern a state. He was accused of preaching new gods and of giving



DEATH OF SOCRATES

false teaching to the young and was condemned to die. He was perfectly calm and serene. He told his judges that it was a gain to him to die; but that it was unjust for them to put him to death, and therefore they would suffer for it. He would not allow his family to come before them to plead for his life, and he would not escape when his friends offered to open the way.

It was thirty days from the time that he was sentenced until his death. He spent much of this time in talking with his pupils. One of those whom he loved best was Plato; and

Plato afterwards wrote an account of the last days of his master. Socrates said that his death was only going "to some happy state of the blessed." He was asked in what manner he wished to be buried; and he replied with a smile, "Just as you please, if only you can catch me." He was to die by poison. When the cup was brought, he drank it as calmly as if it had been wine, and he comforted his disciples, who were weeping around him. At the last, he called to one of the young men, "Crito, we owe a cock to Æs-cu-la'pi-us; pay it, therefore, and do not neglect it." Æsculapius was the god to whom a man who was grateful for his recovery from illness made a sacrifice; and Socrates was so sure of a happier life to come that he felt as if death was passing from sickness to health. It is no wonder that his pupil Plato said, "This man was the best of all of his time that we have known, and, moreover, the most wise and just."

After the death of Socrates, Plato traveled from one country to another. He studied the people, the laws, and the customs. If there were philosophers in the land, he learned all that he could from them. "Plato, how long do you intend to remain a student?" one of his friends asked. He replied, "As long as I am not ashamed to grow wiser and better." In the course of his travels, he went to Syr'a-cuse, on the island of Sic'i-ly. The ruler of Syracuse was Dionysius.¹ He was called a tyrant, which meant that he had seized the throne unlawfully. Dionysius himself wrote poems, and he was always glad to welcome philosophers and scholars to his court. Unluckily, he and Plato fell into an argument. Plato not

only got the better of it, but dared to make some bold remarks about tyrants. Dionysius was so angry that he came near putting his honored guest to death. He did bribe some one to sell the philosopher as a slave on his homeward journey. This was done, but Plato's friends bought his freedom.

At length Plato returned to Athens. A little way outside of the city was a large public garden or park, along the Cephis'sus River. Here grew plane trees and olive trees. Here were temples and statues. This was called the Academy, in honor of one Ac-a-de'mus, who had left it to the city for gymnastics. Plato's father seems to have owned a piece of land near this park; and here Plato opened a school for all who chose to become learners. It took its name from the park and was known as the Academy. The most brilliant young men of the time were eager to come to the Academy to study with Plato. He discussed difficult questions with his students and he wrote on the deepest subjects, but with so much humor and sweetness that many people fancied him to be descended from Apollo, the god of eloquence. Long afterwards, Cic'e-ro, the greatest Roman orator, declared that if Jupiter were to speak Greek, he would use the language of Plato.

One of Plato's sayings was, "To conquer one's self is the highest wisdom." He not only taught self-control, but he practiced it. A friend came upon him one day unexpectedly and asked why he was holding his arm up as if to strike. "I am punishing a passionate man," Plato replied. It seemed that he had raised his arm to strike a disobedient slave; but had stopped because he found himself in a passion. It was a rare event for him to lose his self-control. Even when he was

told that his enemies were spreading false stories about him, he did not fly into a fit of anger; he only said quietly, "I will live so that none will believe them." He was simple and friendly in his manner. There is a tradition that some strangers who met him at the O-lym'pi-an games were so pleased with him that they accepted gladly his invitation to visit him in Athens. When their visit was near its end, they said, "But will you not introduce us to your famous namesake, the philosopher Plato?" They were greatly surprised when their host replied quietly, "I am the person whom you wish to see."

When Plato died, he was buried in his garden. His followers raised altars and statues in his memory, and for many years the day of his birth was celebrated among them with rejoicing.

SUMMARY

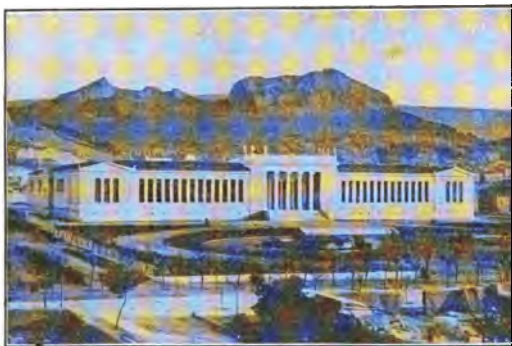
What is a philosopher? — Socrates and his habits. — His talk with Lysis. — His prayer to Jupiter. — His condemnation. — His last talks with his pupils and his death. — Plato visits Dionysius. — The Academy. — Plato punishes a passionate man. — His "famous namesake."

VIII

DEMOSTHENES, THE FAMOUS GREEK ORATOR

WHILE Plato was traveling from country to country, a little boy named De-mos'the-nes was living in Athens. He was a very rich little boy, for his father had left him a large fortune.

It did not do him much good, however, for his guardians were dishonest. They kept as much of the money as they dared, and spent no more on his education than was absolutely necessary. They gave him tutors; but they paid the tutors so little that they did not trouble themselves to see that the child learned anything. He was so slender and sickly that his mother did not urge him to study. So matters went on until he was in his sixteenth year. Then something happened.



NATIONAL MUSEUM, ATHENS

(Where many art treasures of the ancient Greeks are kept)

He heard his tutors talking of an important case which was to be tried in court and a famous orator who was to speak. They were planning to attend the trial, and Demosthenes begged permission to go with them. At

length they agreed to take him. He listened to every word. He saw how the great orator moved the people to think as he himself thought, and he heard their praises of what he had said.

Demosthenes woke up. He was no longer a listless boy; he was a boy with a purpose, for he meant to become an orator. He set to work with all his might to study oratory; and in two years he was arguing a case before the courts. It was a case that he knew all about, for it was the stealing

of his property by his dishonest guardians. Of course a boy not yet eighteen was not allowed to practice law, but he had a legal right to plead in a matter concerning his own private affairs. Demosthenes won his case. He was greatly praised, and he felt as if he was well on the road to becoming a successful orator. It was the most natural thing in the world that he should be eager to "go into politics," or "take some part in the government," as the Athenians put it; and in three or four years he ventured to make a speech in the assembly of the people.

This speech was a complete failure. When he was pleading his own case before the court, his chief business was to state facts; and he was so young that people overlooked his faults. Now, however, when he appeared before them, not as a boy trying to gain his rights, but as an orator trying to bring them around to his way of thinking, it was quite a different matter. They laughed at him, they jeered and they hooted. He lost himself entirely; he mixed up his sentences and confused his arguments. He stammered; his voice was weak, and he was continually losing his breath. He hunched up one shoulder, and he threw himself about in a most ludicrous fashion. It is no wonder that the people laughed; and it is no wonder that Demosthenes hurried away from the assembly and strode down to the Piræus utterly discouraged. Fortunately for him, he met there an old man who said to him kindly, "Your manner is much like that of Pericles, but you lose yourself because you are afraid of your audience and because you have not prepared your body for the hard labor of speaking."

Demosthenes went home. It was encouragement enough for a young speaker to be told that he was in any respect like Pericles; and he went to work more earnestly than ever. He wrote his orations with the utmost care and did his best — still they failed. An actor friend of his followed him as he left the assembly, and to him the disappointed young man opened his heart. "Why is it," he asked, "that though I work so hard on my orations, the people would rather listen to a drunken sailor or any other ignorant fellow than me?" "Won't you repeat to me some passage in Euripides or Sophocles?" asked his friend, and he obeyed. Then the actor repeated the same passage; but he did it with such dignity, such appropriate gestures, and such appreciation of every thought that it became a different thing.

Demosthenes's two friends had helped him more than his teachers. He understood now that he must not only compose his orations with care, but that he must deliver them well, and that he must get rid of his awkward ways. He set to work again with fresh courage. He built himself an underground study, and there he used to practice his orations over and over again. For fear he should be tempted to go out, he would sometimes shave one side of his head, so that he could not appear on the street. He cured his disagreeable stammering by speaking with his mouth full of pebbles. He learned to control his voice by delivering speeches while running up a steep hillside; and he strengthened it to overpower the tumult of the people by making speeches to the ocean in the midst of the thunder of the waves. He hung a naked sword in such a way that if he hunched up his shoulder

in the least, he would be pricked; and he practiced while standing before a mirror, that he might learn not to twist and distort his face. He wrote his orations ten or twelve times; and at last he became an orator, one of the greatest that ever lived.

There was need in Athens of a great orator; for King Phil'ip of Mac-e-do'ni-a had set his mind upon conquering Greece; and no one but Demosthenes seemed able to perceive what he was about. Demosthenes did his best to arouse the Athenians against the king. He would not admit that Philip had any virtues. Some one once spoke in the king's praise because he had eloquence, because he had beauty, and because he could drink a large quantity of liquor without being drunk. Demosthenes retorted, "The first is the quality of a public teacher, the second of a woman, and the third of a sponge." Philip was exceedingly

wily. When the little states were inclined to disagree, he would send money to some of them in order to keep up the quarrel and so to weaken Greece. Demosthenes delivered most bitter orations against him. These were called "Philip'pics," and ever since that day a particularly savage speech against any one has been called a philippic.



DEMOSTHENES
(From a statue in the Vatican
Gallery at Rome)

If all this had occurred in the earlier days of Athens, the state would have been aroused at a word; but the Athenians had now learned to enjoy luxury. They did not like to give up their comfortable homes for the hardships and dangers of the field of battle; and it did not seem possible to make them understand their danger. Demosthenes spoke again and again. He went about from state to state, and after a while the Greeks began to see their peril and were ready to oppose the Macedonian king. But they had waited too long. Philip had now actually taken a town near Athens and had fortified it. The Greeks were as thunderstruck as if they had never dreamed of such a possibility. No one knew what to advise. People seemed to have lost their wits. They were ready then to follow the orator's advice, and they went forth to battle. Philip won the day, and the king of Macedonia was also ruler of Greece.

When the people of Athens wished to show to a man the greatest honor in their power, it was their custom to present him with a crown of gold. The Athenians realized now that Demosthenes had been in the right; and they proposed to give him such a crown. Another orator, Æs'chi-nes, opposed the gift. Both of them made eloquent speeches, which were listened to by an immense audience. That of Demosthenes was his famous "Oration for the Crown." It was such a magnificent oration that, although the judges belonged to the Macedonian party, they were swept off their feet by his eloquence, and more than four fifths of them voted in his favor. If an accuser did not receive at least one fifth of the votes, he was exiled. Æschines, therefore, left Athens at once.

Some time later, Demosthenes, too, was exiled on the charge of accepting a bribe and was also fined fifty talents, or about sixty thousand dollars. He made his home on an island; and it was said that every time he looked across the water to his beloved Attica, his eyes filled with tears. Exile as he was, he was ever trying to do something for his country. In one of the Grecian cities, an orator spoke eloquently in favor of the Macedonians, and was followed by Demosthenes, who spoke for the Greeks. The milk of the ass was used in sickness, and the first orator declared that just as the bringing of asses' milk into a house was a sign of illness, so any city which an Athenian embassy entered must be in a sick and decaying condition. When it came Demosthenes's turn to speak, he retorted, "As the milk of an ass never enters a house save to cure the sick, so the Athenians never enter but to remedy some disorder." The Athenians were so pleased with this retort that they voted to bring Demosthenes home again. They sent a vessel for him, and when he landed at Piræus, the whole town of Athens was there to receive him. As to his fine, it was the custom, when a sacrifice was to be made to Jupiter, to pay the persons who prepared the altars, and the people straightway appointed Demosthenes to this position and ordered him to be paid fifty talents for his trouble.

Demosthenes had not been in Athens long before news came that Alexander, son of Philip, was dead. Then was the time to rebel, thought the orator; and he set about his old work of arousing Greece against Macedonia. The revolt was a failure. The governor of Macedonia was coming swiftly to

Athens, and Demosthenes fled. The officers of the governor pursued him, and he took refuge in a temple of Poseidon on a little island. His enemies pressed into the temple. It was said that in the battle with Philip long before this Demosthenes had left his post and fled; but now when certain death



DEATH OF DEMOSTHENES

was before him, he was calm and quiet. "Give me but a few minutes," he said, "that I may write a letter." He took papyrus or parchment and sat for some time biting the end of his pen as if he were thinking. Then he threw a fold of his mantle over his head.

The soldiers who were watching laughed at him and called him a coward. But in the end of the reed that he had been biting there was a powerful poison; and soon the great orator lay dead at the foot of the altar. One of his servants refused to believe that he had died of poison and declared that the favor of the gods had given him an easy and speedy death, and so had snatched him from the cruelty of the Macedonians.

SUMMARY

The early life of Demosthenes. — He determines to become an orator. — His first case. — His failures and the advice of his friends. — His struggles to succeed. — The "Philippics." — The "Oration for the Crown." — The exile and recall of Demosthenes. — He arouses a rebellion. — His suicide.

IX

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

KING PHILIP of Macedonia, who was so hated and feared by Demosthenes, found himself a very happy man one day. Three messengers came to him with tidings. The first said, "O king, your army has won a great victory." The second said, "Your horse has taken a prize at the Olympian games." The third said, "You have a baby son." The baby was named Al-ex-an'der. If the stories told of his boyhood are true, he must have been remarkable even as a small boy. When he was only a child, some ambassadors from Persia came to the court of Macedonia. Philip was away, and they were received by the little prince. Imagine their surprise when the child began to ask the kind of questions about their country that a grown man and sovereign would have been likely to ask. He wanted to know about the roads and the distances between places. "What sort of man is your king?" he questioned. "How does he treat his enemies? Why is

Persia strong? Is it because she has much gold or a large army?" It is no wonder that the ambassadors gazed at him and then looked at each other in amazement; for they had never before seen a prince like this one.

Another story that is told of the boy is of his taming the horse Bu-ceph'a-lus. It was so vicious that the grooms could do nothing with it, and Philip angrily ordered it taken away. The boy Alexander cried, "What a horse they are losing for want of skill and spirit to manage him!" "Young man," retorted his father, "you find fault with your elders as if you could manage the horse better." "And I certainly could," the boy boldly declared. The king forgot his anger and said, "If you fail, what forfeit will you pay?" "The price of the horse," replied the boy stoutly. Everybody laughed; but Alexander was neither boasting nor jesting. He had noticed something that not one of the others had marked, namely, that the horse was annoyed by his own shadow, which was constantly moving before him. He took firm hold of the bridle and turned the horse toward the sun, he spoke gently and stroked him with his hand, then he leaped upon his back. He let the horse gallop about as much as he chose, then he rode quietly up to his father. Philip did not laugh at him then, but kissed him and said, "Seek another empire, my son, for that which I shall leave you is not worthy of you."

Philip saw that a boy like Alexander would not be satisfied with any ordinary teachers, and he asked Aristotle, a famous philosopher who had long been a pupil of Plato, to come to his court to instruct his son. For a schoolroom, Philip gave them a large garden with many trees and shady, winding

paths, much like Plato's garden on the Cephissus. Alexander was an eager student. He wanted to learn everything, but he was especially fond of the Iliad. When he was sixteen, Philip went to war and left his son in charge of the kingdom. One of the subject tribes thought this was an excellent time to rebel; but the young regent called out his troops, drove the tribe out of their city, filled the place with new settlers, and gave it the name of Alexandropolis.

Alexander was only twenty years old when Philip died. "Now is the time to free ourselves from Macedonia," thought a tribe of wild mountaineers. So thought also Demosthenes and the Greeks. But "the boy," as Demosthenes called him, first marched against the mountaineers, then against Greece, and conquered both. The mountaineers had heavy wagons loaded



ALEXANDER

(From a bust found in Tivoli, Italy, in 1779)

with stone ready to roll down upon Alexander and his men in a narrow pass through which they would have to advance. The quickwitted young commander bade his men lie down on the ground with their shields over their heads. The wagons rolled over them as over a well-paved road. Greece, too, was promptly subdued.

The young ruler was a very wise man. He was bent upon

conquering Persia, and he asked the Greeks to help him. Even though they themselves had been overcome by the Macedonian, they were ready to march against their old enemy, the Persians, with so excellent a general as leader. He was more sensible than Xerxes, for he did not make the mistake of taking an army too large to feed and move; but the thirty-five or thirty-eight thousand men whom he did take were perfectly trained and finely equipped. Alexander was mounted on Bucephalus, the very horse that he had tamed a few years earlier. He led his troops across the Hellespont; and now for the moment he was not a soldier, but an earnest lover of real poetry; and he went first of all to visit Troy. There he offered up sacrifices to Athene and to the spirits of the heroes of the Trojan War. He hung a wreath on the pillar of Achilles's tomb, for he had persuaded himself long before this that he was descended from the Grecian hero.

Darius III, king of Persia, knew of course what this bold young man was attempting; and not far from the Hellespont, his troops were drawn up on the bank of a little river called Gra-ni'cus. "It is unlucky to begin war in the month Dai'si-us" (June), said the Macedonian officers to Alexander. "I have changed its name," declared their king; "it is no longer Daisius, but the Second Ar-te-mis'i-us" (May). They thought it too late in the day to cross; but Alexander plunged into the river, and the troops followed the two white plumes on his crest. The water was rough, the banks were slimy, and at the top were the masses of Persians, drawn up in line of battle; but Alexander won the day. He was generous with



PASSAGE OF THE GRANICUS

the spoils. He had brazen statues made of the men who had fallen, he gave lavish gifts to the Greeks, especially to the Athenians, and he sent home to his mother the purple hangings and the gold and silver dishes found in the tents of the Persians.

Alexander marched on into Phryg'i-a, taking cities as he

went. In Gor'di-um he went to see the famous "Gordian knot," made of cords cut from the bark of a tree. There was an ancient prophecy that he who could untie it would conquer the world. Alexander drew his sword and cut it. Then he moved on in a zigzag course from city to city. At Is'sus, he met the Persian forces again. It did not seem possible for them to learn that too many men in a narrow plain were worse than too few; and soon the Persian king and his troops were fleeing for their lives. In the tent of Darius there were quantities of gold and silver and the richest of furnishings. Alexander amused himself by looking at the bath of the Persian monarch with its golden basins, vials, boxes, and vases, and by smelling of the various perfumes. Then he said to his friends, "It seems that to be a king was this!" He was far more interested in a beautiful golden casket that came from the spoils of the Persians. "Darius," he said, "used to keep his ointments in this casket; but I, who have no time to anoint myself, will convert it to a nobler use"; and in it he laid the copy of the Iliad which he was accustomed to place under his pillow when he slept.

After the Macedonian rule was well established in Asia Minor, Alexander set out for Egypt. His welcome in Egypt was somewhat different from that which he had received at the Granicus; for the Egyptians had been conquered by the Persians, and they were delighted with the hope of being free from Persian rule. Near the mouth of the Nile he noticed a broad tongue of land with a lake on one side and a deep, wide harbor on the other. "That is an excellent site for a city," he said, and he ordered the walls to be marked out at once. The

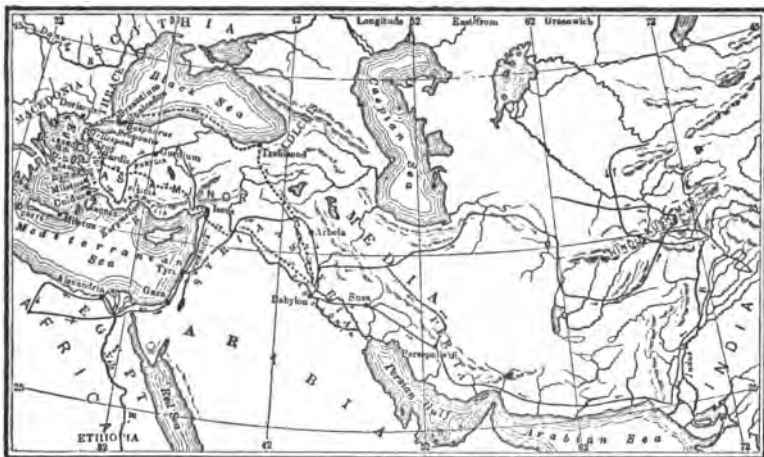
soil was black, and the lines were marked out by sprinkling flour. These lines curved around the harbor, and from their ends straight lines were drawn to the shore. Alexander was pleased to see that the figure was in the shape of a Macedonian cloak. So it was that the city of Alexandria was founded.

After the battle of Is'sus, the wife and daughter of Darius had been captured. Darius now wrote to Alexander, offering him ten thousand talents, all the lands west of the Euphrates, and the hand of his daughter in marriage, if he would make a treaty of friendship with him. Par-me'ni-o, one of the Macedonian generals, said, "If I were Alexander, I would accept this." "So would I," said Alexander, "if I were Parmenio." He had treated Darius's family with the utmost courtesy and kindness, but about this time the queen was taken ill and died. He gave her a most magnificent funeral; and when Darius heard of it, he prayed to the gods that if his kingdom must fall, none but Alexander should sit upon its throne.

Darius brought together all his forces, elephants, war-chariots with sharp swords stretching out from the yoke and the hubs of the wheels, and thousands upon thousands of men from wherever he could get them. He even hired some soldiers from Greece. A terrible battle was fought at Arbela, and Alexander was the victor. This battle decided the question who should rule Persia. At the capitals of the kingdom, Babylon and Su'sa, Alexander found enormous amounts of money. What he wanted, however, was to capture the Persian king; but there was a conspiracy among Darius's gen-

erals, and he was slain by his own men. "Tell Alexander I gave him my hand," said Darius to a Macedonian soldier who found him where his men had left him for dead.

Alexander had conquered Persia. He had more power and more wealth than any one man had ever held before; but he cared less for power and wealth than for the pleasure of getting them. He seemed to be seized with a perfect frenzy for conquest. He pushed on and on, north, south, north again, then south to the mouth of the Indus, conquering as he marched. Wherever he went, he founded cities. Eighteen of



ASIATIC CAMPAIGNS

(Dotted line shows route of the Ten Thousand ; unbroken line, Alexander's march)

them he named for himself, and one for Bucephalus. He planned to conquer A-ra'bi-a, then, turning westward, to overpower northern Af'ri-ca, It'a-ly, and Spain, in short, to become ruler of the whole world. He returned to Babylon

to meet fresh troops. Suddenly he was taken ill and died. No one could govern such an empire, and after many years of fighting it was divided into three parts, to be ruled by three of his generals. But a new power was growing up in the west, the Roman; and Alexander's conquests in Asia finally fell into the hands of Rome.

SUMMARY

The three messengers. — Alexander receives the ambassadors. — He tames Bucephalus. — He is taught by Aristotle. — He quells rebellions. — He crosses the Hellespont, visits the site of Troy, wins the battle of the Granicus. — He cuts the Gordian knot. — Meets the Persians at Issus. — The casket. — He founds Alexandria. — His reply to Parmenio. — His victory at Arbela. — His further conquests and his death.

X

HOW ROME WAS FOUNDED

Just as the story of Greece begins with the tales told by the Greek poet Homer, so the story of Rome begins with the stories told by the Latin poet Virgil. Virgil's poem is called the *Æ-ne'id*, because the hero is *Æ-ne'as*, one of the brave warriors of Troy. Virgil takes up the tale of the Trojan War very nearly where Homer leaves it. The city was finally captured by a stratagem. The Greeks sailed away until they were out of sight behind an island, and the Trojans thought that they had gone home. They left behind them a monstrous wooden

horse just outside the city. While the Trojans were wondering what it could be, a ragged, unkempt Greek was brought in as a captive. He told them that the horse was built as an offering to the goddess A-the'ne, or Mi-ner'va, but that if it was only brought within the walls, it would protect the town instead of the makers. The Trojans never guessed that the whole thing was a trick. They made a gap in the wall and pulled in the horse. That night, when all were asleep, the Greeks who were hidden in the horse crept out, and Troy was

*Raphael***FLIGHT OF AENEAS**

(From a painting in the Vatican at Rome)*

soon in the hands of its enemies. Æneas fought until the whole town was in flames and there was no longer any hope in fighting. Then he took his aged father An-chi'ses on his shoulders and with his wife and their little son As-ca'ni-us, he fled. In the confusion his wife was lost, and although he ran fearlessly through the burning city, calling her name, she was gone. At length her spirit appeared to him and told him not to mourn, for she had been taken away by

the will of the gods, to preserve her both from long years of wandering and from being a slave to the Greeks.

Outside the town Æneas met many other Trojans who had

also fled from the Greeks. They decided to build boats, and with him for their leader to search for some land where they might make new homes for themselves. They worked away on the vessels, and when spring had come, they bade farewell, with many tears, to the place where Troy had stood, and sailed forth upon the sea, not knowing where the fates would grant them a home.

Thrace was only a little way off, so the wanderers first went there and prepared to sacrifice a bull. Æneas began to pull up a little bush in order to cover his altar with green leaves, and to his horror the broken twigs dropped blood. A voice came from the ground, the voice of a murdered kinsman, bidding him flee from the accursed land.

Just as soon as the sea was calm, they hastened away from Thrace. They next landed on the little island of De'los, for here was the oracle of Apollo, and they hoped it would tell them where to go. "Seek your ancient mother," said the oracle; but this was not very helpful, for no one knew what was meant. At last Anchises said he remembered hearing that the Trojans first came from Crete; so to Crete they went. They began to build a city and marked off places for their homes. They ploughed the land and planted their fields. But sickness came upon them, and the fields yielded no crops. What to do next they did not know; but the images of the household gods which Æneas had brought with him spoke to him one night in a dream and told him that a mistake had been made, that the real founder of the race was Dar'da-nus, and that he had come from Hes-pe'ri-a, or Italy.

There was nothing for them to do but to set out for Italy;

and now they met troubles upon troubles. At one island where they landed and spread a meal for themselves, a flock of Harpies, horrible birds with the faces of maidens ghastly pale and drawn with hunger, swooped down upon them, and could hardly be driven away by their swords. When they came to Sicily, they had a long night of terror, for they heard the thunders and saw the fires of Mount *Æt'na*. In the morning a wretched man called to them from the shore. He was thin and haggard, his beard was rough and tangled, and his clothes were held together with thorns. He admitted that he was a Greek and that he had fought at *Troy*; but he pleaded that they would take him away. "Throw me into the deep if you will," he said. "I shall at least have met my death at the hands of men and not monsters." Then he told them that he had been with *O-dys'seus*, or *U-lys'ses*, as the Romans called him, and had been left behind in this country of the horrible *Cy-clo'pes*. Just as he finished his story, they saw the *Cy'clops* whom *Ulysses* had blinded come feeling his way downhill with a pine tree for a staff. He heard their voices and waded out into the sea in pursuit, raising such a bellowing that land and water trembled with the clamor. The dreadful company of giants rushed down to the shore, but the *Trojans* had escaped.

Aeneas sailed safely between *Scyl'la* and *Cha-ryb'dis* and was now close to Italy. He would soon have been in his destined home, had not *Ju'no*, who hated the *Trojans*, interfered and commanded *Æ'o-lus* to send out the stormwinds to drive them away. They were thrown upon the shores of *Car'thage*, which was ruled by Queen *Di'do*. She promptly

fell in love with Æneas; and he seemed to be perfectly willing to forget Italy and remain in her city. Jupiter, however, bade him continue his journey; and at last, after his many wanderings, he was at the mouth of the Tiber. Here dwelt La-ti'nus, ruler of the country. His beautiful daughter Lavin'i-a was promised in marriage to Tur'nus, king of a neighboring people; but a dream had come to Latinus to warn him to give her to a stranger from a foreign land, and he decided that Æneas must be the stranger. Of course there was war between Turnus and Æneas. The Trojans won, and Turnus was slain.

This is the end of the Æneid, but it is only the beginning of the story of Rome. Æneas founded a city called Lavin'i-um; but when his son Ascanius became ruler, Lavinium proved to be far too small for the people who wished to live in it. It was an easy matter to settle a town in those days, and Ascanius founded another on a long ridge of a neighboring hill. He named this Al'ba Lon'ga, or the long white city.

When Alba Longa was three centuries old, Nu'mi-tor, a descendant of Ascanius, was reigning. His brother A-mu'-li-us contrived to get possession of the kingdom and drove Numitor from the throne. He killed Numitor's son, and he disposed of the daughter, Rhe'a Syl'vi-a, by making her a Vestal virgin, that is, one of the maidens who guarded the ever-burning lamp in the temple of the goddess Ves'ta. He thought that everything was well arranged to give him peace and quiet on the throne; but one day he was told that Rhea Sylvia was the mother of twin sons whose father was the war god Mars. These children were heirs to the throne, and

therefore Amulius got them and their mother out of the way as soon as possible. He put the mother to death and ordered one of his men to throw the boys into the river Tiber.

Perhaps the man did not want to destroy the babies. At any rate, he seems not to have thrown them into the river,



THE FINDING OF ROMULUS AND REMUS

but to have left them in one of the pools along the bank which were made by the high water. When the river subsided, there were the children, safe and sound, on dry land, but crying with hunger. A she-wolf heard them, bore them to her den, and nursed them as if they had been her own cubs.

By and by a shepherd named Faus'tu-lus came upon them, took them away from the den, and carried them home to his wife.

The children were called Rom'u-lus and Re'mus. They grew up supposing that they were the sons of Faustulus; but the shepherd had discovered in the mean time who they were, and when they were old enough, he told them that they were the grandsons of Numitor, and that the throne belonged to him, and after him to them. Then the two young men called together their shepherd friends, drove Amulius away from his

stolen throne, and put him to death. Numitor was again made ruler of the kingdom.

But the two brothers had no idea of simply waiting for their grandfather to die, and they set to work to build a city near the place where they had been thrown into the water and form a kingdom for themselves. So far everything had gone on smoothly, but now there was trouble between them. Of course it was proper that the city should be named for the elder brother, and they were twins! Surely this was a question for the gods to decide; and they agreed to watch for some sign in the heavens. Romulus climbed the Pal'a-tine Hill and Remus the Av'en-tine, and there they watched. All day they sat gazing at the sky; but the gods gave no sign. All night they watched; but they were none the wiser. When the sun rose on the following morning, Remus and his followers gave shouts of delight, for he had seen six vultures fly across his part of the sky. But before they were done shouting, Romulus and his friends cried out joyfully, for Romulus had seen twelve vultures!

The question of naming the city was no nearer a settlement than at first; for it would, indeed, take a very wise man to decide which ought to count more, to see six birds first or twelve birds second. It seems to have been decided in some way in favor of Romulus, and he began to build a wall for the city. Apparently, neither of the brothers felt very good-natured; for when the wall was up a little way, Remus jumped over it and said scornfully, "That is what your enemies will do." "And this is the way they will fare," Romulus retorted, and struck his brother angrily. For this

act he grieved all his life long, for Remus fell dead at his feet.

More people were needed for the new town of Rome. It was not hard to get men, for Romulus invited every one to come, even those who had fled from justice or were outcasts for any other reason. They were all welcomed and all protected. It was a different matter to get women; for the tribes about them looked upon the Romans as a collection of rabble and outlaws and scorned the thought of allowing their daughters to marry such good-for-nothings. They had so much curiosity, however, about the new city that when Romulus sent them cordial invitations to attend some games in honor of Nep'tune, they came in full numbers, and the Sa'bines even brought their wives and daughters with them. The strangers were treated with the utmost courtesy, and soon they forgot everything but the games. Suddenly the Romans rushed upon them and seized the young women among their guests and carried them away to become their wives.

The Sabines meant to take some terrible vengeance upon the Romans, but they waited until they were sure they could succeed. Then they advanced upon Rome. Their victory would be certain if they could only capture the citadel, or fortress which protected the city. "What will you take," they asked Tarpeia,¹ the daughter of the Roman commander, "to let us in?" "Give me what you wear on your left arms," she replied eagerly. She meant their heavy golden bracelets; but on their left arms they also carried their shields, and

tar-pe'ya



SABINE WOMEN STOPPING THE FIGHT

David

(From a painting in the Louvre, Paris)

these they threw upon the traitor and so crushed her to death.

The Sabines were now within the city, and a terrible fight began between them and the Romans. But, if the Sabines had been surprised at the games of Nep'tune, they were thunderstruck now; for right into the midst of the battle ran the stolen women. The Romans had been very kind to them, and they had learned to like their new homes. They begged their husbands not to slay their fathers and brothers, and they begged their fathers and brothers not to slay their husbands. There was no sense in trying to avenge the wrongs

of women who did not feel that they had been wronged; and the fighting stopped. The two tribes talked the matter over and became so friendly that they agreed to live together as one nation.

These are the legends that have been handed down for many centuries about the founding of Rome. How much truth there is in them it is hard to tell; but the Roman poets and orators were never tired of referring to the tales; and in the magnificent temple of Jupiter which was afterwards built in Rome there was a large statue of the wolf and the twin brothers.

SUMMARY

The capture of Troy. — Æneas flees to Thrace. — Delos. — Crete. — The Harpies. — The land of the Cyclopes. — Scylla and Charybdis. — Carthage. — Æneas reaches Italy. — He founds Lavinium. — Ascanius founds Alba Longa. — Amulius steals the throne. — Romulus and Remus are cast into the Tiber. — Their rescue and early life. — They restore the kingdom to Numitor. — Naming the city. — The quarrel. — The seizure of the Sabine women. — The falseness of Tarpeia. — The Sabine women stop the battle.

XI

CINCINNATUS, THE MAN FROM THE PLOUGH

THE Romans dwelt on the plain of La'ti-um, and the Æ'qui-ans lived farther up among the hills. If the two peoples could have met face to face and fought an open battle, there

is little doubt that the Romans would have won; but the mountaineers could easily slip down from their hiding places, burn the farmhouses, raid the cornfields, and be off again before the Romans were fully aware of what they were about. A treaty was made between the two peoples, and for a while there was peace. Then the Æquians began again their old tricks of burning and plundering. The Romans sent envoys to complain that they had not kept the treaty. The envoys climbed up among the hills to the summit of Mount Al'gi-dus, and there was the Æquian camp. Grac'chus, the commander, was sitting in his tent, which was pitched under a great oak tree. He well knew why the envoys had come; but he had been so successful that he was beginning to despise the Romans. He said scornfully, "I am busy with other matters, and I cannot hear you. You would better tell your message to the oak tree." Then one of the envoys burst out, "Yes, the sacred oak shall hear, and the gods shall hear how treacherously you have broken the peace; and they will avenge it, for you have broken the laws of gods and men."

When the envoys told the story in Rome of the insolence of Gracchus, the Roman consul Mi-nu'ci-us set off at once with his soldiers to overpower this treacherous foe. Gracchus was a skillful commander. He pretended to be retreating, and the Romans pursued. They were so angry and indignant that they hardly heeded where they were going; and before they realized it, the wily Æquians had led them into a long, narrow valley. The hills were in front and on both sides of them; and on these hills were the hardy moun-

taineers. Moreover, Gracchus sent some of his men around to close up the pass through which they had entered the valley. The mountains were bleak and desolate, and the valley was bare of food for either horses or men. Gracchus quietly waited. The Romans were trapped, and when they were hungry enough, they would surrender; there was no need of his doing anything.

Gracchus was a keen, shrewd soldier, but he did not know that before the Romans were completely shut in, five horsemen had slipped out and had galloped away to Rome as fast as their horses could carry them. They told the story of the terrible condition of the consul Minucius and his soldiers. The other consul was with his army some little distance from Rome. He was sent for in haste, and he came at full speed to consult with the senate and decide what was the best thing to do.

When the Romans were in great difficulties and some one must do something on the instant, they had a custom of choosing the man whom they thought wisest and naming him dictator. So long as the danger lasted, he could give what orders he chose, and even the highest magistrates must obey him. Now was certainly the time for a dictator. The consul and the senators talked together through the night. They agreed that the man who would be most likely to think of a way to help them was one Lu'ci-us Quin'ti-us, and they decided to make him dictator. Then the consul mounted his horse and hastened away so as to be with his army again before the sun should rise.

This Lucius Quintius was called Cin-cin-na'tus, or the

curly-haired. He was a man held in much respect in Rome, but some time before this he had left the city and gone to live on his little farm of four acres just across the Tiber. It is possible that he did this because of being obliged to pay a large fine for his son, who got into some political trouble; and it is possible that he merely wished to go away from the turmoil of the city into the quiet of the country. However that may be, he and his wife dwelt contentedly on their little farm. Cincinnatus was a patrician, that is, one of the nobles of Rome; but he was satisfied to till his own ground and live like any countryman.

On the morning after the meeting of the consul and the senate, Cincinnatus was at work in his field ploughing, when he saw some of the principal men of the city coming toward him. He gave them a friendly greeting; but he must have seen from their faces that business of moment was on foot, for he asked anxiously if any evil had befallen the state. Then one of the men spoke formally and said, "Listen to the commands of the senate, for we are its ambassadors." A message from the senate could not be delivered to a man in a tunic; so Cincinnatus called to his wife to bring him his toga. When he had put it on, the ambassadors told him what



ROMAN IN A TOGA
(From a statue in the Museum
at Naples)

had happened, and that he had been appointed dictator. He left his plough in the furrow and went down to the bank of the Tiber. A boat was waiting to carry him across; and on the farther shore stood his three sons, his kinsmen, and nearly all the chief men of Rome. He was escorted up the street by twenty-four officers called lictors, each bearing a bundle of rods with an axe in its centre, to show that he had power to punish and even to inflict death if it was deserved.

Cincinnatus was a man who could think fast. He went straight to the forum and ordered every shop to be shut up and even the courts to be closed. Every man in Rome who was able to bear arms was commanded to take food for five days, and with that and twelve long sharp stakes to meet on the Cam'pus Mar'ti-us before sunset. The dictator had acted so promptly and the Romans had obeyed with such good will that as the sun went down, they were ready to set out, and before the night was half gone, they had come to Mount Algidus. He led his men entirely around the camp of Gracchus. Then he gave a signal; and at this signal every man shouted with all his might, then set to work to dig a ditch in front of him and drive down his twelve sharp stakes. The Æquians heard this shout, and they were alarmed, because it came from all sides, and they knew that they were surrounded. The consul and his men, shut up in the valley, heard it also. "It is the shout of the Romans," they cried, and they sent back a ringing answer. They burst out upon the enemy with fresh courage, and they fought so savagely that Gracchus had all he could do to oppose them. This gave Cincinnatus just the chance that he wanted; and in the

morning Gracchus found his troops surrounded by a palisade, a ditch, and a line of valiant soldiers. There was nothing to do but to surrender and beg for mercy. Cincinnatus first



ROMAN ARMY PASSING UNDER THE YOKE

Gleyre

ordered that Gracchus and the other chiefs should be brought to him in bonds. Then he set two spears upright in the ground and bound a third across their tops. The Æquians were forced to give up their arms and cloaks and all the spoil of their camp and march under this yoke, as it was called. This was the greatest shame that could befall an army; and

the conquered mountaineers went home bowed down with disgrace.

The men who had been shut up in the valley could not do enough to show their gratitude to Cincinnatus. They voted to present him with a golden crown, and on the march back to Rome they were continually bursting out with shouts of "Hail, hail, our father and our protector!" The senate decreed that so brilliant a victory as this deserved a triumph, that is, a grand procession of the victors and their spoils; and so Cincinnatus and his soldiers entered the city in great glory. First came the Æquian chiefs, walking in their bonds, then the captured standards. After them rode Cincinnatus in his chariot, followed by his men, who were singing a song of triumph and displaying their loads of spoils from the camp and the conquered enemy. The citizens spread tables in front of their doors with meat and drink for the soldiers in great abundance, and the whole city was full of feasting and songs of rejoicing. Cincinnatus must have been happy in the knowledge that he had saved his fellow citizens and had brought honor and spoils to Rome; but as soon as he was free to go home again, he went quietly across the Tiber and probably set to work to finish his ploughing.

SUMMARY

Trouble between Romans and Æquians. — The visit to the camp of Gracchus. — The entrapping of Minucius. — The anxiety in Rome. — Choosing a dictator. — Cincinnatus. — The coming of the ambassadors. — The orders of Cincinnatus. — The capture of the Æquians. — The honors shown to Cincinnatus.

XII

HANNIBAL, WHO FOUGHT AGAINST ROME

"LAY your hand upon the sacrifice," said Ha-mil'car to his nine-year-old son Han'ni-bal, "and swear that you will never be a friend to the Roman people." The little boy laid his hand upon the sacrifice and solemnly repeated the words, "I swear that I will never be a friend to the Roman people." Then he and his father and the soldiers left Carthage and sailed away to Spain.

This Carthage was where the old legends said that Æneas had landed on his way to make a new home for the Trojans in Italy. It had become a wealthy city, and so powerful that Rome feared it as a rival. There had already been one war between the two states, and in this war Hamilcar had distinguished himself as a general. It was now a time of peace; but every one knew that another war would follow, and he was on his way to Spain to get money from the Spanish silver mines. After some years, Hamilcar was slain in battle in Spain, and as soon as his son was old enough, the Carthaginians put him in his father's place as commander.

Hannibal was only twenty-six, but he had some definite ideas about overcoming the Romans. He believed that the proper way to attack them was not to fall upon the towns here and there along the coast, but to come down into Italy from the north and so push into the very heart of the country. This was a most excellent plan; the only difficulty was

how to carry it out, for rivers and mountains and long stretches of wild and savage country lay between Spain and Italy. Nevertheless, he set out with good courage. He marched through Spain, crossed the Pyr'e-nees, and made



HANNIBAL CROSSING THE RHONE

his way to the banks of the Rhone. Most of the tribes in that part of the country were at swords' points with the Romans, and had not the least objection to allowing him to pass through their lands. When he came to the Rhone, however, he found that the tribes on the farther bank were ready to fight, though those about him were friendly. He hired all the boats that belonged to these friendly folk and cut down trees to make others. The night before he meant to cross, he sent part of his troops twenty-two miles up the stream.

They cut down trees and built some rude rafts, and by means of these made their way to the opposite shore. Hannibal and his men got into the boats all ready to start. The hostile Gauls were waiting for them, brandishing their weapons and shouting their war cries. But away beyond them Hannibal saw a thin line of smoke slowly rising. This was the signal. He pushed across the river, and the horses swam after him, some of the soldiers holding their bridles. The forces that had gone upstream now appeared. The Gauls were shut in between the two bodies of troops; and they ran for their lives.

The elephants were still on the other side, and elephants are not fond of crossing rivers in small boats. Hannibal tried his best to make them think that they were on dry land by covering great rafts with earth. The elephants were too wise to be cheated in this fashion, and when the rafts began to move, some of them jumped overboard. Fortunately, they made their way to the farther shore, and before long the army was again on the march.

The next difficulty was to cross the Alps. The mountaineers came to meet Hannibal with wreaths on their heads and branches of trees in their hands and gave him a most friendly greeting. They would sell him cattle, they said, if he wished, and they would show him the best paths over the mountains. He felt a little suspicious of them, but they seemed so sincere that at length he accepted some of them as guides. But they led him and his men into a narrow defile; then from the heights above they rolled down great stones and masses of rock. Hannibal with some of his infantry climbed the cliff

and drove the crafty mountaineers back, while the cavalry and the baggage-carriers made their way out of the defile.

Up, up, the weary soldiers struggled until they were on the summit of the Alps. They were cold and exhausted and many had died; but Hannibal pointed to a valley below them and cried, "Italy! There is Italy, and yonder lies the way to



HANNIBAL CROSSING THE ALPS

Rome." After a little rest, they began the descent. It was wet and slippery. The track was often covered with snow.

In one place an avalanche had swept it away entirely for three hundred yards, and they had to stop and build a road; and a road wide enough and strong enough to satisfy the elephants was not to be made in a day. At last the Alps had been crossed, but half of the men were dead. The others were worn out with cold and hunger and toil. And this was the army that had come to conquer the most powerful nation in the world!

The Romans sent out their forces to meet Hannibal, but he overcame them in three great contests. For many years they had been accustomed to victories, and they were almost thunderstruck at these defeats. Of course they appointed a dictator, Quin'tus Fa'bi-us Max'i-mus. He did not dare to engage in an open battle, for if he had lost, this conquering army would have marched straight upon Rome; but he kept as near Hannibal as possible; and if any Carthaginian troops were separated from the main army, they seldom returned, for Fabius was always ready to cut them off. He harassed Hannibal in every way that he could. "Fabius is a traitor," the Romans cried angrily. They clamored for a battle, and they called him scornfully the "Cunc-ta'tor," the delayer. Later, they saw how wise he had been, and "Cunctator" became a title of honor.

The following year Hannibal overcame the Romans at Can'næ and sent home to Carthage a peck of gold rings from the fingers of the conquered soldiers. The Romans were in terror lest he should enter their city. For some reason he did not attempt it, but spent the winter in Capua. The soldiers rested and feasted and drank and enjoyed themselves. This

was no way to strengthen an army; and in the spring, he was no longer a victorious commander, but a commander in difficulties. It was true that the Romans were not strong enough to drive him out of the country; but neither was he strong enough to conquer Rome. Carthage was not generous in sending money; troops coming to aid him were captured by his enemies; and a young Roman general named Scip'i-o succeeded in driving the Carthaginians out of Spain and inducing the Spaniards to stand by Rome.

This young Scipio was a shrewd man. He made up his mind that the best way to get Hannibal out of Italy was to attack the Carthaginians in their own country. He felt sure that then they would order all their troops home to defend Carthage. The senate did not agree with him, and the wary Cunctator did not agree; but Scipio had become consul, and no one could well hinder him from carrying out his plans, especially as the common people believed in him and promptly volunteered to fill up his lines. It resulted just as he had hoped. He overcame the Carthaginian army in Africa, and Hannibal was called home. There was a terrible battle between the two armies at Za'ma, and the forces of Hannibal were destroyed. Then the Romans saw how wise Scipio had been, and they gave him the title of Af-ri-ca'nus in honor of his victories in Africa. When he came home, he had a more magnificent triumph than had ever been seen in Rome before. Carthage was crushed. She had to give up her elephants and warships, to pay Rome an immense tribute, and agree to wage no wars without the consent of her conqueror.

HANNIBAL, WHO FOUGHT AGAINST ROME 97

This was the end of the second war between Carthage and Rome, but it was not the end of Hannibal's career. He became chief magistrate of his city. He found that some of its officials were taking possession of the state revenues. He put a stop to this and managed so wisely that even the enormous annual tribute could be paid to Rome without taxing the citizens severely. He showed himself as great a statesman as soldier, and in spite of all her troubles, Carthage became prosperous again. Rome in her jealousy demanded



Linderum.

CARTHAGINIAN WOMEN
(Preparing for the Romans)

that Hannibal should be given up; but he fled to Syria. It is said that he and Scipio Africanus met in Asia Minor and had

many friendly talks together. The story is told that Scipio once asked Hannibal whom he regarded as the greatest general. Hannibal replied, "Alexander." "Whom next?" asked Scipio. "Pyr'rhus," was the reply. "And whom next?" "Myself." "Where, then, would you have ranked yourself if you had conquered me?" "Above Alexander, above Pyrrhus, and above all other generals," said the Carthaginian.

Hannibal fled from one king to another; but wherever he went, the Romans pursued. He had long realized that he could not hope to escape from them, and in a ring which he wore he always carried about with him a fatal poison. The time soon came when he must choose between falling into the hands of the Romans and taking his own life. He chose the latter. Thus ended the days of one of the greatest generals of ancient times.

The rest of the story of Carthage is soon told. She had been forbidden to wage war, but enemies attacked her. As was to have been expected, the Romans would do nothing, and she defended herself. This was just the excuse that the Romans wanted, and they commanded the Carthaginians to destroy their own city and make a new settlement ten miles from the sea. The Carthaginians fought to the death. For three long years they resisted all the power of Rome; then the end came. The town was burned, its site was ploughed up, and all of its people who had not died in its defense were sold as slaves.

A few years later, there was a revolt in Spain. This was overcome, and in 133 B.C. Rome ruled the ring of countries about the Mediterranean Sea. These made up "the world."

JULIUS CÆSAR, FIRST EMPEROR OF ROME 99

Therefore the tiny village of Romulus and Remus had become the ruler of the world.

SUMMARY

Hannibal's oath. — He sets out for Rome. — Crossing the Rhone. — The passage of the Alps. — The descent. — The "Cunctator." — The Roman defeat at Cannæ. — Hannibal's winter in Capua. — Scipio goes to Africa. — The surrender of Carthage. — Carthage becomes prosperous again. — The talk between Hannibal and Scipio Africanus. — The flight and death of Hannibal. — The destruction of Carthage.

XIII

JULIUS CÆSAR, THE FIRST EMPEROR OF ROME

WHEN Ju'li-us Cæ'sar was a young man, he was taken by pirates. He sent his servants to collect money for his ransom, and then he set to work to make merry with his captors. When he was tired, he told them to keep quiet and let him sleep. When he wanted to be amused, he told them to dance and entertain him — and the strange part of it is that they obeyed. He composed verses and orations and ordered the pirates to listen to them. They did not know what to make of either him or his verses, and he rated them for their stupidity. "You don't know poetry when you hear it," he said. "You think you can scoff at my verses and orations because I am your prisoner. I'll take you prisoners some day, and then you shall have your pay." "What will it be?"

they demanded with shouts of laughter. "I'll crucify every one of you," he replied quietly. Not so very long after this, he kept his word; but the Romans laughed at him for being so tenderhearted as to have their throats cut before they were crucified.

A few years later, Cæsar was made governor of Spain. As a general thing, when a man became governor of a province, his chief aim was to get as much money from the provincials as possible; but Cæsar behaved as if he were really interested in his people and wanted to help them. He completed the conquest of Spain, and he straightened out the financial affairs of the province. Then he returned to Rome. The people's party made him consul; but the nobles succeeded in electing one of their own party to be the second consul. Cæsar was so much stronger than he that the jokers of the time used to date their papers, "In the consulship of Julius and Cæsar."

There were now in Rome three men of power: Cras'sus, who was enormously rich; Pom'pey, who had long been a successful general; and Cæsar, who had not yet accomplished so very much, but who had the power to make people believe that he could do whatever he chose to undertake. These three men, the First Tri-um'vi-rate, as they are called, bargained together to help one another and divide the Roman world among them.

Cæsar's share in this division was Gaul, the present France, and he set off to conquer the country. Before long, wonderful stories came back to Rome of great victories and the capture of thousands of prisoners. Trees were cut down in

the forest, and in a few days they had been made into complicated bridges. Great chiefs yielded and cities surrendered. There were tales of forced marches, of sudden surprises, of vast amounts of booty, also of a mysterious land across the water to the northwest. It was called Brit'ain, and tin was brought from there, but no one knew much about it, not even whether it was an island or not. By and by, Cæsar visited this Britain. He wrote a book about the country and his conquests there and about his campaigns in Gaul. It is called his "Commentaries," and is so clear and simple and concise that it is a model of military description.

The Triumvirate had agreed that Pompey should give up his command in Spain and Cæsar his command in Gaul at the same time; but Pompey remained near Rome, and he induced the senate to allow him to continue governor of Spain for five years longer. Then Cæsar was aroused. At the end of the five years, he would be only a private citizen, while Pompey would be commander of a great army. Crassus was dead. "Either decree that Pompey and I shall give up our provinces at the same time, or allow me to stand for the consulship before I enter Rome," Cæsar urged. The senate refused and, moreover, threatened two magistrates, called tribunes of the people, who stood by Cæsar. They fled to his camp on the farther side of the little river Ru'bi-con.

It was a law in Rome that any Roman general who brought his army across the Rubicon should be regarded as an enemy to his country. Cæsar could declare now, however, that he was coming, not as an enemy, but to defend the people and their tribunes against Pompey and the nobles. It is said that

he hesitated, then exclaimed, "The die is cast," and plunged into the river, followed by his army.

Pompey fled. Cæsar made himself master of Italy and then pursued. At Phar-sa'lus in Thes'sa-ly a great battle



CÆSAR CROSSING THE RUBICON

Beale

was fought, and Cæsar won. Pompey fled to Egypt for protection; but the Egyptian councilors were afraid of Cæsar and killed the fugitive. Cæsar returned to Rome the ruler of the world. He had a magnificent triumph, and he gave the people feasts and money and combats of wild beasts, their favorite amusement. The senators were thoroughly humbled. They made him dictator for life; they changed the name of his birth-month from Quin-ti'lis (fifth) to Julius

(July); they stamped their money with his image; they even dedicated temples and altars to him as to a god.

Cæsar's head was not turned by this flattery; but the heads of those who had opposed him were almost turned with astonishment and relief. Some years before this, one general named Ma'ri-us and then another one named Sul'la had held sole rule in Rome, and each of them had put to death some thousands of the people who had been against him. The Romans supposed that Cæsar would behave in the same way; but he made no attempt to revenge himself. Indeed, his only thought seemed to be to do what was best for Rome. He made just laws for rich and poor, and was especially thoughtful of the good of the provincials. He planned to collect a great library, to put up magnificent temples and other public buildings, to rebuild Carthage, to make a road along the Apennines, and to drain the Pon'tine Marshes, which were near the city.

Cæsar ruled nobly, but a plot was formed against him. The chief conspirators were Cas'si-us and Bru'tus. Cassius was envious of his great power; Brutus believed that if Cæsar were slain, the old forms of government would be restored and Rome would be again a republic. These men pressed about Cæsar in the senate house as if they wished to present him a petition. At a signal, they drew their swords. Cæsar defended himself for a moment; then he saw among them the face of Brutus, the one to whom he had shown every favor and to whom he had given a sincere affection. He cried, "You, too, Brutus!" drew his robe over his face, and fell dead.

It was the custom for an oration to be delivered at a funeral, and the conspirators very unwisely permitted Cæsar's friend An'to-ny to speak at his funeral. He also read Cæsar's will, in which he had left a gift of money to every citizen and had been especially generous to some of the very men who had become his murderers. The people were aroused to such a pitch of fury that the assassins were glad to flee from the



MARCUS ANTONIUS DELIVERING THE FUNERAL ORATION OVER CÆSAR

city. The senate appointed Antony to see that the will was carried out, and they agreed to accept as ruler a grand-

nephew of Cæsar whom he had named as his successor. This grandnephew was a young man named Oc-ta-vi-a'nus, who afterwards became the emperor Au-gus'tus.

SUMMARY

Cæsar and the pirates. — Cæsar as governor and as consul. — The First Triumvirate. — Cæsar's conquest of Gaul. — The crossing of the Rubicon. — The death of Pompey. — The honors shown to Cæsar. — His plans for Rome. — His murder. — The oration of Antony. — Octavianus becomes ruler.

XIV

CICERO, THE GREAT ROMAN ORATOR

SOME of the Roman schoolboys once told their fathers that they had a schoolmate who could do anything. They said that he was always first in whatever study he attempted, and that he could even write poetry. Some of their tales were so amazing that the fathers went to the school to hear the wonderful boy recite.

This boy was Mar'cus Tul'li-us Cicero. His father was an educated man, and he meant that his son should have every advantage. The young Cicero studied with famous lawyers. One of his first cases required a good deal of courage. The Roman general Sulla had returned from the East with his army and had seized upon the city. He published long lists of those whom he wished out of his way, and whoever killed a man whose name was on these lists was rewarded. The

estates of these proscribed persons were sold at auction for the benefit of the state; and it was very convenient for some one of Sulla's freedmen to bid them in for him at a small price. In one case, Ros'ci-us, the son of the murdered man, declared that his father's estate was worth nearly three hundred thousand dollars, though it had been knocked down to a freedman of Sulla's for three hundred and sixty dollars. Sulla wanted to make it appear that he was ruling according to law, and so, instead of having Roscius assassinated, he accused him of murdering his father. Cicero was the only lawyer who dared to defend him. He won the case; but Rome was no longer a safe place for him. He went to Greece, and remained till the death of Sulla.

Cicero won much applause by his defense of Roscius; but his next case of importance raised him to the highest pitch of fame. In this he spoke for the Sicilians. Ver'res had been their governor, or rather, their oppressor. He stole their grain, he stole paintings, gems, statues, tapestry, even the very columns of their temples. The handsomest houses of the island became as bare as barns, because Verres had stolen their beautiful furnishings. He was terribly cruel to the Sicilians. If they had property that he wanted, he would put them to death for the smallest offense, even by the slave's death of crucifixion. Verres expected to be brought before the courts, but he was prepared to buy an acquittal, and even then he would have an immense fortune remaining. But Cicero showed his villainy so plainly to the court that Verres saw there was no chance of escape, and he fled without waiting for the end of the trial.

Cicero was now recognized as the greatest orator in Rome. He held one position after another in the government; and at length he became consul. A noble named Cat'i-line had plotted to kill the magistrates, to burn the city, and overthrow the government. The worst men of Italy had joined



CICERO DENOUNCING CATILINE

(From the Fresco by Maccari in the Senate House, Rome)

in this plot. Cicero discovered it and called the senators together to reveal it to them. Behold, there sat Catiline! Then Cicero thundered at him, "In the name of the gods, Catiline, how long will you abuse our patience? Is there no limit to your audacity?" Cicero told the senate all the details of the plot, and Catiline fled to the troops that he had been bringing together. A few days later he was slain in a battle with the Romans. The people of Rome felt that Cicero had

saved them from destruction. The streets were illuminated with lamps and torches, and the city reëchoed with shouts of "Cicero! Cicero! The Savior of Rome!" The title of "Father of his Country" was given to him.

Some of Catiline's allies had been captured and had been put to death without any waiting for a trial. This was done by command of the senate; but as Cicero was consul, he was looked upon as responsible for the acts of the senate. Of course he had enemies, and now one of them proposed that an old law be renewed which forbade fire and water to any one who had put to death a Roman citizen without a regular trial. Cicero fled to Greece. The Greeks were delighted to see him, and would have loaded him with honors; but he was too miserable. He longed to be in Rome again. After a while, the tide turned, and he was recalled. He came in triumph, for both magistrates and people lined the road to bid him welcome.

When Pompey and Cæsar were struggling to see which should win the rule of the state, Cicero decided to stand by Pompey. After Cæsar had overcome Pompey in battle, Cicero was a badly frightened man, for no one knew how the conqueror would behave toward him. Cæsar treated him, however, with respect and with as much kindness as if they had always been friends. After the murder of Cæsar, Cicero stood by Mark Antony; but he soon saw that Antony was carrying out his own will and was not trying to restore freedom to Rome, but to win all power for himself. People had sometimes thought Cicero timid and wavering, but only a brave man would have dared to do what he did now; for

he thundered out fourteen fearless orations, or "philippics," against Antony. He warned the people that Antony was rapidly seizing all power for himself, and he besought them to show the patriotism of their ancestors and preserve the freedom of the state. He became the friend and adviser of the young Octavianus, and hoped that he could induce him to help restore the republic. This Octavianus was a wily young man. He had no desire to make an enemy of the greatest orator in the land, and he pretended to fall in with Cicero's ideas. He even called Cicero "Father," and said that he himself was only a youth and wished to follow the wise judgment of the older man. After some fighting between Octavianus on one side and Antony together with Lep'i-dus, one of Cæsar's former officers, on the other, the shrewd Octavianus proposed that the three should meet on a little island in the Rhe'nus River and divide the world among them. This was the Second Triumvirate. As in the times of Sulla, a list of men to be put to death was made out. Antony had not forgotten the terrible philippics, and he would agree to nothing until the others had written the name of Cicero on the fatal list. Octavianus at first refused, then yielded. Cicero heard that he was among the proscribed, and he fled to the shore, went a little way by sea, then landed and walked toward Rome, then turned again toward the sea, then took refuge in his villa near Cai-e'ta. The falseness of Octavianus seemed to distress him more than the fact that murderers were in pursuit, and he thought once of making his way into the young man's house and killing himself upon the altar of the household gods in order to call down their vengeance

upon the treacherous friend. Cicero's servants persuaded him to get into his litter, and they hurried him toward the sea. The assassins came upon him, and he was slain. There is a story that many years afterward one of Octavianus's grandsons was reading a book of Cicero's when his grandfather came upon him suddenly. The boy tried to slip it under his robe, but Octavianus took it from him and stood reading page after page. Then he gave it back and said, "My child, this was an eloquent man and a lover of his country." This was true, but it came with a poor grace from the man who had consented to his murder.

SUMMARY

Cicero as a schoolboy. — He defends Roscius. — He speaks against Verres. — The conspiracy of Catiline. — Cicero is driven into exile. — Pompey and Cicero. — The philippics. — The Second Triumvirate. — The murder of Cicero.

XV

AUGUSTUS AND THE AUGUSTAN AGE

THE young Octavianus, who became emperor of Rome, was only nineteen at the time of Julius Cæsar's death. Antony treated him at first as if he were a pettish child crying for a toy; but he soon found that this boy was as shrewd and wary as if he had had fifty years of experience. Not long after the Second Triumvirate had been formed, an excuse was found for dropping Lepidus. The Roman world was now in the



FÊTE AT THE COURT OF CLEOPATRA

Grolleau

hands of Antony and Octavianus. They agreed that Antony should rule the East and Octavianus the West. Antony set out for the East to put his realm in order; but there he met Cle-o-pa'tra, the beautiful queen of Egypt. He divorced his wife, Octavianus's sister, and this ruler of half the world spent his time feasting and hunting and amusing himself with Cleopatra. The Romans were amazed. Next they heard that Antony was putting on the airs of an eastern king. There were rumors that he meant to establish a kingdom,

take Al-ex-an'dri-a for his capital, and from there go forth to conquer Rome. Then the Romans were angry, and they very willingly followed Octavianus to make war against him. He was soon overpowered in the naval battle of Ac'ti-um, off the coast of Greece, and both he and Cleopatra took their own lives.

Octavianus was master of the world, but he behaved as if he never dreamed of holding such a position. He called himself simply "Im-pe-ra'tor," from which our word emperor is derived. This was a military title which meant about the same as commander. He never spoke of his success in the East as a victory over Antony, but always as an eastern war. He was consul, and he voted in the senate, as other consuls had done. When he laid down his consulship, the senate gave him the title of Au-gus'tus, meaning little more than "Your Majesty."

For fifty years there had been no firm, settled government. The Romans were tired of confusion, and they wanted peace and quiet. Octavianus, or Augustus, was able to give them peace and quiet, and there was no one else in Rome who could do this, and there was no one else who had any better right to rule than he. Best of all, he did not seem to have any ambition for himself. So far as they could see, he aimed at nothing more than doing his best for the state. He was kind and friendly to every one. He lived in a house which was no handsomer than the dwellings of other men of wealth. At public feasts he wore a purple robe; but at other times his dress was not different from that of the other citizens. Indeed, it was said that his toga was woven by his wife.

But Augustus was a keen observer. He had noticed that people were not easily disturbed by changes in the government, provided the old forms were kept up. He knew perfectly well that if he should attempt to call himself "king," Rome would be in a fury, and he would probably lose his life before many days had passed. He knew, too, that it would not be a difficult matter to take, one by one, the different powers of a king without any one's feeling disturbed. He became *prin'ceps*, or first senator, and *pon'ti-fex maximus*, or chief priest. "Imperator" came to mean commander-in-chief of all the Roman forces on land and sea. Probably some people noticed that Augustus was continually taking new powers; but he seemed to do it merely as a convenience, and often suggested that part of them should be left to others. He was apparently so willing to give them up that there was little chance for any one to feel alarmed. In this way it came about that he was head of the army, the navy, the senate, the people, and the religion. He had all the powers of a king.

How did he use his power? He repaired temples and other public buildings, and he built many more. He made just laws. He taught the people to attend strictly to the neglected worship of the gods. The people in Rome almost worshiped him; and as for the provincials, they dedicated temples to him as if he were a god. One can hardly wonder at the devotion of these provincials. They had had many governors almost as bad as Verres, who cared for nothing but to get as much money from them as possible; but this Augustus took an interest in them. All the governors were carefully watched, and every provincial could tell any grievance to the emperor,

and find him ever ready to listen. It did not take the various governors long to learn that if they were unjust, they would be punished, and that, no matter how large their fortunes might be, there was no hope of bribing this judge. It is said that one day when Augustus was out sailing, a Greek ship



GLADIATORS GOING TO CIRCUS

Saunier

came close to his vessel, and the sailors began to offer up a sacrifice to him. "You have given us happiness," they said; "you have made our lives and our property safe."

Augustus thought that the dominions of Rome were large

enough; but he wanted to have natural boundaries, mountains, rivers, and deserts, as far as possible. He hoped to keep the Elbe River for part of his northern boundary, but the tribes rebelled against Va'rus, their governor. They destroyed his army and tortured their prisoners. This was such a grief to Augustus that he is said to have called out even in his dreams, "O Varus, Varus, give me back my legions!"



THE RUINS OF THE COLOSSEUM

His wars were generally to suppress tribes already partly conquered or to put down rebellions, rather than to make new conquests.

A Roman ruler was expected not only to govern his subjects and to protect the country, but also to amuse the people. Nothing was so entertaining to the Romans as the shows in which gladiators fought with one another or with wild beasts. Augustus provided this amusement most lavishly.

He obtained wild beasts by the hundred and gladiators by the thousand. The Romans watched the contests with the greatest delight. After one gladiator had vanquished another, the victor stood beside his victim, knife in hand, and looked up to the spectators to see what should be done with him. If the man had fought bravely, they stretched out their hands with the thumbs up; but if he had seemed to them cowardly or unskillful, the thumbs were pointed down. This meant "Kill him!" and in a moment the bloody knife was

thrust into the conquered man. Of course the Romans, both men and women, became more and more brutal. The loss of a human life was nothing to them if they were only entertained.

So it was that the state provided amusement for the people. It also provided bread. For more than a hundred years, the laws had allowed every citizen to buy grain at half price or even less. It is thought that at this time half the dwellers in the city received their bread in



VIRGIL
(Enlarged from a gem)

this way. Some, of course, really needed the help; but others seemed to have no self-respect in the matter, and preferred to receive their food as a charity rather than work for it.

Augustus cared a great deal about good literature. Authors cannot write very well when they are afraid of losing their heads any day; but with a strong, kind ruler who kept the land peaceful and was deeply interested in their work, they did their best. It was in this reign that Virgil lived, who wrote about the adventures of Æneas. The name of Æneas's son Ascanius was said to have been changed to I-u'lus, or Julius, after he reached Italy; and Augustus liked to think that Julius Cæsar and he himself were among his descendants. Horace lived at that time, and wrote charming and graceful poems. He did not attempt to tell stories, like Virgil, but he understood so well how people think and feel that his poems seem as if they might have been written yesterday. Another poet was Ov'id, who wrote the old tales of the gods, such as the story of King Mi'das, who received the "golden touch," the stealing of Pro-ser'pi-na by Plu'to, the attempt of Dæd'a-lus and his son to make wings and fly, and many others. Liv'y was another of the famous authors of the day. He wrote a history of Rome, much of which is as interesting as any story book.



Crane

KING MIDAS'S DAUGHTER TURNED
INTO GOLD

These were the best of the Latin writers, and therefore the times of Augustus are called the Golden Age, and also the Augustan Age, of Latin literature. This reign might be called "Golden" for another and a greater reason. The Romans had carried on warfare with hardly a break for seven hundred years; but during the times of Augustus, there were three periods of peace, and it was during one of these that Jesus was born in the far-away province of Ju-dæ'a, in the little town of Beth'le-hem.

SUMMARY

Antony and Octavianus rule the world. — Antony in Egypt. — Octavianus becomes imperator, princeps, and pontifex maximus. — His kindness to the provincials. — The rebellion against Varus. — The gladiatorial shows. — Bread given to the people. — Virgil. — Horace. — Ovid. — Livy. — The birth of Jesus.

XVI

MARCUS AURELIUS, THE PHILOSOPHER EMPEROR

A ROMAN emperor was one day thinking over his childhood, and he concluded that he had been an exceedingly fortunate boy. His father died when he was a baby, it was true, but he wrote in his notebook that he had "good grandfathers, good parents, a good sister, good teachers, good associates, good kinsmen and friends." About his teachers he wrote a great deal more. He did not say that one taught him arithmetic,

one poetry, and so on; but he said that from one he had learned not to meddle with other people's affairs, from another not to spend his time on trifles, from another to be willing to forgive; and from the others to keep himself from fault-finding, to be cheerful, to love truth and justice, not to declare often that he had no leisure, and not to excuse neglect of his duties to others by saying that he was busy.

This emperor's name as a boy was Mar'cus An'ni-us Ve'rus. He belonged to a noble family, and was called to the attention of the emperor Ha'dri-an when he was a little fellow. The child was so noble and upright that Hadrian said his name ought not to be Verus (true), but Ve-ris'si-mus (truest).

When this young Marcus was about twelve, he became interested in a kind of philosophy known as stoicism. He made up his mind that its teachings were good and that he would follow them as long as he lived; and, what is more, he did not change his belief. Some of the precepts of stoicism are as follows: One ought never to complain, but to yield to necessity calmly and serenely; one ought not to allow himself to be overwhelmed with grief or enraptured with joy; one should never make pleasure his aim. The stoics dressed simply and lived plainly. They were taught to treat all men alike, whether great or small. They were to work hard, to practice self-denial, and never to listen to slander.

All this time the emperor Hadrian was watching the young stoic. He had no son, and he was trying to decide who should follow him as emperor. Marcus was only seventeen, or probably Hadrian would have chosen him. He did choose An-

to-ni'nus, an uncle of the boy, a man of about fifty years. He was upright and just and with gentle, kindly manners. He was not eager to undertake so great a labor as the care of a mighty empire, but finally he yielded. Hadrian made one condition to Antoninus's becoming his heir, and this was



HADRIAN'S TOMB
(Now called Castle of St. Angelo)

that he should adopt as his successors the young Marcus and also one Lucius Verus, whose father had been a friend of Hadrian. Soon after the agreement was made, Hadrian died, and Antoninus took his place.

For more than twenty years, Marcus Au-re'li-us Antoninus, as he was now called, lived with his uncle. Antoninus loved him like a father and gave him a large part in the government, and honored him in every way in his power. Antoninus was a good man. He always tried to be at peace with every one and to treat every one justly. He kept the empire in order and kept himself cheerful and serene, and he was greatly loved by his nephew.

When the time came that Antoninus knew he must die, he called together the chief men of Rome to talk about who should be his successor. He had two sons of his own, but he

MARCUS AURELIUS, PHILOSOPHER EMPEROR 121

did not try to win the empire for them. He recommended that the senate should choose Marcus. Evidently he could not make up his mind to recommend Lucius Verus also. The senate agreed with him and asked Marcus Aurelius to become sole emperor. He knew that it was Hadrian's wish that Verus should reign together with him, and he insisted that this should be done. Verus was somewhat weak in charac-



MARCUS AURELIUS

ter and had little idea of self-control; but he did have a great respect for Marcus Aurelius and was always ready to follow his advice. They ruled together in perfect harmony until the death of Verus.

All sorts of troubles afflicted the empire. First of all, there was a terrible flood. Much of Rome was swept away, fields and crops were destroyed, and cattle were drowned. There were fires, and there were earthquakes. Worst of all, there was war; and Marcus Aurelius had a horror of war. He thought that it was a shame and disgrace. Nevertheless, he was emperor, and he had to protect his empire. The Par'thi-ans in the east revolted. They were overcome in battle, but when the army returned, a dreadful pestilence came with them. It spread from region to region. "It is the end of the empire," people whispered fearfully; but at length the plague disappeared. Then there was danger from the Germans, and Marcus Aurelius remained in camp and on the battlefield for three years before they were subdued.

This emperor fought because it was necessary, but he loved quiet thought, and wherever he was, he carried with him a little notebook, and in it he wrote any thoughts that came to him about the noblest way to live. It was at this time that he jotted down between battles his memories of his childhood and of the goodness of his friends and teachers. He wrote that of course he must expect to meet ungrateful, envious, deceitful people; but that they could not really do him any harm, and that the only reason why they were of such character was because they did not fully understand what was good and what was bad. This little notebook of the busy emperor is very interesting. He tells people that they ought not to waste their lives in wondering what others are saying and thinking, and that their own thoughts ought

always to be so kindly that if any one asked, "What are you thinking about?" they would not be at all afraid to answer honestly. He says that when any one wants to feel happy, it is an excellent plan to think of his friends and call to mind their good qualities. Think more of the good things you have than of those you have not, he advises. Another thought is that the best way to avenge one's self is to be careful not to become like the wrong-doer. He makes it seem not only wrong, but exceedingly silly to continue in ill-doing, for he says, "It is a ridiculous thing for a man not to fly from his own badness, which is indeed possible, but to fly from other men's badness, which is impossible."

Marcus Aurelius would have liked to spend his time thinking about life and setting down his thoughts in this way and in being with his family and his friends; but he could spare only stray moments for such pleasures. He had to give his days either to war or to thinking how to take care of the roads, how to manage the city at less expense, how to get enough soldiers and how to pay those that he already had, and how to answer the hundred and one questions that came up every day for his decision. It is no wonder that he had to rise early in the morning and work till after midnight. He was obliged to show himself at the games and the fights of the gladiators; but while he was there, he usually read or had some one read to him.

During the reign of Marcus Aurelius the Christians were terribly persecuted. It often happened that the most bitter persecutions took place during the reigns of the best emperors; and so it was with Marcus Aurelius. Although his

ideas were much like those of Christianity, he probably knew nothing of the Christian belief and was a sincere worshiper of the gods. When any trouble came upon the state, the first thought of both him and his people was that the state worship had not been carried on properly, and so the gods were



CHRISTIAN MARTYRS IN THE COLOSSEUM

angry. The Christians would not even burn a few grains of incense on the heathen altars; and therefore when flood or sickness afflicted the city, the Romans believed that they were to blame and ought to be persecuted.

When Marcus Aurelius was nearly sixty years old, a pestilence made its appearance in the army; and soon the Romans were grieving over the loss of their ruler. It had become the custom for the senate to pass a decree at the death of an emperor, declaring that he was now one of the gods; but in this case the people did not wait for any decree of the senate,

they made a god of him at once; and for many years incense was burned before his statue and prayers were offered up to the emperor whom they loved so sincerely.

SUMMARY

A fortunate boy. — "Not Verus, but Verissimus." — A young stoic. — Antoninus succeeds Hadrian. — Marcus Aurelius and Verus become emperors. — The troubles of Rome. — The notebook of the emperor. — His busy life. — The persecutions of the Christians. — Marcus Aurelius is worshiped as a god.

XVII

CONSTANTINE THE GREAT

A ROMAN emperor named Di-o-cle'ti-an once had what seemed to him a remarkably brilliant idea. Both "Augustus" and "Cæsar" had long been used not as proper names, but as titles; and he planned to have four rulers instead of one, two having each the title of Augustus and two that of Cæsar. One of his Cæsars was named Ga-le'ri-us, and one, Con-stan'ti-us. The latter was sent to govern Gaul and Brit'-ain. Diocletian's favorite residence was in Nic-o-me'di-a, on the Sea of Mar'mo-ra. Britain is a long way from Nicomedia, and Diocletian thought it wise to keep Constantius's son at court as a hostage to make surè that the father remained loyal and did not form any schemes to get the whole empire or even to become an Augustus. This son's name was

Con'stan-tine. He grew up to be a tall, handsome young man, talented, and a general favorite. Diocletian liked him and gave him opportunities to distinguish himself in warfare.

After a while Diocletian and the other Augustus became tired of reigning and resigned. Then, according to the original arrangement, Galerius and Constantius became Augusti. So far all worked smoothly; but Diocletian had decreed that Galerius should name the two Cæsars. It was expected that he would certainly name Constantine; but he was jealous of the young man's talents and popularity and did not name him. Constantius was alarmed, for no one knew what might happen to his son. He sent letter after letter to Constantine to come to him in Gaul; but Galerius always had some trivial excuse for refusing to let him go. At length permission was given, but Constantine was wise enough to suspect that he would probably be prevented from going or would perhaps be waylaid and murdered after he had started, and he traveled at full speed from Nicomedia to Do'ver Strait. There he met his father and was just in time to cross to Britain with him and the army.

The father and son succeeded in quieting the troublesome people of the north, and then returned south as far as York. There Constantius became ill and died. This was exactly what Galerius had been waiting for. He was sure that he could manage the two Cæsars, and with Constantius dead, there was nothing to hinder him from becoming ruler of the whole enormous empire. At least, he supposed there was nothing. He had not taken into account the fact

that both father and son had been so just and kind to the soldiers that they were greatly loved by the army. There was no waiting for imperial edicts at York, and as soon as Constantius was dead, the soldiers who had been under his command put a purple robe upon his son and saluted him as Augustus.

Constantine sent a letter to Galerius, expressing his regret that there had been no chance to consult him and begging that he would confirm the choice of the army. Then Galerius Augustus was a very angry man. He declared that he would burn the letter and also its bearer; but he realized that it was not well to quarrel with the army, and at length he agreed that Constantine should have the title, not of Augustus, but of Cæsar. Constantine made no objection, but set off to govern Gaul.

Soon Galerius was in trouble. One Max-en'ti-us had expected to be made an Augustus; and when Galerius chose some one else, he took up arms. Then there was confusion indeed. At one time six men were all trying their best to win the sovereignty of the empire. After a while, Galerius died, and the number soon narrowed down to four. Maxentius was the most determined of these, and there was an appeal to arms by him and Constantine.

There is a famous legend that, when on an expedition against Maxentius, Constantine was one day praying to the sun god. Suddenly he saw in the sky above the sun a cross, and over it was written a Greek phrase meaning "In this sign thou shalt conquer." According to the legend, Constantine had a new banner made at once and displayed to his

soldiers with the announcement that he had become a Christian. This banner was of purple silk and hung from the shorter arm of a cross. It was ablaze with jewels and showed images of himself and his children. At the top of the upright beam were the Greek letters which stand for the cross and also for the *Ch-r* of "Christ." With this for his standard he fought with Maxentius the battle of Mil'vi-an Bridge and



ARCH OF CONSTANTINE

(Built in commemoration of the victory at Milvian Bridge)

won a victory which gave him such power that he and Li-cin'-i-us, one of his rivals, were able to divide the empire between them, Licinius taking the east and Constantine the west.

Both Constantine and his

father had always been merciful to the Christians, and even when Galerius commanded that they should be persecuted, these two had never obeyed. The Christians were now treated with fairness. The laws against them were repealed and their churches and other property which had been seized were given back. The Christians had felt that they ought to be a people of peace, and they had shunned warfare; but now when Constantine's army went into battle, it followed the

sign of the cross. That made the matter look entirely different, and great numbers of them joined his troops. He had need of them, for there was soon a war with Licinius; and when it had come to an end, the whole empire was in the hands of Constantine.

Constantine decided to choose a new capital. He thought of taking the old site of Troy; but finally he decided upon By-zan'ti-um on the Bos'pho-rus. He changed its name to Con-stan-ti-no'ple, or city of Constantine. It was an excellent location for trade, and it was near the most troublesome enemies of the Romans, that is, the Persians and the people north of the Dan'ube. Everything possible was done to make the new city handsome. Splendid houses and public buildings were raised; churches, palaces, theatres, baths, and circus were all built. The greatest artists of the time were employed, and Constantine even took from the cities of Greece and Asia Minor statues and ornaments, anything that could be carried away, to beautify Constantinople.

Constantine had worked hard to get the supreme power, and he had no idea of giving up any of it. He made a great many generals, but gave each one so few soldiers that there was little chance of any rebellion against himself, and he also divided the provinces into small districts, each with its governor. Every man who was in office was anxious to prevent any rebellion, for that would throw him out; and therefore this large body of governors and generals and magistrates was a mighty guard to keep the empire strong.

The empire was strong, but just beyond its limits were Goths, who were ever trying to break into its circle. Em-

perors who were powerful thrust them back. Emperors who were weak had to yield and let some of the Goths settle within the Roman bounds. So it went on for three quarters of a century. Then came Al'a-ric, a Gothic leader whom Rome could not drive away.

SUMMARY

Diocletian's brilliant idea. — Constantine goes to Britain. — He is saluted as Augustus, but becomes Cæsar. — Confusion in Rome. — The vision of Constantine. — The Christians join his army. — He becomes sole ruler. — The new capital. — Constantine's plan of government. — The Goths.

PART TWO

EUROPEAN HERO STORIES

THE BARBARIAN INVASIONS

I

ALARIC THE VISIGOTH

IF an It-al'ian country boy had been taken to visit Rome fifteen hundred years ago, he would have found much to see. There were temples and theatres and baths. There were aqueducts, sometimes with arches one hundred feet high, stretching far out into the country to bring pure water to the city. There was an open space known as the Fo'rum, where the people came together for public meetings, and in this space were beautiful pillars and arches and statues of famous Romans. Around the Forum were palaces and temples and the Senate House; and directly in front of the Senate House was a platform on which speakers stood when they wished to address the people. The platform was called the rostrum, from the Latin word *rostrum*, meaning the beak of a warship, because it was adorned with the beaks of ships which the Romans had captured. Another open space was the great race-course, the Cir'cus Max'i-mus, where 250,000 people could sit and watch leaping, wrestling, boxing, foot-races, and especially the famous four-horse chariot races. There was the Col-i-se'um, too, where gladiators, generally captives or slaves, fought with one another or with wild beasts.

The Ro'man streets were narrow, and they seemed still narrower because many houses were built with their upper stories

projecting over the lower; but in those narrow streets there was always something of interest. Sometimes it was a wedding procession with torches and songs and the music of the flute. Sometimes it was a funeral train with not only the friends of the dead man, but also trumpeters and pipers. In the long line walked hired actors wearing waxen masks made to imitate the faces of the dead person's ancestors. Early in the morning, one could see crowds of clients, each one hastening to the home of his patron, some wealthy man who was expected to give him either food or money.

Rome was built upon seven hills, and most of these men of wealth lived on either the Pal'a-tine or the Es'qui-line Hill. After a patron had received his clients, he ate a light meal and then attended to his business, if he had any. About noon he ate breakfast and had a nap. When he awoke, he played ball or took some other exercise. Then came his bath; and this was quite a lengthy affair, for there was not only hot and cold bathing, but there was rubbing and scraping and anointing. At the public baths were hot rooms and cold rooms and rooms where friends might sit and talk together, or lie on couches and rest. Dinner, the principal meal of the day, came at two or three o'clock. Oysters were often served first, together with radishes, lettuce, sorrel, and pickled cabbage. These were to increase the keenness of the appetite. Then came fish, flesh, and fowl, course after course. Next came cakes and fruits, and last, wine followed, mixed with water and spices. The formal banquets were much more elaborate than this, for a good host must load his table with as many kinds of expensive food as possible; and a guest who wished to show his appreciation must eat as much as he could.

The whole business of a feast was eating, and there was seldom any witty conversation. No one sang any songs or told any merry stories.

Such was the life of the wealthy Romans. Moreover, they kept hosts of slaves to save themselves from every exertion. Their ancestors had been brave, patriotic folk who loved their country and thought it was an honor to fight for it; but these idle, luxurious people had no idea of giving up their comfort and leisure to join the army and help defend their fatherland. Hired soldiers could do that, they thought.

The time had come when Rome needed to be defended. In the early days, it had been only a tiny settlement, but it had grown in power till the Romans ruled all Europe south of the Rhine and the Danube, also Asia Minor, northern Africa, and Britain. Nearly all the people of Europe are thought to have come from



ROMANS DESTROYING A VILLAGE OF THE GERMANS
(Relief from the Column of Marcus Aurelius at Rome. Observe the circular huts constructed of wicker-work, without windows, and having but a single narrow door)

Central Asia. One tribe after another moved to the westward from their early home into Europe, and when the hunting and fishing became poor in their new settlements, they went on still farther west. The Celts came first, pushing their way through

Central Europe, and finally into France, Spain, and the British Isles. Later, the Lat'ins and Greeks took possession of southern Europe. Meanwhile the Celts had to move faster than they wished into France, Spain, and Britain, because another race, the Teu'tons, had followed close behind them, and taken possession of Central Europe. These Teutons, who lived a wild, restless, half-savage life, roamed back and forth between the Dan'ube and the shores of the Baltic Sea. They consisted of many different tribes, but the Romans called them all Ger'mans. For many years the Germans had tried to cross the Danube and break into the Roman Empire, but the Roman armies had driven them back beyond the Danube, and had destroyed their rude villages again and again. Sometimes, however, the Germans were so stubborn in their efforts to get into the Empire that the Roman emperors found it convenient to admit certain tribes as allies.

As time went on, a tribe of Teutons called Goths became the most troublesome of all to the Romans. Part of them lived on the shores of the Black Sea, and were called Os'tro-goths, or Eastern Goths; while those who lived near the shores of the Danube were called Vis'i-goths, or Western Goths. Toward the end of the fourth century, the Visigoths found themselves between two fires, for another people, the Huns, were driving them into the Roman Empire, and the Romans were driving them back. The Visigoths could not fight both nations, and in despair they sent ambassadors to the Romans. "Let us live on your side of the river," they pleaded. "Give us food, and we will defend the frontier for you." The bargain was made, but it was broken by both parties. It had been agreed that the Goths should give up their arms, but they bribed the Roman officers and kept them.



ROMANS FIGHTING WITH THE GERMANS
(Relief from the Column of Marcus Aurelius)

The Romans had promised to furnish food, but they did not keep their word. Hungry warriors with weapons in their hands make fierce enemies. The Goths revolted, and the Roman Emperor was slain.

As the years passed, the Goths grew stronger and the Romans weaker. By and by, a man named Al'a-ric became leader of the Visigoths. He and his followers had fought under Roman commanders. He had been in It'a-ly twice, and he began to wonder whether it would not be possible for him and his brave warriors to fight their way into the heart of the Roman Empire. One night, he dreamed that he was driving a golden chariot through

the streets of Rome and that the Roman citizens were thronging about him and shouting, "Hail, O Emperor, hail!" Another time when he was passing by a sacred grove, he heard, or thought he heard, a voice cry, "You will make your way to the city." "The city" meant Rome, of course; and now Alaric called his chief men together and laid his plans before them. First, they would go to Greece, he said. The warlike Goths shouted for joy, for in the cities of Greece were treasures of gold and silver, and these would fall into the hands of the victors. They went on boldly, and before long Alaric and his followers were feasting in Ath'ens, while great masses of treasure were waiting to be distributed among the soldiers. The Greeks had forgotten how brave their ancestors had been, and Alaric had no trouble in sweeping over the country. At last, however, the general Stil'i-cho was sent with troops from Rome; and now Alaric would have been captured or slain if he had not succeeded in slipping away. Before this, the Roman Empire had been divided into two parts, the western and the eastern. The capital of the western part was Rome; that of the eastern was Con-stan-ti-no'ple.

The young man of eighteen who was emperor in the eastern part of the empire became jealous of Stilicho. "If he wins more victories, he will surely try to make himself emperor," thought the foolish boy; and he concluded that it would be an exceedingly wise move to make Alaric master-general of Eastern Il-lyr'i-cum. This was like setting a hungry cat to watch a particularly tempting little mouse; for Illyricum stretched along the Ad-ri-at'ic Sea, and just across the narrow water lay Italy. Of course, after a few years, Alaric set out for Italy. The boy emperor in the western part of the empire ran away as fast as he could go. He

would have been captured had not Stilicho appeared. Then Alaric and his warriors held a council. "Shall we withdraw and make sure of the treasure that we have taken, or shall we push on to Rome?" questioned the warriors. "I will find in Italy either a kingdom or a grave," declared the chief; but Stilicho was upon them, and they were obliged to retreat. Then the boy



ALARIC AT ATHENS

emperor returned to Rome to celebrate the victory and declare that he had never thought of such a thing as being afraid. Nevertheless, he hurried away to a safe fortress again, and left Rome to take care of itself.

Alaric waited for six years, but meanwhile he watched everything that went on in Italy. The boy emperor had become a man of twenty-five, but he was as foolish as ever; and now he, as well as the Emperor in the East, concluded that Stilicho meant

to become ruler of the empire, and he murdered the only man who could have protected it.

Then was Alaric's time, and he marched straight up to the walls of Rome, shut off food from the city, and commanded it to surrender. The luxurious Romans were indignant that a mere barbarian should think of conquering their city. Even after they were weakened by famine and pestilence, they told Alaric that if he would give them generous terms of surrender, they might yield; "but if not," they said, "sound your trumpets and make ready to meet a countless multitude." Alaric laughed and retorted, "The thicker the hay, the easier it is mowed." He would leave Rome, he declared, if they would bring him all the gold and silver of the city. Finally, however, he agreed to accept 5000 pounds of gold, 30,000 pounds of silver, 4000 robes of silk, 3000 pieces of scarlet cloth, and 3000 pounds of pepper.

Only two years later, Alaric came again, and this time the proud Romans were ready to obey whatever he commanded. He put the prefect of the city upon the throne; but a little later he came a third time and encamped before the walls of Rome. The trumpets blew blast after blast, and the invaders poured into the city. Alaric bade his men spare both churches and people; but the Goths killed all who opposed them, or whom they suspected of concealing their wealth. Then they went away, loaded down with gold and silver and silk and jewels. They were in no haste to leave Italy with its wine and oil and cattle and corn; and, moreover, Alaric was not satisfied with sacking Rome; he meant to get possession of Si'ci-ly and then make an expedition to Africa. Suddenly all these plans came to an end, for he was taken ill and died. His followers turned aside a little river from

its channel, wrapped the body of their dead leader in the richest of the Roman robes, and made his grave in the river bed. They heaped around it the most splendid of their treasures, and then



A BARBARIAN INVASION

Checa

turned back the waters of the stream to flow over it forever. Finally, lest the grave should become known and be robbed or treated with dishonor, they put to death the multitudes of captives whom they had obliged to do this work.

SUMMARY

A visit to Rome fifteen centuries ago. — A day with a wealthy Roman. — Roman lack of patriotism. — Rome's need of defence. — A bargain with the Goths. — Alaric conquers Athens, but is driven away by Stilicho. — Alaric is made master-general of Illyricum. — He attempts to invade Italy. — Rome is forced to pay him ransom. — His second visit. — The sack of Rome. — His death and burial.

II

ATTILA THE HUN

WHILE Alaric was winning his victories, the Huns had built on the banks of the Danube what they looked upon as their capital. The homes of the poorer folk were huts of mud or straw; but the king, At'ti-la, and his chief men lived in houses of wood with columns finely carved and polished. There was plenty of some kinds of luxury in this strange capital, for the tables of the chiefs were loaded with golden dishes; and swords, shoes, and even the trappings of the horses gleamed with gold and sparkled with jewels. King Attila, however, would have no such elegance. "I live as did my ancestors," he declared; and in his wooden palace he wore only the plainest of clothes. He ate nothing but flesh, and he was served from rough wooden bowls and plates. Nevertheless, he was proud of his wealth because it had been taken from enemies, and so was a proof of the bravery and daring of his people.

This king of a barbarous tribe meant to become the greatest of conquerors. Even in the early years of his reign he had hoped to do this. It is said that one of his shepherds noticed one day that the foot of an ox was wet with blood. He searched for the cause, and discovered a sharp point of steel sticking up from the ground. He began to dig around it, and soon saw that it was a sword. "That must go to the king," he said to himself, and he set out for the palace. King Attila examined the weapon closely



Reynolds

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LEO INTERCEDING WITH ATTILA AT THE GATES OF ROME
(From a mural painting in the Vatican)

and declared, "This is the sword of Tiew. I will wear it as long as I live, for no one who wears the sword of the war-god can ever know defeat."

When Attila felt himself ready, he set out with his followers to conquer the world. Before long, Constantinople was in his power. The Emperor in the East called himself the Invincible Au-gus'tus, but he could not meet Attila, and to save his city and his life he had to give the barbarians 6000 pounds of gold and a large tract of land on the Roman side of the Danube.

Wherever Attila went, he was successful. His ferocious warriors rode like the wind. They would dash down upon some village, kill the inhabitants, snatch up whatever there was of booty, and level the homes of the people so completely that it was said a horse could gallop over the ruins without danger of stumbling. In the far East, he was thought to be a magician. "The Huns have a wonder-stone," declared the folk of that region, "and whenever they choose they can raise storms of wind or rain." It is no wonder that men trembled at the sound of Attila's name and shuddered at the thought of the Scourge of God, as he called himself, when they heard any strange sound in the night. "Attila and his Huns are the children of demons," they whispered; and those who had seen them were ready to believe that this was true. They were of a different family from the Goths and Celts and Romans. They were short and thick-set, with big heads and dark, swarthy complexions. Their eyes were small and bright, and so deep-set that they seemed to be far back in their skulls. Their turned-up noses were so short and broad that it was commonly said they had no noses, but only two holes in their faces.

Although Attila had made peace with the Emperor in the East, before long he found an excuse for invading his empire. With the sword of Tiew in his hand, he swept across what is now Ger'ma-ny and France, killing and burning wherever he went. When he came to Orleans,¹ he expected that city to yield as the others had done; but the people had just made their fortifications stronger, and they had no idea of surrendering to even the terrible Huns. But before long, Attila had got possession of the suburbs, he had weakened the walls with his battering-rams, and the people of Orleans began to tremble with fear. Those who could not bear arms were at the altars praying, and their bishop was trying to encourage them by declaring that God would never abandon those who put their trust in Him. "Go to the rampart," he bade a faithful attendant, "and tell me if aid is not at hand." "What did you see?" he asked when the messenger returned. "Nothing," was the reply. A little later the man was sent again, but he had nothing of comfort to report. A third time he climbed the rampart, and now he ran back to the bishop, crying, "A cloud! there is a cloud on the horizon as if made by an army marching!" "It is the aid of God," the bishop exclaimed. "It is the aid of God," repeated the people, and they fought with fresh courage. The cloud grew larger and larger. Now and then there was a flash of steel or the gleam of a war banner. The bishop was right; it was the brave Roman general A-ë'ti-us with his army, and Orleans was saved.

Attila withdrew to the plain of Châlons.² The Romans and their former foes, the Goths, had united against him, and on this plain was fought one of the most bloody battles ever known. It

¹ ôr'lë-anz.

² shä-lôn'.

raged from the middle of the afternoon until night, and some of the people of the country believed that in the darkness the spirits of those who had fallen arose and kept up the fight in mid air. Attila retreated across the Rhine. If he had won the day the heathen Huns instead of the Christian Germans would have



AËTIUS

Relief on ivory tablet
found at Monza, in
northern Italy)

become the most powerful people of Europe. That is why this conflict at Châlons is counted as one of the great battles of the world.

After a winter's rest, Attila started to invade Italy. He meant to go straight to Rome, but the strong city of Aquileia¹ was in his way. After a long siege it yielded. Some of the inhabitants of that and other conquered cities fled to a group of marshy islands, where Venice now stands. City after city he captured and burned. But this wild Hun was not without a sense of humor. While he was strolling through the royal palace in Milan, he came across a picture showing Roman emperors on their thrones with Scythian chiefs kneeling before them and paying them tribute of bags of gold. Attila did not draw the sword of Tiew and cut the picture to fragments; he simply sent for a painter and said, "Put those kneeling men upon the thrones, and paint the emperors kneeling to pay tribute."

The Romans were thoroughly frightened, for now Attila was near their city. Aëtius was calm and brave, but he was without troops. Then Leo, another brave bishop as courageous as the bishop of Orleans, put on his priestly robes, went forth to meet

¹ ä-kwē-lä'yä.

the Huns, and begged Attila to spare the city. Attila yielded, but no one knows why. A legend arose, that the apostles Peter and Paul appeared to him and declared that he should die at once if he did not grant the prayers of Leo. It is certain that before he started for Rome his friends had said to him, "Beware! Remember that Alaric conquered Rome and died." He had no fear of a sword, but he may have been afraid of such warnings as this. Whatever was the reason, he agreed to spare Rome if the Romans would pay him a large ransom.

The gold was paid, and Attila returned to his wooden palace on the Danube. Soon after this he suddenly died. His followers cut off their hair and gashed their faces, so that blood rather than tears might flow for him. His body was inclosed in three coffins, one of gold, one of silver, and one of iron. It was buried at night with a vast amount of treasure. Then, as in the case of Alaric, the captives who had dug the grave were put to death. His followers belonged to different races. Several chieftains tried to become king, but no one of them was strong enough to hold the tribes together, and they were soon scattered.

SUMMARY

Attila's capital. — Stories of his youth. — The Emperor in the East pays ransom. — The Huns. — Attila invades the Roman Empire. — The rescue of Orleans. — The battle of Châlons. — The flight from Aquileia. — Attila's humor. — The bravery of Bishop Leo. — Mourning at the death of Attila.

III

GENSERIC THE VANDAL

WITHIN a few years after the death of Attila, Rome was once more in the hands of an invader, Genseric¹ the Van'dal. The Vandals were great wanderers. They slowly made their way from the shores of the Baltic Sea to the Danube, passed through what is now France, and went south into Spain. Only eight or nine miles from Spain, just across what is now the Strait of Gi-bral'tar, lay Africa.

Africa belonged to Rome. It was one of her most valued provinces because, while Italy could not raise enough grain to feed her people, Africa could supply all that was needed. Genseric longed to add Africa to his domain, and he was more fortunate than most men who wish to invade a country, for after a little while he received a cordial invitation to come to Africa and bring his soldiers with him. The invitation was given by no less a man than the brave general Bon'i-face, who had been appointed governor of the province. This is the way it came about. Aëtius was jealous of the success of Boniface, and he persuaded the mother of the child emperor to send the governor a letter recalling him. Then he himself wrote a letter to his "friend" Boniface with the warning that the empress was angry with him and he would lose his head if he risked it in Rome. Boniface was in a hard position. He concluded that the safest thing for him to do was to remain where he was, and ask Genseric to help him hold Africa.

¹ jën'sér-ik.

Genseric did not wait to be urged. He hurried across the Strait of Gibraltar and began his victories. A Vandal conquest was more severe than that of any other tribe, for the Vandals seemed to delight in ruining everything that came into their power. They killed men, women, and children; they burned houses and churches; and they destroyed whatever treasures they could not carry away with them. Some said that whenever they conquered a country, they cut down every fruit tree within its limits. This is why people who seem to enjoy spoiling things are sometimes called *vandals*.

After a while Boniface discovered how he had been tricked by Aëtius, and he begged Genseric to leave the country; but the barbarian refused, and Boniface could not drive him away. Genseric and his followers settled in Africa, making the city of Carthage the capital of their kingdom. They became a nation of pirates. They built light, swift vessels and ran up on the shore of any country where they expected to find plunder.

All this time Genseric had his eyes fixed upon Italy, and again



BARBARIAN SLINGERS READY FOR WARFARE

(From the Column of Marcus Aurelius. The sling, a small disk of leather suspended by strings, was used for hurling missiles)

he was fortunate enough to be invited to a land which he was longing to invade. This time the widow of a murdered emperor begged him to come and avenge her wrongs. He wasted no time, but crossed the narrow sea and marched up to the walls of Rome. Behold, the gates were flung open, and once more Bishop Leo, now a hoary-headed man, came forth with his clergy, all in their priestly robes, to beg the Vandals to have mercy. Genseric made some promises, but they were soon broken. For fourteen days the Vandals did what they would. They were in no hurry; they had plenty of ships to carry away whatever they chose; and after they had chosen, there was little but the walls remaining. They snatched at gold and silver and jewels, of course, but they took also brass, copper, and bronze, silken robes, and even furniture. Works of art were nothing to them unless they were of precious metal and could be melted; and what they did not care to take with them, they broke or burned. The widowed empress had expected to be treated with the greatest honor, but the Vandals stripped off her jewels and threw her and her two daughters on board their ships to be carried to Africa as prisoners.

Genseric kept his nation together as long as he lived; and indeed, though the Romans made many expeditions against the Vandals, it was nearly eighty years before the pirates were conquered.

SUMMARY

The Vandals. — Boniface invites Genseric to Africa. — A Vandal conquest. — Genseric is invited to Italy. — The sack of Rome.

THE FORMING OF THE GERMANIC NATIONS

IV

THE TEUTONS AND THEIR MYTHS

FOR a long while, as we have seen, the Roman Empire had been growing weaker and the Teutons, or Germans, had been growing stronger. These Teutons were a most interesting people. They were tall and strong, with blue eyes and light hair. They were splendid fighters, and nothing made them so happy as the sound of a battle-cry. They cared nothing for wounds, and they felt it a disgrace for any one to meet death quietly at home. A man should die on the field of battle, thought the Teutons; and then one of the Val-kyr'ies, the beautiful war-maidens of O'din, would come and carry him on her swift horse straight to Val-hal'la; and as she rode through the air, the gleaming of her armor would make the flashing glow which men call the northern lights. Valhalla, they believed, was a great hall a-glitter with shields and spears. It was full of the bravest warriors who had ever fought on the earth. Every morning they went out to some glorious battle. At night they came back, their wounds were healed, they drank great cups of mead and listened to songs of deeds of valor. Odin, or Wo'den, king of the gods, ruled in this hall. He had a son Thor, who was sometimes called the thunder-god. Thor rode about in a chariot drawn by goats. He carried



THOR

Gehrts

with him a mighty hammer, and this he threw at any one who displeased him. Tiew, another son of Odin, whose sword Attila claimed to possess, was the god of war.

Not all the gods were thunderers and fighters. There was Odin's wife, Freya,¹ who ruled the sunshine and the rain, and who loved fairies and flowers and all things dainty and pretty. Then there was Freya's son, Baldur,² whom every one loved, and Lo'ki, whom every-

one feared and hated. Loki was always getting the gods into trouble, and it was he who brought about the death of Baldur. Freya had once made beasts and birds and trees and everything on the earth that had life promise never to hurt her son; but the mistletoe was so small and harmless that she forgot it. There was a chance for wicked Loki. It was a favorite game of the gods to shoot arrows at Baldur, for they knew that nothing would harm him. One of the gods was blind, and Loki offered to guide

¹ frī'a.² bal'door.

his hand, saying that all ought to do honor to so good a god as Baldur. In all innocence, the blind one threw the twig of mistletoe that Loki gave him. Baldur fell down dead, and had to go forever to the land of gloom and darkness.

The Teutonic story of the creation of the earth was this:— Long ago there was far to the northward a gulf of mist. In the mist was a fountain, and from the fountain there flowed twelve rivers. By and by, the waters of the rivers froze, and then in the north there was nothing but a great mass of ice. Far to the southward was a world of warmth and light. From this a warm wind blew upon the ice and melted it. Clouds were formed, and from them came



FREYA

forth the giant Ymir¹ and his children and his cow. The cow was one day licking the hoar frost and salt from the ice, when she saw the hair of a man. The next day she licked still deeper, and then she saw a man's head. On the third day a living being, strong and beautiful, had taken his place in this strange world. He was a god, and one of his children was Odin. Together the children

¹ ȩ'mlr.

slew Ymir. Of his body they made the earth, of his blood the seas, of his bones the mountains, of his eyebrows they made Mid'gard, the mid earth. Odin arranged the seasons, and when



THE GODS SHOOTING ARROWS AT
BALDUR

the world was covered with green things growing, the gods made man of an ash tree and woman of an alder. An immense ash tree, which grew from the body of Ymir, supported the whole universe. One of its roots extended to As'gard, the home of the gods; one to Jötunheim,¹ the abode of the giants; and one to Nifl'heim, the region of cold and darkness beneath the earth. It was believed that some time all created things would be destroyed. After this a new heaven and a new earth would be formed in which there would be no wickedness or trouble, and gods and men would live together in

peace and happiness. All these fancies had some meaning; for instance, Baldur the beautiful, at sight of whose face all things rejoiced, represented the sunshine.

Poetical as the Germans were in some of their fancies, they were by no means poetical when any fighting was to be done. They had a custom of choosing some man as leader and following

¹ yē'toon-him.

him wherever he led; but the moment that he showed himself a poor commander or failed to give them a fair share of whatever spoils they had captured, they left him and sought another chief. When the time had come that the Romans were no longer willing to defend themselves, it seemed to them a most comfortable arrangement to send a messenger to some of the Teuton chiefs to say, "If you will help us in this war, we will give you so much gold." Unluckily for themselves, the Romans looked upon barbarians as nothing more than convenient weapons, and did not stop to think that they were men who kept their eyes open, and who sooner or later would be sure to feel that there was no reason why they, as well as the Romans, should not take what they wanted if they could get it.

The Goths, especially, were always ready to give up their old ways if they found something better; and by the time Alaric invaded Italy, those who lived nearest the Roman territories had learned something of Christianity, and Ul'fi-las a Greek whom they had captured in war, had translated nearly all of the Bible into their language. They had learned to enjoy some of the comforts and conveniences of the Romans. They had discovered that there were better ways of governing a nation than their haphazard fashion of following any one who had won a victory; and they had begun to see that it was a good thing to have



A BARBARIAN ALLY OF THE
ROMANS

(From the Column of Trajan, at
Rome. His weapons are a club
and a sword)



GERMANS HOLDING A COUNCIL
From the Column of Marcus Aurelius)

established cities. But if they gave up their roving life and made their home in one place, they could no longer live by fishing and hunting, for the rivers and forests would soon be exhausted; they must cultivate the ground. We have seen how the Goths had become the most powerful of all the Teutonic tribes. To so warlike a people, it seemed much easier to take the cultivated ground of the Romans than to make the wild forest land into fields and gardens. These were reasons why the Goths, among all the Germans, were so persistent in their invasions of the Roman Empire. There was one more reason, however, quite as strong as these. It was that other tribes even more barbarous than they were coming from Asia, and trying hard to push them out of the way in order to get their land. If the Romans had stopped to think, they might perhaps have found some way to save their country; but they were too busy enjoying themselves to be troubled about such matters.

SUMMARY

The Goths. — Valhalla. — Odin. — Thor. — Freya. — Baldur. — Loki. — Death of Baldur. — Teutonic story of the creation. — The Teuton leaders. — Carelessness of the Romans. — Ulfilas. — Why the Goths persisted in invading the empire.

V

THE STORY OF THE NIBELUNGS

MANY of the Goths had learned about Christianity, as has been said before; but for a long while most of the Teutons believed, or half believed, in the old fables of gods and heroes. One of these, the story of the Nibelungs,¹ was a special favorite. It was told over and over for centuries; then some unknown poet put it into poetry. This poem was called the Nibelungen-Lied, or song of the Nibelungs. It began with one of the evil pranks of Loki by which the gallant knight Siegfried² became owner of a vast hoard of gold once belonging to a nation of dwarfs called Nibelungs. Siegfried was rich and handsome and brave, and he rode forth into the world, not knowing that the gold was accursed and would bring trouble to whoever might own it.

His first adventure was in Is'en-land, or Ice'land, where he broke through a magic ring of fire that for many years had burned around a lofty castle. In this castle lay Brun'hild,³ a disobedient Valkyrie whom Odin had punished by putting her and the king and court who had received her into a sleep. This

¹ nē'bē-loōngz.

² sēg'frēd.

³ brōon'hild.

was to last till some brave knight should pass the ring of fire. Siegfried broke through, found the beautiful, wicked maiden, and awoke her and the whole court. He became betrothed to her, but after a while Odin bade him leave Isenland and go forth in search of adventures elsewhere.

He went next to the land of Bur'gun-dy, and there he found



Von Ca'olsfeld

SIEGFRIED AND KRIEMHILD

(From a fresco in the Royal Palace, Munich, Germany)

a new exploit awaiting him. King Günther¹ had heard of the beautiful Brunhild, and he was eager to marry her. Many a man had lost his life because of this same wish; for whoever would win her must out-do her in the games, and if he failed, both he and his attendant knights were put to death. The king and Siegfried set off for Isenland, and the games began. First, Brunhild threw her

heavy javelin against the king's shield; but Günther cast it back at her so powerfully that she fell to the ground. When she rose, she caught up a stone, so heavy that twelve knights could hardly lift it, and hurled it an amazing distance. Then at one leap she sprang to where the stone had fallen; but Günther threw

¹ gūn'tēr.

the stone farther and leaped farther. Then the Valkyrie yielded and became his wife. She did not guess that it was not Günther who had beaten her, but Siegfried. Siegfried had a magic cap of darkness, and when he put it on, he became invisible; so while Günther went through the motions, it was really Siegfried who threw the javelin and hurled the stone and even carried Günther in his arms far beyond the leap of the Valkyrie. So it was that Brunhild became the wife of Günther. As for Siegfried, an enchantment had been thrown about him, and he had entirely forgotten that he had ever ridden through the ring of fire or seen Brunhild before. The hand of the king's sister, the gentle, lovely Kriem'hild, was to be his reward for his service to King Günther; and now both weddings were celebrated. Günther and Brunhild remained in Burgundy, and Siegfried carried Kriemhild to his kingdom in the Neth'er-lands.

Even if Siegfried had forgotten Brunhild, she had not forgotten him, and she meant to have her revenge. She persuaded Günther to invite Siegfried and Kriemhild to Burgundy. It was easy

*Hoffman*

SIEGFRIED FIGHTING THE DRAGON

for a quarrel to arise between the two queens, and Ha'gen, uncle of Kriemhild, took the part of Brunhild. He pretended that war had arisen against Günther, and Siegfried agreed to fight for his

host. Kriemhild begged her uncle to help Siegfried whenever he was in peril; and the treacherous Hagen replied, "Surely; but first tell me where his chief peril lies. Is there some one way by which he may most easily lose his life?" "Yes," answered Kriemhild, "he once slew a dragon and bathed himself in its blood. Therefore no weapon can harm him save in one tiny place between his shoulders which was covered by a linden leaf." "Then do you sew a mark upon his garment directly over that place," said the false Hagen, "that I may guard it well." One day Siegfried went out hunting with Günther and Hagen, and it was not long before his body was brought back to the sorrowing Kriemhild. At the funeral services, Siegfried's wounds began to bleed afresh as Hagen passed the bier; and from this Kriemhild knew that he was the murderer of her husband.

Siegfried's father lovingly begged Kriemhild to return to the Netherlands with him; but she would not leave Burgundy, for she hoped some day to avenge her murdered husband. She sent for the Nibelung treasure and gave generously to all around her. Then wicked Hagen began to fear that the hearts of the people would turn towards her. Therefore he stole the treasure and sank it deep in the river Rhine; but he meant to raise it some day for himself.

It came about that King Et'zel of Hun'ga-ry sent a noble envoy to beg for the hand of the widowed queen. She answered him kindly, for she said to herself, "Etzel is brave and powerful, and if I wed him, I may be able some day to avenge my Siegfried." So it was that Kriemhild became the wife of Etzel, and was true and faithful to him for thirteen years. At the end of that time she asked him to invite the king and court of Burgundy

*von Carolsfeld*

**HAGEN THROWS THE NIBELUNGEN TREASURE INTO THE
RHINE**

(From a fresco in the Royal Palace, Munich)

to visit them. The Bur-gun'di-ans accepted the invitation, though the murderer Hagen urged them to remain at home. In Hungary they were treated with all courtesy; but Kriemhild had told her wrongs to her Hun-ga'ri-an friends, and as the guests sat at a magnificent feast given in their honor, the Hungarian knights dashed into the hall of feasting, and slew almost every one. Günther and Hagen yet lived, and Kriemhild bade Hagen reveal where he had hidden her stolen treasure. "Never, so long as Günther lives," was his reply. Kriemhild ordered Günther to be put to death and his head taken to Hagen, but Hagen still

refused to tell what had become of the treasure. In her anger Kriemhild caught up the magic sword of Siegfried and struck off Hagen's head at a blow. Then one of the Burgundians cried, "Whatever may become of me, she shall gain nothing by this murderous deed"; and in a moment he had run her through with his sword. So ended the story of the treasure of the Nibelungs, which brought ill to every one who possessed it.

SUMMARY

Siegfried awakens Brunhild. — He wins her for Günther. — Marries Kriemhild. — Brunhild's revenge. — Kriemhild marries Etzel. — Avenges Siegfried.

VI

CLOVIS



BRONZE HELMET OF A FRANK-
ISH WARRIOR

(Found near the river Seine in France.
Now in the Louvre, Paris)

Of all the Teutons who came to live on Roman territory, the most important were the Franks, or free men. They had no wish to wander over the world when they had once found a country that pleased them, and so, since they liked the land about the mouth of the Rhine, they settled there and held on to it, adding more and more wherever a little fighting would win it for them. Each tribe had its chief; but Clo'vis, one of these chiefs, came at last to rule them all. The country west of the Rhine, then called Gaul, was still partly held by the Romans, but Clovis meant to drive them away and keep

the land for the Franks. When he was only twenty-one, he led his men against the Roman governor at Soissons¹ and took the place. From here he sent out expeditions to conquer one bit of land after another and to bring back rich booty. The most valuable treasures were usually kept in the churches, and the heathen Franks took great delight in seizing these. Among the church treasures captured at Rheims² was a marvelously beautiful vase. Now the bishop of Rheims was on good terms with Clovis, and he sent a messenger to the young chief to beg that, even if the soldiers would not return all the holy vessels of the church, this one at least might be given back. Clovis bade the messenger follow on to Soissons, where the booty would be divided. At Soissons, when all the warriors were assembled, the king pointed to the vase and said, "I ask you, O most valiant warriors, not to refuse to me the vase in addition to my rightful part." Most of the soldiers were wise enough not to object to the wishes of so powerful a chief; but one foolish, envious man swung his battle-axe and crushed the vase, crying, "Thou shalt receive nothing of this unless a just lot gives it to thee." It is no wonder that the whole army were amazed at such audacity. Clovis said nothing, but quietly handed the crushed vase to the bishop's messenger. He did not forget the insult, however, and a year later, when he was reviewing his troops, he declared that this man's weapons were not in fit con-



FRANKISH COS-
TUME OF THE TIME
OF CLOVIS

(From an illustration in
an old Bible at Rome)

¹ swā-sōn'.

² rēms.

dition, and with one blow of his axe he struck the soldier dead, saying, "Thus thou didst to the vase at Soissons."

Clovis showed himself so much stronger than the other chiefs of the Franks that at length they all accepted him as their king. Soon after this, he began to think about taking a wife. The story of his wooing is almost like a fairy tale. In the land of Burgundy lived a fair young girl named Clo-til'da, whose wicked uncle had slain her father, mother, and brothers that he might get the kingdom. Clovis had heard how beautiful and good she was, and he sent an envoy to ask for her hand in marriage. The wicked uncle was afraid to have her marry so powerful a ruler, lest she should avenge the slaughter of her family; but he did not dare to refuse Clovis or to murder the girl after Clovis had asked that she might become his queen. There was nothing to do but to send her to the king of the Franks. Clovis was delighted with her, and they were married with all festivities.

Clotilda was a Christian, and she was much grieved that her husband should remain a heathen. She told him many times about her God, but nothing moved him. When their first child was born, Clotilda had the baby baptized. Not long afterwards, the little boy grew ill and died. "That is because he was baptized in the name of your God," declared Clovis bitterly. "If he had been consecrated in the name of my gods, he would be alive still." Nevertheless, when a second son was born, Clotilda had him baptized. He, too, fell ill, and the king said, "He was baptized in the name of Christ, and he will soon die." But the mother prayed to God, and by God's will the boy recovered. Still Clovis would not give up the gods of his fathers. It came to pass, however, that he was engaged in a fierce battle near where Co-logne' now



BAPTISM OF CLOVIS

Blanc

stands. His enemies were fast getting the better of him, and he was almost in despair, when suddenly he thought of the God of his queen, and he cried, "Jesus Christ, whom Clotilda declares to be the Son of the living God, if Thou wilt grant me victory over these enemies, I will believe in Thee and be baptized in Thy name." Soon the enemy fled, and Clovis did not doubt that his prayer had been answered.

When he told Clotilda of this, she was delighted. She sent for the bishop and asked him to teach her husband the true religion. After a little, Clovis said to him, "I am glad to listen to you, but my people will not leave their gods." He thought a while and then he declared, "I will go forth and tell them what you have told me." He went out among his people, and, as the legend says, even before he had spoken a word, the people cried out all together, "We are ready to follow the immortal God." Then the bishop ordered the font to be prepared for the baptism of the king. The procession set out from the palace and passed through streets made gorgeous with embroidered hangings. First came the clergy, chanting hymns as they marched, and bearing the Gospels and a golden cross. After them walked the bishop, leading the king by the hand. Behind them came the queen, and after her the people. They passed through the door and into the church. The candles gleamed, the house was hung with tapestries of the purest white and was fragrant with incense; and there the king of the Franks, his sisters, and more than three thousand of his warriors, besides a throng of women and children, were baptized and marked with the sign of the cross.

The times were harsh and rude, and even a king who was looked upon as a Christian ruler never dreamed of hesitating to do many

cruel deeds. Clovis wished to enlarge his kingdom, and he could always find some excuse for attacking any tribe living on land next his own. He cared nothing for his word, and to get what he wanted, he was ready to lie or steal or murder.

Clovis died in 511, but before that time all the lands between the lower Rhine and the Py're-nees Mountains had been obliged to acknowledge his rule. He took Par'is as his capital, and went there to live. This was the beginning of France. The descendants of Clovis held the throne for nearly two centuries and a half. They were called Mer-o-vin'gi-ans from Mer-o-væ'us, the grandfather of Clovis.

SUMMARY

Settlement of the Franks. — Clovis and the vase of Soissons. — His marriage. — The death of his son. — He becomes a Christian. — His baptism. — His cruel deeds. — The Merovingians.

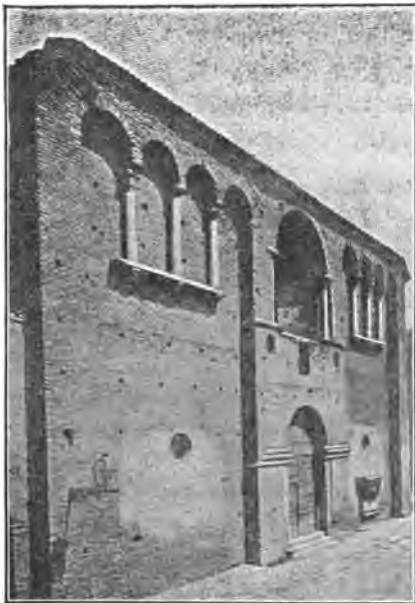
VII

THEODORIC THE OSTROGOTH

IN 476, one year before the death of Genseric the Vandal, a Goth named Odoacer¹ became ruler of Italy. He had taken the throne from the handsome boy who had been ruling as Emperor, permitting him to escape and allowing him 6000 gold pieces a year. The Roman Senate, which had once been a courageous and patriotic body of men, decided that there was no longer any Western Empire, and that its rule belonged to the

¹ o-dō-s'æ'r.

Emperor in the East, whose capital was Constantinople. The Emperor accepted this view, and left Odoacer in Italy to represent him. This event is called the fall of the Western Empire.



REMAINS OF THE PALACE OF THEODORIC
AT RAVENNA, ITALY

(This city rose to great splendor under the rule of
Theodoric)

In this same year, 476, The-od'o-ric became king of the Ostrogoths, or Goths of the East. The Emperor in the East had hired this nation to defend the lower Danube, and Theodoric, a little boy of the royal family, had been sent to Constantinople as a hostage, or pledge that his people would keep their promises. When Theodoric grew up and became king, the Emperor permitted him to go and drive Odoacer out of Italy. Theodoric started with his army, and with all

the rest of his tribe, for they meant not only to drive out Odoacer, but to make their homes in Italy.

There were three fierce battles. Finally it was agreed that Odoacer and Theodoric should rule with equal powers. Before long, however, Theodoric treacherously murdered Odoacer and became sole ruler of Italy. He meant to rule like the Romans, but more wisely. He chose from the old Roman laws those which

he thought just. He broke up the vast estates of the very wealthy and made many small farms, so that much more grain was raised. He built many handsome buildings, and he encouraged his subjects to read and study. The emperors in the East were doing their best to keep back the hordes of Huns and other barbarians, and it really began to seem as if Italy would grow into a powerful, well-governed country with Goths for its rulers.

That might have come to pass if a brilliant man named Justin'i-an had not become ruler in the Eastern Empire after the death of Theodoric. His great wish was to bring back Italy and Africa to the Empire. Fortunately for him, he had an officer named Bel-i-sa'ri-us, who was not only a skillful general, but who had the power of making his soldiers eager to follow him. Under his lead, Italy and Africa were regained, the Vandals in Africa were scattered, and the Goths in Italy were hopelessly beaten. Justinian brought together all that was



THE EMPEROR JUSTINIAN

(From a mosaic of the 6th century in an ancient church at Ravenna)

known of the Roman law, and it is upon his collection that the governments of the chief countries of Europe are founded. While he lived, there seemed some hope that the Empire would be

mighty again; but as soon as he died, it was the same weak, tottering realm that it had been just before his day.

SUMMARY

Fall of the Western Empire. — Theodoric goes to Italy. — Justinian. — The victories of Belisarius.

VIII

CHARLES MARTEL

WHEN King Clovis died, his four sons divided the kingdom among them much as if it had been a farm. Then they quarreled, and a quarrel in those days led to savage fighting. Each ruler intended to get as much as he could, and if any one stood in the way the first thought was, "Kill him." For instance, one of Clovis's sons died, leaving three boys. Queen Clotilda tried to protect the rights of her grandchildren, but two of her sons sent her a sword and a pair of scissors. That meant, "Should you rather have the boys slain or have them lose their long hair?" To lose their long hair would shut them out of the royal family, and Clotilda replied that she would rather see them dead than disgraced. Two of the boys were at once murdered by their uncle.

For more than a century, the Frankish kingdom was full of quarrels and fighting. During the following century, a king was always on the throne, but he never ruled; and these sovereigns have been nicknamed the "do-nothing kings." The real rulers were officers called mayors of the palace. The "mayor" was at

first only a sort of royal attendant, but several of the kings were children when they came to the throne; therefore the mayors acted as their guardians. For a long while some of the kings were stupid, and some cared only for amusement, and hardly any of them were strong and manly enough to govern. The mayors of the palace were rulers in peace, and as the "do-nothing kings" were of course unable to lead armies, the mayors became also commanders in war. This arrangement suited the Frankish nobles. They were always afraid that their kings would get too much power over them; but as a mayor was chosen from among themselves, it did not seem to trouble them in the least if he became quite as powerful as any king.

One of these mayors was named Pep'in. He treated the king with the utmost respect, permitted him to live on one of the royal estates, and sent servants to wait on him. When some national festival was to be held, the king was brought to court dressed in most elegant robes and with his long hair floating over his shoulders. He rode in a heavy wagon drawn by oxen and driven by a cowherd. This was according to the ancient custom, and the people would have been displeased to have it altered. He was escorted into the palace and seated upon the throne, and the nobles came to do him honor. He recited a little speech, made up for him beforehand, urging the army to be valiant and to be always ready for service. If ambassadors were to be received, he met them graciously, and said what Mayor Pepin told him to say. Then with all deference he was led to the cart and driven back to the estate upon which he lived. He was free to go on hunting or raising doves or combing his long hair until a figurehead was needed again.

When Pepin died, his son Charles became mayor. It was fortunate that he was a good fighter, for there was a great deal of fighting to be done. There were hostile tribes on the north and east to be subdued. Then, too, there were rumors of trouble coming from another people, the Mo-ham'med-ans. Charles did not dare be without an army ready to set out at a moment's notice. But he could not keep an army without the help of the nobles, and for such help he must pay, and pay well. The churches owned a vast amount of land and money; and when Charles needed either to reward his nobles, he took it. It is probable that he did not give away the land, but only lent it to his nobles by what is called a feudal tenure; that is, so long as a noble provided a certain number of men for the mayor's army, he might hold the land and get as much gain from it as he could. This was all very well for the nobles, but it is no wonder that the bishops were not pleased. And yet this very army was to be used to defend them in a great battle with the Moham-medans.

This battle came about because of a man named Mo-ham'med who had lived about one hundred and fifty years before that time. He was born in Mec'ca in A-ra'bi-a, and he became so famous when he was a man that the people who knew him as a child fancied that many wonderful things had happened to him when he was small. It was said that the sheep bowed to him as he passed by, and that even the moon stooped from her place in the heavens to do him honor. While he was in the house of his nurse, so the legend says, her well never dried and her pastures were always fresh and green.

The little boy soon lost both father and mother, and was



MOSQUE OF SULTAN AHMED, A FAMOUS MOHAMMEDAN RULER
(It is at Constantinople)

brought up in the house of his uncle. He must have been a most lovable boy, for every one seems to have been kind to him. This uncle held an office of great honor,— he was guardian of a certain black stone which, it was said, the angel Ga'bri-el had given to A'bra-ham. The stone was built into the outer wall of the Kaaba,¹ a little square temple which the A-ra'bi-ans looked upon as especially holy. Most of them were worshipers of idols, and the Kaaba was the home of enough idols to provide a different one for every day in the year. Throngs of pilgrims journeyed to Mecca to kiss the stone and worship in the Kaaba; and the boy

¹ kâ'bâ.

must have heard marvelous tales of the strange places from which they came. His uncle was a merchant and used to go with caravans to Syr'i-a and elsewhere to get goods. When Mohammed was twelve years old, he begged earnestly to be allowed to go with him. The uncle said "No." Then the boy pleaded, "But, my uncle, who will take care of me when you are gone?" The tender-hearted man could not refuse any longer, and Mohammed went on his first journey.

After this, he always traveled with his uncle, and when the uncle went out to help his tribe fight another one, he became the uncle's armor-bearer. He learned about life in a caravan, and about buying and selling goods, and while he was hardly more than a boy, he was often employed by merchants to go on such trips as their agent. At length he was engaged by a wealthy widow named Ka-di'jah to manage the large business which the death of her husband had left in her charge. She became more and more pleased with the young man, and after a while she sent a trusty slave to offer him her hand. He was surprised, but not at all unwilling, and soon there was a generous wedding feast with music and dancing. The house was open to all who chose to come, and a camel was killed that its flesh might be given to the poor.

Mohammed thought much about religious questions. He came to believe that his people were wrong in worshiping idols, and that there was only one true God. He used to go to a cavern a few miles from Mecca to pray and meditate. One month in every year he gave up entirely to this. After a while, he began to have strange dreams and visions. In one of these he thought the angel Gabriel held before him a silken cloth on which there was golden writing and bade him read it. "But I do not know

how to read," replied Mohammed. "Read, in the name of the Most High," said the angel; and suddenly the power to read the letters came to him, and he found the writings were commands of God. Then the angel declared, "Thou art the prophet of God."

Mohammed told Kadijah of his vision, and she believed that the angel had really come to him. After a little, he began to preach wherever people would listen. A few believed in him, but most people only laughed at his story. Still he kept on preaching, and after a while, although he had but few followers



Bonfile

MUSSLMANS AT PRAYER IN THE GRAND MOSQUE
AT DAMASCUS

in Mecca, there were many in Me-di'na who had come to believe that he was the prophet of God. He decided that it was best for him to go to them, and in the year 622 he and a few friends escaped from their enemies in Mecca and went to Medina. This is called the Hegira,¹ or flight. To this day Mohammedans

¹ hē-j'ra.

do not count the years from the birth of Christ, but from the Hegira.

As soon as the prophet was in Medina, his followers began to build a mosque, or place for prayer, in which he might preach. They made the walls of earth and brick. The pillars were the trunks of palm trees, and the roof was formed of their branches with a thatch of leaves. He decided that his disciples should be called to prayer five times a day, and after all these centuries the call, or mu-ez'zin, is still heard in the East from some minaret of each mosque,—“God is great. There is no God but God. Mohammed is the apostle of God. Come to prayers. Come to prayers.” At dawn the crier adds, “Prayer is better than sleep.” Every true Mus'sul-man, as followers of Mohammed are called, is bound to obey this rule of prayer, and as he prays, he must turn his face toward Mecca. He is also commanded to make at least one pilgrimage to Mecca before he dies, and to kiss the sacred black stone. It is still in the wall of the Kaaba, but the Kaaba itself is now within a mosque so large that it will hold 35,000 persons.

It is probable that Mohammed never learned to read or write, but his followers jotted down his words on bits of palm leaves or skins or even the shoulder-blades of animals, and many of them they learned by heart. After the death of the prophet, the ca'lifs, as his successors were called, collected these sayings and arranged them in a book called the Ko'ran, which is the sacred volume of the Mussulmans.

For a long while, Mohammed preached peace and gentleness and charity, and he won many followers. Then he came to believe that if people would not obey his teachings, it was right to make



CAPTURE OF MECCA BY MOHAMMED

Müller

war upon them. He marched against Mecca with a large army of his disciples, and soon captured it. After a time, either by preaching or by fighting, the Mohammedans, or Mussulmans, became the rulers of all Arabia. After the death of their prophet, they continued their conquests. They overcame Syria, Per'sia, E'gypt, northern Africa, and Spain. A little later they swarmed over the Pyrenees Mountains, and pushed on as far north as Tours.¹ In

¹ toor.

732, just one hundred years after the death of Mohammed, the Mohammedans and the Franks met in battle on the plain of Tours, and after a terrible combat the Mohammedans were so completely overwhelmed that they retreated toward Spain and never again tried to conquer the land of the Franks.

It was fortunate for all Europe that the Frankish troops were led by so valiant a warrior as Charles. He not only led, but he fought with his own hands; and he swung his mighty battle-axe



CHARLES MARTEL IN THE BATTLE OF TOURS

with such crushing blows that after this battle he was known as Charles the Hammer, or Charles Mar-tel'. It was no wonder that when the long-haired Merovingian died who was then called king of the Franks, no one saw any need of putting another on the throne while Charles lived.

When Charles Martel died, his son Pepin became mayor. He is known as Pepin the Short. By this time, the Pope had become so powerful that kings liked to have his sanction to whatever they proposed to do. Before long, Pepin sent an embassy to him to say, "Who ought to be king, the man who has the name or the man who has the power?" The Pope thought it reasonable that the man who was really king should also be king in name; and so it came to pass that no more Merovingians drove up from their farms once a year to sit on the throne for a day. Pepin was made king, and soon the Pope traveled all the way from Rome to St. Denis¹ near Paris, to crown the new sovereign and anoint him with the sacred oil. He was the first king of the Car-o-lin'gi-an Line.

SUMMARY

The sons of Clovis divide the kingdom. — Queen Clotilda and her grandsons. — The "do-nothing kings." — Their appearance in public. — Charles and his army. — Feudal tenure. — The childhood of Mohammed. — The Kaaba. — Mohammed as a young man. — His marriage. — His visions and preaching. — The Hegira. — The mosque in Medina. — The muezzin. — The Koran. — The conquests of the Mohammedans. — The battle of Tours. — Charles Martel in battle. — Pepin becomes king.

¹ sán-dē-né'.

IX

CHARLEMAGNE

PEPIN the Short had done a great deal to unite the kingdom; but when he died, he left it to his two sons, and so divided it again. The older son died in a few years; and now the kingdom of the Franks was in the hands of Charlemagne,¹ if he could hold it. First came trouble with the Sax'ons who lived about the lower Rhine and the Elbe. They and the Franks were both Germans, but the Franks had had much to do with the Romans, and had learned many of their ways. Missionaries, too, had dwelt among them and had taught them Christianity, while the Saxons were still heathen. It was fully thirty years before the Saxons were subdued. During those years, Charlemagne watched them closely. He fought, to be sure, whenever they rebelled, and he made some severe laws and saw to it that these were obeyed. More than this, however, he sent missionaries to them, and he built churches. He carried away many Saxon boys as hostages. These boys were carefully brought up and were taught Christianity. They learned to like the Frankish ways of living, and when they had grown up and were sent home, they urged their friends to yield and become peaceful subjects of the great king; and finally the land of the Saxons became a part of the Frankish kingdom.

When Charlemagne had only begun the Saxon war, the Pope asked for help against the Lom'bards, a tribe of Teutons who had settled in northern Italy. The king was quite ready to give it,

¹ châr'lè-mân.

for he, too, had a quarrel with them; and in a year or two their ruler had been shut up in a monastery and Charlemagne had been crowned with the old iron crown of Lom'bar-dy.

This war had hardly come to an end before the king led his troops into Spain against the Mohammedans. There, too, he was successful; but at Roncesvalles¹ he lost a favorite follower, Count Ro'land. Roland and the warriors who perished with him were so young and brave that their people were never weary of recounting their noble deeds. Later some one put the story into a fine old ringing poem, called the "Song of Roland," which long afterward men sang as they dashed into battle.

In the year 800, a great honor was shown to Charlemagne, for as he was kneeling at the altar in Rome on Christmas Day, the Pope set a crown upon his head, and the people cried, "Long life and

victory to the mighty Charles, the great and pacific Emperor of the Romans, crowned of God!" Charlemagne was now not only king of the Franks, but Emperor in the Western Empire. This empire, however, was smaller than it had been in the earlier days, for it included now only France, part of Germany and of Italy, and a little strip at the north of Spain.



Foulquier

COUNT ROLAND AT THE BATTLE OF
RONCESVALLES

¹ rôn-thée-vâl'yès.



CORONATION OF CHARLEMAGNE

Charlemagne had become a great ruler, and other rulers were anxious to win his friendship. Ha-run'-al-Rash'id, or *Harun the Just*, the Calif of Bag'dad, hero of the Arabian Nights, was one of his special friends. This calif was a poet and learned man. He founded schools throughout his kingdom in which medicine, geometry, and astronomy might be studied. Charlemagne did not write poetry, but he was a hard student, and he planned for the boys of his kingdom to be taught. One of his orders reads, "Let every monastery and every abbey have its school, where boys may be taught the Psalms, the system of musical notation, singing, arithmetic, and grammar, and let the books which are given them be free from faults, and let care be taken that the boys do not spoil them either when reading or writing." When

he returned from one of his campaigns, he sent for a group of schoolboys and bade them show him their work. The boys from the poorer families had done their best, and he thanked them heartily. "Try now to reach perfection," he said, "and you shall be highly honored in my sight." The sons of the nobles had thought that as their fathers were rich and of high rank there was no need of their working, and they had nothing good to show their king. He burst out upon them in anger, "You pretty and dainty little gentlemen who count upon your birth and your wealth, you have disregarded my orders and your own reputations and neglected your studies. Let me promise you this: If you do not make haste to make good your former negligence, never think to get any favors from Karl."

As there were few learned men in the Frankish kingdom, the king sent to scholars in other parts of Europe and offered them generous rewards to come to the Franks as their teachers. He collected a library and established a school at his own court; and there the mighty Emperor, his family, and his courtiers, gathered around some wise man and learned of him. The Emperor was interested in everything. He often got up in the night to study the stars. Once when the planet Mars could not be seen, he wrote to his teacher, "What do you think of this Mars? Is it the influence of the sun? Is it a miracle? Could he have been two years about performing the course of a single one?"

Charlemagne was a tall, large, dignified man. On state occasions he dressed most splendidly, but at other times he wore simple clothes and liked best those that were ornamented with the work of his wife and daughters. He was an expert horseman and swimmer, and he taught his sons to ride and to use the sword

and the spear. He took charge of his own farms, he built churches and bridges, and he began a canal to connect the Rhine with the Danube. He encouraged trade, making the taxes upon mer-



CHARLEMAGNE

Dürer

chants as light as possible. He collected the ancient German songs, he had a grammar of the language written, he improved the singing in the churches, and he even had the coinage of the kingdom manufactured in his own palace. All this was in addition to the fifty or more campaigns that he was obliged to make. Surely he was the busiest of monarchs and the busiest of Germans; for, although the land of the Franks is now France, yet it must not be forgotten that the Franks were German, and that the German "Karl der Grosse,"¹ would be a better name for their great ruler than the French "Charlemagne."

When the mighty Emperor died, his empire fell to his son, a gentle, kindly man, but not strong enough to meet the lawless chiefs who opposed him. He was followed by his three sons; and again the vast empire was divided. The sons were not satisfied, and they went to war. After much fighting, a treaty was made at Verdun² in 843. The eldest son, Lo-thair', received

¹ kār'l dār grōs'seh.

² vēr-dun'.

the title of Emperor. His part of the domain was northern Italy and a broad strip of land extending to the North Sea. The kingdom of the youngest lay to the east of this, and that of the second son, Charles the Bald, to the west. Charles the Bald held more than half of what is now called France, and it is from this treaty and the reign of Charles that the French count the beginning of the kingdom of France.

SUMMARY

Charlemagne and the Saxons. — He aids the Pope against the Lombards. — The "Song of Roland." — The coronation of Charlemagne. — The Western Empire. — Harun-al-Raschid. — Charlemagne's plans for teaching the boys of his land. — He examines a class. — The palace school. — Appearance of Charlemagne. — His work for the kingdom. — The Treaty of Verdun.

THE TEUTONIC INVASIONS

X

THE COMING OF THE TEUTONS TO ENGLAND

THE Celts, as has been said before, left their old home in Asia in very early times and moved slowly across Europe. At length they came to the ocean. The tribes behind were pressing upon them, and the Celts were not stopped by so narrow a body of water as the English Channel. Many of them crossed to the British Isles. There they lived in small huts made of poles fastened together at the top. They knew how to make boats with planks and nails, but oftener they made them by covering wicker frameworks with skins. Their priests were called Dru'ids, and it is thought that the great stones at Stone'henge, on Salisbury¹ Plain, are the remains of rude temples in which sacrifices were offered. These Celts, or Brit'ons, painted their bodies blue, for they thought this would make them seem more terrible to their enemies. Rough as they were, they were fond of pretty things, and they made themselves bracelets and necklaces. Those who lived inland were savage, but those who dwelt nearest to the Continent were somewhat civilized. They raised wheat and barley and kept many cattle. They had no towns, but gathered in little villages.

This is the way the Britons lived when the Romans came upon

¹ salz'bū-rī.

COMING OF THE TEUTONS TO ENGLAND 55

them. The Romans were always ready to conquer a new country; and they meant to subdue the British Isles. They obliged the Britons in the greater part of England to obey them; but they gave up trying to conquer the savage tribes of the northern part of the island; and finally, to keep them out they built two great walls with watchtowers and strongholds straight across the



STONEHENGE

(In the middle is a slab called the altar. This was originally surrounded by circles of stone posts connected by alabs resting on their tops)

country. Some of the Teutons on the Continent were also troublesome, and therefore the Romans raised a line of forts around the southeastern shore of England. These Romans were famous road-makers, and they built excellent highways, several running across the island. They made settlements; they erected handsome town houses and country houses with statues and vases and pavements of many-colored marble, and they built many of their famous baths. The Romans were the rulers, and the Britons had to obey. It is probable that many of the Britons were

obliged to enter the Roman army, and that many of those who did not become soldiers were treated as slaves.

The Romans could have conquered the troublesome northern



LANDING OF THE ROMANS IN BRITAIN

tribes, but as we have seen, the Goths were pressing forward upon the boundaries of their empire, and Alaric had invaded Italy and plundered Rome itself. Every soldier in the Roman army was needed to help protect the empire, and none could be spared for

the Britons; therefore officers and men sailed away from the British shores and left the people to take care of themselves.

The Britons could have done this better before they had anything to do with the Romans. They were excellent fighters, but they had now become so used to being led by Roman officers that when they were left alone they were helpless. The savages were coming down upon them from the north, and the three tribes of Teutons, the Saxons, Angles, and Jutes, were threatening them from the region between the Baltic and the North Sea. The Britons could not protect themselves, and they sent a pitiful appeal



ROMAN BATHS

(At Bath, an English watering-place noted for its hot springs. Its Roman name was "Baths of the Sun")

to the Roman commander Aëtius to come and help them. "The barbarians," it said, "drive us to the sea, and the sea drives us back to the barbarians; and between them we are either slain or drowned." Aëtius, however, was too busy trying to keep other barbarians from Rome to help people so far away as England, and he could do nothing for them. The Britons believed that of all their enemies the Teutons were the strongest; and they decided to ask them to come to Britain and help drive away the others. They might have the island of Than'et for their home, the Britons promised.

The Jutes came first, under the two brothers, Heng'ist and Hor'sa, it is said; and they were followed by the Angles and



ANCIENT JUTISH BOAT

(It was found some years ago buried in a peat bog in South Jutland, so perfectly preserved that the parts could be put together.)

Saxons. These Teutons helped to drive away the other tribes, according to the bargain; but soon they found Thanet too small for them, and so, just as one tribe had been driving another to the westward for centuries, they drove the British to the westward. Some

Britons were killed, some became slaves, and some hid away in the mountains of western England. The Teutons called these Wealh,¹ or Welsh, that is, strangers or foreigners; and it is from this that the country of Wales takes its name.

The Britons were not conquered all at once by any means, for they fought most courageously, and probably it was many years before



LANDING OF THE SAXONS

¹ wel.

the Teutons became masters of the country. The Angles scattered so widely throughout the land that it took its name from them and became known as the land of the Angles, or Angle-land, and finally Eng'land. The Saxons, however, were strongest of the three peoples, and therefore their name is generally given to all the invaders. Their descendants take both names and are known as Ang'lo-Sax'ons.

The Britons had become Christians long before the coming of the Saxons, but the Saxons were heathen. After these savage



SAINT GREGORY AND THE ENGLISH SLAVE CHILDREN

invaders had been in England about a century, some young people of their race were sold in Rome as slaves. They had golden hair and blue eyes, and to a saintly monk named Greg'o-ry who was passing through the market-place they seemed exceedingly beautiful. "Who are they?" he asked. The answer was, "Ang'li," that is, *Angles*. He declared that they would be *not Angles but angels*, if they were Christians. Gregory never lost his interest in the Angles, and if he had been permitted, he would gladly have gone to England as a missionary. After some years

he became Pope Gregory the Great, and then, although he himself could not go, he sent Saint Au-gus'tine to preach to them. The king of Kent had a Christian wife, and therefore Saint Augustine went first to him and asked if he might tell him about the religion of Christ. The king was willing to hear him, but not in a house, for if there was any magic about this new faith, he thought the evil spirits would have far less power in the open air. He listened closely, and then he went home to think over what he had heard. After a while he told Saint Augustine that he believed the Christian faith was true. This teaching spread over England, and soon it was no longer a heathen country.

SUMMARY

The Celts in England. — The Romans in England. — They abandon England. — The appeal of the Britons. — The coming of the Teutons. — The monk and the English captives. — Saint Augustine preaches to the English.

XI

THE LEGEND OF KING ARTHUR

THE old legends say that the Teutons who invaded Britain were opposed most valiantly by Ar'thur, a British king. Tales of his valiant deeds were told over and over again and new ones were often added. By and by they were put into book form by one Thomas Mal'o-ry, and it is from this that Ten'ny-son took the stories that he made into the splendid verse of his *Idylls of the King*.

These stories say that after the death of Arthur's father, King U'ther, the little boy was brought up by one Sir Ec'tor and was called his son. When Arthur had grown old enough to be a squire, the throne of Britain became vacant. In the churchyard there was seen a great stone wherein was an anvil. In the anvil was a sword and about it was written in letters of gold, "Whoso pulleth this sword from this stone and anvil is rightwise king born of all England." Many tried to lift the sword, but Arthur was the only one who succeeded. Therefore he was made king, and he swore that he would rule justly and truly all the days of his life.

Arthur and the enchanter Mer'lin rode one day by a broad lake, and afar out in the midst of the lake an arm clad in white samite — a rich cloth like satin — rose from out the water and held up a fair sword. Then came the Lady of the Lake moving upon the water. "Enter into yonder barge," she said, "and row to the sword and take it and the scabbard." So it was that King Arthur found his magic sword Ex-cal'i-bur, which so often helped him to overcome his enemies in battle.

The barons wished the king to take a wife, and Merlin asked, "Is there any fair lady that you love better than another?" "Yes," the king replied, "I love Guin'e-ver. She is the gentlest

*Maclean*

KING ARTHUR OBTAINS THE SWORD
EXCALIBUR

and fairest lady that I know living." The father of Guinevere consented joyfully to the marriage, and as her dowry he sent the famous Round Table which King Uther had given him long before, with one hundred knights, brave and true. Then Arthur rejoiced. He welcomed Guinevere and he sought out twenty-eight knights of his own to sit at the Round Table, and it was found that by some magic the name of each knight had been written upon his seat, or siege, in letters of gold; but on one seat, called the Siege Perilous, there was none.

The bravest of these knights was Lan'ce-lot, but they were all strong and valiant. They jousted, they avenged maidens in distress, and they punished all wrongdoing that came to their ears. They were brave and true, but no one of them had dared to place himself in the Siege Perilous. At last there came to Arthur's court a fair and pure youth named Gal'a-had, and when the silken cloth was lifted from the Siege Perilous, behold, upon it was written, "This is the seat of Galahad."

One evening when every knight sat in his place, a cracking was heard and the sound of thunder, and a sunbeam seven times brighter than day was seen, and in the sunbeam was the Holy Grail, the cup from which the Blessed Christ drank at the Last Supper. But it was veiled with white samite, so that none might see it. Thereupon most of the knights took vows that they would search the world over till the glorious vision of the Grail should come to them. It was a long and almost hopeless search. Even the pure Sir Galahad made many journeys in vain, but at last he had a vision of the Holy Cup. Then a multitude of angels bore his soul to heaven, and never again has the Grail been seen upon the earth.

At length, King Arthur was sorely wounded in battle, and he knew that the time had come for him to die. "Cast my sword Excalibur into the water of the lake," he bade Sir Bed'i-vere, his companion, "and come again and tell me what you have seen." And when Sir Bedivere had thrown the sword, there rose from the water an arm clad with white samite. The hand took the

*Archer*

THE THREE QUEENS MOURNING OVER KING ARTHUR

sword and both sword and arm vanished beneath the waters. Then came close to the shore a barge, and in it was King Arthur's sister with two other queens and many fair ladies in waiting. The king was laid softly into the barge, and Sir Bedivere went away into the forest to weep.

In the morning, he came upon a chapel wherein was a tomb by which a hermit was praying. The hermit told Sir Bedivere

that the man who was buried in the tomb had been brought there by some ladies at midnight. Then the faithful knight knew that it was the tomb of his king, and by it he abode all the days of his life, fasting and praying for the soul of his lord, King Arthur.

SUMMARY

The boyhood of Arthur. — The sword Excalibur. — Arthur's marriage. — The Round Table. — The coming of the Holy Grail. — The search for the Grail. — The death of Arthur.

XII

SAINT PATRICK

A FEW years before Alaric invaded Italy, a boy was born in Scotland, probably on the western coast, who was to become the famous Saint Patrick. It was a wild, rude country. There were



SAINT PATRICK

bears and wolves and wild boars. It was damp and cold; there was much fog and little sunshine. There were worse troubles than a disagreeable climate, for pirates from Ire'land or the north sometimes dashed up to the shore, made savage forays into the country, and sailed away with bands of captives to be sold as slaves. That is what happened to Patrick; when a boy of about sixteen. For several years, he was a slave in Ireland and spent much of his time tending cattle. He had been brought up as a Chris-

tian, and as he watched his cattle on the hills, he prayed, some days a hundred times. At length there was a chance to escape, and he fled to his home. All his kindred welcomed him and begged him, now that he was rescued from such great dangers, never to go away.

Still his heart was with the Irish. He dreamed one night that a man held before him a letter which began, "The Voice of the Irish;" and as he read, he seemed to hear the people who dwelt by the western ocean calling, "Come and dwell with us," and he made up his mind to spend his life preaching to them.



BELL OF ST. PATRICK
(About 14½ inches high)

When the time had come that he felt himself prepared, he returned to the island where he had been a captive. Other preachers went with him, and they traveled up and down the land, telling the people everywhere of the religion of Christ. They wore sandals, and a sort of long cloak which was no more than a large round piece of cloth with a hole in the middle to put the head through. The fore part of their heads was shaved, and the rest of their hair hung down upon their shoulders. When they went on long journeys, they rode in clumsy, two-wheeled wagons; but if the journeys were short, they traveled on foot, staff in hand, chanting psalms as they walked. They carried mass-books and copies of the Gospels and portable altars, and bells made by riveting two pieces of sheet iron together into the form of a rude bell and then dipping it into melted bronze.



SHRINE OF
ST. PATRICK'S
BELL

Generally the people were willing to listen to the strangers,

but nevertheless, the lives of the missionaries were often in danger. The chiefs were always at warfare among themselves, and it was not safe to go from one district to another without an escort. In one place, the people thought the long narrow writing tablets of the preachers were straight swords, and that they had come to make trouble. It was some little time before they could be made to understand that the strangers were their friends.



SAINT PATRICK BAPTIZING TWO IRISH MAIDENS

Etchaverry

There is a story that at one time the missionaries were in danger from La-o-ghaire', the chief king. At twilight King Laoghaire went out with his nobles to light the fire of the spring festival. On the Hill of Slane he saw another fire. It was forbidden on pain of death that anyone else should kindle a fire so long as the king's was burning, and Laoghaire sent men to learn who these daring strangers were and to bring them before him. It is thought that Patrick's poem, called *The Deer's Cry*, was written at this time. Part of it is as follows:—

At Ta'ra to-day in this fateful hour,
I place all heaven with its power,
And the sun with its brightness,
And the snow with its whiteness,
And fire with all the strength it hath,
And lightning with its rapid wrath,
And the winds with their swiftness along their path
And the sea with its deepness,
And the rocks with their steepness,
And the earth with its starkness:
All these I place,
By God's almighty help and grace,
Between myself and the Powers of Darkness.

The thought of the poem is that everything that God has made will help to guard the man who puts trust in His protection. The missionaries told the king that their fire was not to celebrate the coming of spring, but Easter and the resurrection of Christ. He listened closely, and finally gave them permission to preach to his people.

The grateful Irish loved Saint Patrick and were eager to make him gifts, but he would never accept them. There is a pretty story that the little son of an Irishman whom he had baptized loved the good preacher so dearly that when the tired man had

fallen asleep, the child would creep up softly and lay sweet-scented flowers upon his breast. The boy afterward became a bishop and succeeded his beloved master.

For many years, Saint Patrick preached and taught and built churches and schoolhouses and monasteries. These monasteries, and others that were founded not long afterward, became the most famous schools of the age. Thousands of pupils came to them from the neighboring countries; and from these seats of learning and piety earnest teachers and missionaries went forth, not only to England and Scotland, but to every corner of Europe. This is the work that was begun by one fearless, faithful, unselfish man.

SUMMARY

Saint Patrick's early home and youth. — His dream. — His preaching in Ireland. — The story of *The Deer's Cry*. — The child friend. — Saint Patrick's work for Ireland.

XIII

THE STORY OF BEOWULF

THE Saxons used to sing at their feasts some old songs about a hero named Beowulf.¹ Those of them who left their earlier home and came to England did not forget the songs. More incidents were added, and by and by, just as in the case of the tale of the Nibelungs and that of King Arthur, some one wove them together into one long story. The following is the story of "Beowulf:" —

¹ beo'-wulf.

The old king Hrothgar,¹ who ruled the land of the Danes, built a mighty hall in which his heroes should feast when they returned from their hard-fought battles. Every one who saw it admired it, but a wicked monster called Gren'del, who stalked about alone in the darkness, was angry. He could not bear to hear the merry sounds of music and feasting; and one night while the men lay asleep, he crept up to the hall and slew thirty of the warriors and dragged their bodies away with him to devour.

Night after night this same slaughter went on, and the old king was almost broken-hearted at the loss of his beloved heroes. But help was coming. The young champion Beowulf, of the land of Got'land, had heard of the trouble, and he determined to free the king and his men. So, with some brave comrades, he sailed away from his home, and soon reached the land of the Danes. The young warriors had hardly stepped on shore when the warden of the land, who had been watching them from the cliffs, demanded sharply who they were, for he feared they might be enemies. Upon learning Beowulf's name and the purpose for which he had come, he conducted the strangers to the hall of Hrothgar. Then the king was glad at heart, for he had heard of the amazing prowess of Beowulf.

*Pollak*

THE ARRIVAL OF BEOWULF IN
HROTHGAR'S REALM

¹ hröth'gär.

One night, while the warriors lay asleep, Grendel stole up through the mists, as usual. His eyes shone like fire as he stretched out his arm to seize the newcomer. But Beowulf caught his hand and held it in such a grip as the monster had never known. He was afraid and tried to flee, but he could not. The heroes awoke and drew their swords, but no weapon could pierce the skin of Grendel; he must be overcome by strength alone. At length he escaped, but his arm was torn from its socket and left in the iron grasp of Beowulf.

In the morning there was great rejoicing. The king loaded the hero with lavish gifts. The queen brought him handsome garments and hung about his neck a fair golden collar; and all were glad and happy.

Alas, on the following night Grendel's mother, another monster as terrible as he, came up from her watery cavern for revenge. She seized and carried away with her one who was very dear to the aged Hrothgar. The king grieved sorely, but Beowulf promised vengeance. Then Beowulf and Hrothgar and a company of chosen men found their way by a lonely path to the lake in which was the den of the fiends. The head of him who was dear to Hrothgar lay on a rock, and swimming in the water were fearful serpents and dragons. Beowulf put on his armor and sprang into the lake. Down, down he sank through the gloomy water. Grendel's mother clutched at him and dragged him into her frightful den. The men by the shore saw the water become red with blood and they grew very sorrowful; but after a long, long while they saw Beowulf swimming toward the land. He had slain Grendel's mother, and he bore with him the terrible head of Grendel.

Then there was great joy in the beautiful hall of King Hrothgar. Many costly gifts were bestowed upon him who had delivered the followers of the king, and then Beowulf bade them all farewell and set out for his homeland.

Beowulf was soon chosen chief of his people and ruled for many years. When he was an old man, a fire-breathing dragon that dwelt in his country came forth by night and went through the land killing people and burning towns and cities. This dragon guarded a vast treasure, and King Beowulf said to himself, "I will win this treasure for my people, and I will avenge their wrongs." He did slay the dragon, but he himself was so sorely wounded that he had to give up his life.



BEOWULF FIGHTING THE DRAGON

His men grieved deeply. They built a great funeral pyre, all hung about with helmets and shields and coats of mail, and on it they laid gently the body of their dead leader. Afterward they reared in his honor a mighty mound on a hill beside the sea, and in it they buried many rings of gold and other treasures which they had brought forth from the dragon's cave. In after days they often spoke together of Beowulf, and they said, "He cared more for glory than did any other king who dwelt on the earth. He was kind and gentle, too, and he truly loved his people."

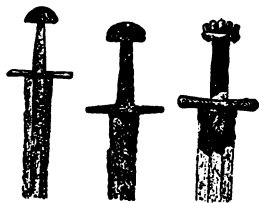
SUMMARY

The hall of Hrothgar. — Beowulf and his encounter with Grendel. — The coming of Grendel's mother. — The fight at the bottom of the sea. — The death of Beowulf.

XIV

KING ALFRED THE GREAT

It was about 449 when the Teutons landed on the island of Thanet. More and more of them came, until finally not the Britons, but the Teutons, ruled England. Each company tried to make their settlement a little kingdom by itself. Sometimes



HILTS OF DANISH IRON
SWORDS

a little group of these kingdoms were allies for a while, then they were enemies. Gradually the West Saxons became more powerful than the others, and at length their king, Eg'bert, induced seven of these kingdoms to make a sort of union.

It would have been far better if this union could have been strong and lasting, for all England was now in dreadful peril. The reason was that still more tribes were pushing on to the westward. These tribes were Teutons who lived in Nor'way, Swe'den, and Den'-mark; but the English called them all Danes. The Danes thought it a disgrace to live quietly on the land, and they dashed off in the fiercest tempests and over the stormiest seas in search of treasure. They would steal up to a church or a

convent or a village in the mist and darkness. Then with wild shouts to Odin and Thor they would kill, burn, and plunder. They destroyed bridges, they set fire to the growing crops, they tossed little babies to and fro on the points of their spears, they tortured the helpless dogs and horses. Then they set off for their homeland to display the treasures they had won. Their law of battle was that a Dane who fled from fewer than five disgraced himself. The warriors had no fear of death, for they believed that the Valkyries would come and carry them to all the delights of Valhalla.

These were the enemies whom the grandson of Egbert, the Saxon king Al'fred, a young man of twenty-three, had to meet. At the death of his brother he had

become king, but just at that time the Danes were coming in throngs and there were no rejoicings in honor of the new sovereign. There was no feasting, there was not even a meeting of the councilors of the kingdom to declare that they accepted him as their ruler. The Danes landed first on one shore, then on another. Alfred built warships and won a battle on the sea. Then he was surprised by the Danes and most of his people were subdued. Their king, however, had no thought of yielding.



ALFRED THE GREAT

He and some of his faithful followers withdrew to Ath'el-ney, a sort of island in a swampy forest, where they made them-



ALFRED THE GREAT LETTING THE CAKES BURN

selves a fort. A few people lived in this wilderness who cared for the swine of some landholder. Their homes were tiny huts of brushwood plastered with mud. Two legends of his stay at Athelney have been handed down to us. One is that he once took refuge in one of these tiny huts, much to the wrath of the

housewife, for her husband had not told her who **was** his guest. The story says that she bade the visitor sit by the fire and turn her cakes when they were done on one side. The anxious king forgot all about them, and the angry housewife scolded. According to an old ballad, she cried, —

“There, don’t you see the cakes are burnt?
Then wherefore turn them not?
You’re quick enough to eat them
When they are good and hot.”

The second legend is that in order to find out the number of the Danes he put on the dress of a harper and went to the Danish camp. There he sang old ballads, perhaps even part of *Beowulf*.

The Danes were delighted, and never guessed that they were applauding the king of the English. Alfred went back to his friends with a good knowledge of the Dan'ish camp and a heart full of courage. When the spring came, he surprised his enemies and forced them to promise to be baptized as Christians. He was not strong enough to drive them from the country, but it was agreed that they should remain in their settlements in the eastern and northern parts of England, while Alfred should rule the southern and western parts. Then Alfred set to work to do what he could for his kingdom.

The king of England was in a hard position. Much of the country had been burned over again and again. Churches, libraries, and convents had been destroyed. Alfred built a line of forts around the southeastern coast, for he knew that other Danes would be likely to come. He built at least one hundred warships.



AN EARLY ENGLISH CHURCH

(Church of St. Lawrence, Wiltshire, built probably in the 7th century)

He made a code of laws for his people. He appointed judges, who were punished if they were not just. One judge was hanged because he condemned a man unlawfully. Alfred built churches and convents. He brought learned men to his kingdom, as Charlemagne had done in earlier times. He established schools, and he commanded that every freeborn boy in the kingdom should learn to read English, and that if he showed ability, he should go on and learn to read Latin. Now arose a difficulty. In those times books were written in Latin as a matter of course, and there were very few in English. So the busy king set to work to translate books for his people. One of them was a sort of history and geography combined. In this is the story which Longfellow has put into his poem, "The Discoverer of the North Cape," — the story of

"Othere ¹ the old sea-captain
Who dwelt in Hel'ga land."

Alfred had received a barren land, overrun by enemies. He left it a peaceful, prosperous kingdom with schools, churches, just laws, vessels, and fortifications. It is no wonder that he is called Alfred the Great.

SUMMARY

King Egbert unites the kingdoms.—The Danes.—Alfred becomes king.—Withdraws to Athelney.—The story of the cakes.—The story of the harper.—Alfred's treaty with the Danes.—Alfred's work for his country.

¹ o-tha'ra.

XV

RURIK THE NORSEMAN

THE people who lived in the central part of Rus'sia in the ninth century did not all belong to any one nation. Many tribes had come from Asia and passed through the land, and some members of the tribes went no farther. These people were tall and strong. They could climb cliffs which one would think only goats could scale; and they could swim across the swiftest rivers. They taught their children that every injury must be avenged, and that it was a disgrace to forgive a wrong.

They had no idea of what it meant to be afraid, and when they went to battle, it was the same to them whether they were fighting with some tribe as wild as themselves or with the well-trained Roman soldiers, and they had but one fashion of attack; when the enemy drew near, the whole body flung themselves furiously upon their foes. If they had once taken any plunder, they would die rather than give it up, no matter how useless it might be to them.

There are two good things to say about these people. The first is that they were kind to one another. The second is that they were most hospitable. They had a custom of putting some food in sight when they left their huts, so that no chance wayfarer need go away hungry. Indeed, their hospitality went so far that if a stranger came to them and they had no food for him, it was regarded as entirely proper to steal whatever was needed.

They believed in a great god, whom they called the thunder-

maker, and in a vast number of less powerful gods. They never thought of their deities as kind and gentle, but always as fierce and savage, and they carved most hideous images, into which they believed the spirits of the gods would enter that they might be worshipped.

After a while the wisest and bravest among them became chiefs. Still, they were a rude, savage folk, and some tribes were more like beasts than like human beings.

In northern Russia, around the Baltic Sea, lived people who were more fierce than these in central Russia. They were always ready to leap into their boats and go as fast as wind and oars would carry them wherever they thought they could find plunder. These were the people whom the English called Danes. They were also called Northmen or Norse'men, because they came



SCENE IN NORTHERN RUSSIA
(Showing the marshes)

from the north, and Vi'kings, which meant pirates. Some of them entered the service of the emperors at Constantinople. They were most loyal bodyguards and they could be trusted freely

with the keys of both palace and treasury. In battle they were valuable friends, but sometimes the officers must have been a little puzzled to know how to manage them. Once the odds



NORSE SHIPS

were so much against them that the Greek commander, whose allies they were, sent a herald to them to ask, "Will you fight, or will you retreat?" "We will fight," the Northmen shouted; and one of them was so enraged at the suggestion of retreat that he gave the herald's horse such a blow with his fist as to strike it dead.

The Northmen usually went to Constantinople by launching their boats in the headwaters of the Dnie'per River and floating down to the Black Sea. They had seen a good deal of the world, and they were bright and keen. They succeeded in making the people of central Russia pay them tribute. According to the old story, there came a time when the people determined not to pay it any longer. They united and drove the Northmen away. But they did not stay united. They quarreled among themselves, for each man did whatever he chose and

no one cared for the rights of his neighbor. It is said that one among them who was wiser than the rest saw that they needed some power to govern them. He knew how much more civilized



RURIK

the Northmen were, and he persuaded several of the tribes about him to send envoys to the Russ, a tribe of Northmen, to say, "Our country is large and rich, but we have no order. Do you come and rule over us." A Northman named Ru'rik and his two brothers said, "We will come;" and the three set out with their followers, all well armed, as were those who had come as envoys. Rurik built his

stronghold at Nov-go-rod'; one brother went farther south, and the other farther northeast. After a year or two, the younger brothers died and Rurik was left to rule alone. He chose men whom he could trust and gave them land. In return, they built fortresses and helped him to keep peace in the land, to govern the unruly tribes, and to teach them to obey. As soon as he had them well in hand, he conquered neighboring tribes; and so his little kingdom grew rapidly, until it became a large kingdom, which took the name of Russia from the Russ tribe. Rurik himself was now called *veliki knias*,¹ or *grand-prince*.

After Rurik had reigned for seventeen years, he died, leaving his throne to his little son. So it was that the first ruler of Russia

¹ vā'lē-kē nē-āz'.

was a bold and daring warrior, and the second a boy only four years old.

SUMMARY

The people of early Russia. — Their behavior in war. — Their good qualities. — Their gods. — The Danes as allies. — The people of Russia pay them tribute. — The coming of Rurik. — His rule.

XVI

ROLLO THE VIKING

THE story is told that while Charlemagne was sitting one day at dinner, a fleet of long, narrow boats came swiftly toward the land. "Those must have come from Britt'any," some one declared; and another said, "No, they are surely Jew'ish merchantmen." But Charlemagne had noted the vessels, that they had only one sail, that bow and stern were shaped alike and were gilded and carved to represent the head or tail of a dragon, and that a row of shields was ranged along the gunwale. "Those bring nothing to sell," he said. "They are most cruel foes, they are Northmen." Then there was a hurrying and scurrying to put on armor, snatch up swords and spears, and hasten down to the shore to drive away the pirates. But



NORSE SHIP
(From the Bayeux Tapestry)

the Northmen had heard of the prowess of Charlemagne, and as soon as they knew he was there they rowed away as fast as their boats could be made to carry them. The Franks had much to say about these enemies, but Charlemagne stood silent, gazing at the sea. At length he turned toward his friends. His eyes were full of tears, and he said, "I am not afraid that the Northmen will harm me, but I weep to see that they have ventured so near our shore, and to think of the evils that they will bring upon my children and their people."

Charlemagne was right, for it was not many years after his death before one hundred and twenty pirate vessels were rowed swiftly up the River Seine, and a mass of Northmen, or Vikings, poured into the little city of Paris, ready to kill, burn, and steal, as usual. But suddenly a heavy fog hid them from one another. There was some enchantment about it, they thought, and they made their way back to their ships as best they might. They came again and again, however. Sometimes they were met with arms, sometimes with tribute. Still they came. "Did not we promise you twelve thousand pounds of silver if you would leave us in peace?" demanded the Franks in despair. "The king promised it," replied the Northmen insolently, "and we left him in peace. He is dead now, and what we do will not disturb him."

The following year the famous leader Rol'lo led the Vikings in an attack upon Paris. They hammered at the walls of the city with battering-rams. With great slings they hurled stones and leaden balls. They dug a mine under one of the walls, leaving wooden props. Then they set fire to these and scrambled out of the narrow passage as fast as they could. The beams burned and the earth fell in, but the walls did not crumble as the Vikings had

hoped. Then they built a fire close to the wooden walls, but a sudden rain put it out. There were thirty or forty thousand of the Vikings, and only two hundred of the Franks in the besieged city; but the Franks had wise leaders, and all this time they were boiling oil and pitch and pouring them down upon the besiegers. The blazing Northmen leaped into the river to extinguish the flames, but they never thought of giving up. They collected food and encamped near the city. Month after month the siege went on, and still the king did not come to help his brave people.

At last the valiant Eudes,¹ or O'do, one of the chief leaders of the

Par-is'ians, determined to go in search of aid, and one stormy night he managed to slip through the gate of the city and the lines of the Northmen, and gallop off to the king. Pretty soon the king came with his army, — and went into camp! After he had dawdled a month away, news came that more Vikings were at



ROUTES OF THE VIKING EXPEDITIONS

¹ ed.

hand. The king was so frightened that he offered the Northmen seven hundred pounds of silver if they would depart, and told them they might go farther up the river and plunder Burgundy as much as they chose. The brave defenders of Paris were indignant. They rushed out of the city and struck one fierce blow at their departing foes. The following year the cowardly king was deposed, and at his death they chose the valiant Eudes for their ruler.

The Northmen were bright, shrewd people; and, wild as they were, they could not help seeing that the Frank'ish way of living was better than theirs, and that the worship of the Christian God was better than that of Odin and Thor. Rollo led them again to France some years later, and this time the Vikings ranged themselves on one side of a little river, and the king with his Franks stood on the other side, to talk about peace. Rollo was willing to give up his pirate life, be baptized, and live in the Frankish country if the king would give him land. "I will give you Flan'-ders," said the king; but Rollo replied, "No, that is too swampy." "Then you may have the parts of Neus'tri-a nearest to the shore." "No," declared Rollo, "that is nothing but forest land." At length it was agreed that he and his followers should have the land which afterward took its name from them and to this-day is called Nor'man-dy. They were to hold it by what is known as a feudal tenure, that is, it was to be theirs so long as they were faithful to the king and gave him loyal military service.

There is a story that the bishops told Rollo he must kiss the king's foot in token of his having received this great gift and having become the king's vassal. The haughty Northman had no idea of doing any such thing; but when the bishops insisted,



RUINS OF AN ANCIENT CASTLE IN NORMANDY
(At Dieppe, France. This view shows typical Normandy scenery)

he motioned to one of his warriors to do it for him. The warrior was as proud as his lord. The old account says that he would not kneel, but lifted the royal foot so high that the king fell backward. The Franks were angry, but the Northmen roared with laughter.

The Northmen, or Nor'mans, as they were afterwards called, went into their new domain. Rollo ruled them strictly, for he was as anxious to be a successful ruler as he had been to be a successful pirate. The same story is told of him that is related of Alfred the Great and several other kings, that one might leave a golden bracelet hanging on a tree in perfect safety anywhere in his possessions. Whether that is true or not, it is true that any robber who fell into the hands of Rollo was promptly hanged.

It is also true that it was exceedingly difficult for a criminal to escape, because Rollo made the whole land responsible for him. Whenever any one committed a trespass, the first man who found it out must cry "Haro!" and the cry must go through the whole kingdom until the man was captured.

So it was that the Vikings who had come to France to plunder gave up their wild, savage life and became permanent dwellers in that country.

SUMMARY

The coming of the Northmen's fleet to France. — The grief of Charlemagne. — The retreat from Paris. — The siege of Paris. — The bravery of Count Eudes. — The cowardly king. — Rollo settles in Normandy. — Refuses to kiss the king's foot. — The rule of Rollo.

XVII

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR

THE Danes not only invaded France and settled in that land, but they won so much power in England that a little more than a century after the death of Alfred the Great, one of them drove away the weak king Eth'el-red and took possession of the English throne. The son of this Dane was the famous Ca-nute'. Canute was not only kind and just to his English subjects, but he seemed to love them and to wish to do his best for them. During his absence from England on one occasion, he left the government in the hands, not of a Dane, but of an Englishman. Canute was a very sensible man, and he disliked flattery more than kings are usually supposed to do. Once when his foolish courtiers assured

him that even the sea would obey him, he bade them place his chair on the beach. Then he gravely ordered the ocean to retreat and not wet even the border of his robe. The courtiers stood about him in some alarm, for they were afraid of being punished for their untruthfulness. Soon the waves splashed the king, and



CANUTE ORDERS THE OCEAN TO RETREAT

then he turned to the flatterers and said gently, "He who is King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, He is the one whom the earth and the sea and the heavens obey."

Ethelred had fled to Normandy, and there his son Ed'ward, afterward known as the Con-fes'sor, grew up. His mother was a Norman, and his own ways of thinking were French rather than English. After Canute's two sons had died, the English sent for

Edward to come and rule over them. The young Duke Will'iam of Normandy, a bold, ambitious man, was his friend and kinsman, and Edward promised to bequeath him the English throne. After Edward had been in England a while, however, he learned that he could not give away the throne as if it were a bag of gold, but that the English people had something to say about who should rule them. When Edward died, therefore, they asked a brave Englishman named Har'old to become their king.

Duke William of Normandy was indignant. He was a descendant of Rollo and was as energetic as the Viking himself. He set out with a great force of men and ships to seize the kingdom that he believed was justly his own. He sailed straight for the English coast, and not a ship came out to fight him. He landed at Pev'en-sey¹ near Has'tings, and not a man threw a spear at him. He began to pillage the country, and no one opposed him. There were good reasons why the English were so quiet. One was that their fleet was made up of fishing vessels, which were now scattered here and there, for according to custom their owners were allowed at stated times to take them away in order to attend to their fishing. Second, the army was made up chiefly of farmers, and they had been permitted to go home to attend to their harvesting. Harold, meanwhile, was in the north with a few followers repelling an invasion of the Danes. These he conquered at Stam'ford Bridge; then, making a rapid march to the south he brought together what troops he could, and with no chance to train them, he fought a fierce battle with the Normans, and was defeated. It is possible that the invaders might not have won the day if they had not used a favorite trick of their pirate ances-

¹ Pev'en-si.



THE WOUNDING OF HAROLD AT THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS

tors of pretending to run away. The English forgot their orders to keep in their places and dashed forward in pursuit. Then, when they were unprotected and scattered, the Normans suddenly turned upon them and overcame them. This was the famous battle of Hastings, or Sen'lac, one of the most important battles in all English history, because it decided that England should be ruled by the Normans. In France there are some very interesting pictures of this invasion embroidered upon a strip of linen seventy yards long called the Bayeux¹ Tapestry. These

¹ bā-yē'.

pictures look as if a little child had drawn them, but there is a good deal of life in them, and they do tell the story. It is possible that they were worked by William's wife, Ma-til'da, and her ladies in waiting.

After the battle of Hastings, William marched to London. No one dared to oppose him, and the chief men of the nation went to his camp and asked him to become their ruler. So on Christmas day, 1066, William the Conqueror, as he is known in history, was crowned king in Westminster Abbey by the Archbishop of York.

The English watched anxiously to see how their new sovereign



BATTLE OF HASTINGS

(From the Bayeux Tapestry)

would treat them. Those who wished to keep their land had to go to him and swear to be faithful. The land of those who would not take the oath and of those who had fought at Hastings came into his hands, and he gave it to his Norman followers. He also gave

the highest offices in church and state to Normans. That was natural; but it was hard for the English to bear, especially as the Normans looked upon them as rude, ignorant folk, much their inferiors. The English rose against William again and again. Four years after the battle of Hastings, a valiant leader named Her'e-ward with a large number of men encamped on the Isle of E'ly¹ and resisted him for more than a year. William finally reached them by building a causeway through the marsh that surrounded the island. Hereward escaped, but this was the last rising of the English against their conqueror.

William was severe, and whoever broke one of his laws was almost sure of pun-

ishment, but even the English admitted that he was just. On one occasion he threw one of his own brothers into prison for wronging his English subjects. Three of his acts, however, they never forgave. One was his driving away the tenants from many thousand acres of land near his palace in Win'ches-ter. He may



WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR RECEIVING THE CROWN
OF ENGLAND

¹ A marshy plain in Cambridgeshire, north of the River Ouse.

have done this to prevent any sudden attack upon him; but the people believed it was in order to provide him with a convenient hunting ground, the New Forest, as it was called; and they were angry. Again they were indignant because he ordered that a curfew, or *cover fire*, bell should be rung every evening, and that at its sound all fires should be covered and all lights put out. William may have felt that this was necessary to prevent people from coming together at night to plot against him. Moreover,



THE TOWER OF LONDON

(Showing in the centre the White Tower built by William the Conqueror)

it was an old French custom in order to prevent the burning of houses; but the English objected stoutly to being told when they were to go to bed. On the whole, however, nothing else made them quite so angry as William's Dooms'day Book (so-called because its

records were supposed to be final). In order to assess the taxes fairly, he sent men throughout the kingdom to find out just how much property each person owned. The men went into every house, barnyard, and sheepfold, and wrote in their accounts not only who held the land, but even how many animals there were. Then the English were enraged. They were afraid their taxes would be made larger; but, worse than that, they felt that it was a great insolence for strange men to come

into their homes and write down their property. They had to yield, however, to this and whatever else William thought best to do.

Altogether, the English people were not very happy, but to have a king like him was really just what they needed. They were a little slow and grave, while William was quick and liked a jest. They were good followers and steady fighters; while William was a bold leader and could change his plans on the battlefield in a moment if those that he had made failed.

William still ruled Normandy, and he had to go back and forth between the two countries. Normandy was a fief of France, that is, it was held by feudal tenure, but it was a most independent duchy and was not at all afraid to fight the French king. In one of their struggles the city of Mantes¹ was burned. When riding over the ruins, William was thrown from his horse, and afterward died of his injuries. King Edward VII is a descendant of William the Conqueror and Matilda his wife, and Matilda was descended from Alfred the Great; therefore the present king of England represents both Alfred the Great and William the Conqueror.

SUMMARY

The rule of Canute. — The flattery of his courtiers. — Edward's promise to William. — Harold becomes king. — The coming of William. — The battle of Hastings. — The Bayeux Tapestry. — William's treatment of the English. — Hereward's rebellion. — The New Forest. — The curfew. — The Domesday Book. — Death of William.

¹ mōnt.

XVIII

LEIF ERICSSON, THE DISCOVERER

THERE was once a Northman called Eric¹ the Red. For some reason he was exiled to Iceland; but in a little while he was in trouble there also. He had lent his seat-posts, or wooden posts



NORSE SHIP

carved into images of the gods, which stood by the high seats at the feasts, and the man who held them refused to return them. A quarrel had arisen, and in the course of it Eric had slain the man.

For this reason, he was now exiled from Ice-

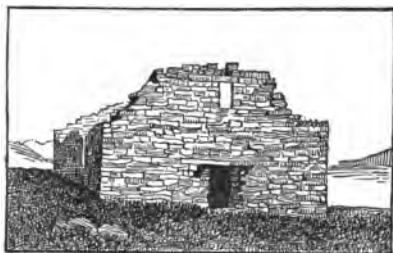
land for three years. He knew there was a country lying to the westward, for a sailor caught in a storm had been thrown upon its shores, and he determined to seek it. He found the land and spent two or three years exploring it; then he returned to Iceland. He meant, however, to found a colony in the new country, and therefore he called it Green'land. "People will not like to move there if it has not a good name," declared this wise colonizer. Probably he had obtained some new

¹ Erik.

seat-posts by this time; for the custom was to throw them overboard when land was near and to settle wherever they floated ashore.

A few years after Eric founded his colony in Greenland, his son Leif,¹ or Leif Er'ic-sson, spent a winter in Norway. There he became a Christian and was baptized. When he was about to return to his home in Greenland, King O'laf of Norway said, "I beg of you to see that the people in Greenland are told of the Christ, for no one is better able to attend to this than you."

So it came about that when Leif returned to Greenland, he carried with him a priest and several other religious teachers. A little later, he saved a ship's crew from drowning, and because of this people called him Leif the Lucky; but his father said rather grimly that Leif might have done a good thing in saving the men, but he had done a bad thing in bringing a priest to Greenland. After a while, however, Eric himself became a Christian, and so did his wife, and most of the people followed their example.



RUINS OF A CHURCH IN GREENLAND

(It is supposed to have been one of the churches built by Leif and his followers)

Now among those who came to Greenland was a man named Bjarne.² On the voyage he had been blown out of his course close to an unknown land lying to the south of Greenland, and when he finally reached the colony, he told of seeing this land. Then Leif and the other young men gathered around

¹ lif.

² be-är'nä.

him. "What sort of country was it? Were there any people there? What grows in the place. Are there mountains or lowlands?" they questioned, and Biarne had to own that he had not gone ashore. "Humph! He was not very eager for knowledge,"



NORSE BOAT USED AS A DWELLING

said the young men rather contemptuously. They talked a great deal about the unknown lands, and finally Leif bought Biarne's ship and made ready to go on a voyage of discovery. "Do you go with us as leader," he urged his father; but Eric replied, "Oh, I am growing too old for a hard voyage at sea." "But no one else of all our kin will be

as lucky as you," pleaded Leif, and at length Eric mounted his horse and rode toward the ship. Suddenly the horse slipped and he fell off. That settled the question. "It is fated," he said, "that I should never discover any other land than Greenland," and so Leif and his men were obliged to sail without him.

After a while they came to a shore where lofty mountains rose, covered with snow. This is thought to have been the coast of Labrador. Then they passed a flat and wooded shore, which is believed to have been Nova Scotia. At length they reached a coast that seemed to them most inviting. The shores were of white, shining sand; and beyond them were pleasant woods which seemed to stretch far inland. There were rivers full of salmon and meadows covered with rich grass. Leif and his followers carried

their beds to land, set up their tents, and made ready to explore the country. He divided his men into two parties and had them take turns in staying by the camp and going out to explore.

One of the older men on the voyage was a German. One day he came back chattering away in his own language. "Weintrauben," he exclaimed, "ich habe Weintrauben gefunden!" The Northmen could not tell what he meant, and at first he was too much pleased and excited to talk Norwegian. At length he told them he had found grapes, such as he used to have when he was a boy, and that was what had pleased him so much. It was because of this discovery that Leif named the country Vin'land, or the land of vines. This is thought to have been Rhode Is'land and the southern part of Mas-sa-chu'setts.

Then the men set to work to gather grapes and hew wood. Toward spring they took their cargo of wood and dried grapes and sailed back to Greenland. This is the story that the Ice-lan'dic sagas, or hero stories, tell. The voyage took place in the year 1000, and if we may trust the old saga, Leif Ericsson was the first white man to set foot on the continent of America.

There is a little more of the saga story that ought to be told. After Leif went back to Greenland, a wealthy merchant named Thor'finn Karl-sef'ne went to visit him. On this visit



NORSE RUINS IN GREENLAND

(These curious circular piles of stone are usually found in Greenland near the ruins of old Norse churches)

Thorfinn met Gud'rid, one of the shipwrecked people whom Leif had rescued so long ago, and married her. She persuaded her husband to go to Vinland to found a colony. The first autumn in the new home their little son, Snorre,¹ was born, at "Straumfjord,"² which is thought to have been what is now Buzzard's Bay. Snorre was the first white child born in Massachusetts. When he was three years old, the colony was given up, and the baby explorer with his parents returned to Greenland. It was a rough voyage, but the little American boy lived through it and became the ancestor of a long line of wise and excellent men.

The sagas tell of many later voyages to America; but at length a terrible plague came upon the northern lands. In Norway six sevenths of the people died, and Vinland was forgotten.

SUMMARY

Eric goes to Greenland. — Leif's visit to Norway. — He brings priests to Greenland. — The voyage of Biarne. — Leif visits America. — The finding of grapes. — Lands visited by Leif. — The birth of Snorre. — Vinland forgotten.

¹ snör'a.

² stroum'fyord.

THE RISE OF NATIONALITIES

XIX

HENRY THE FOWLER

ABOUT one hundred years after the death of Charlemagne, one of his descendants, a little boy only six years old, succeeded to a part of his kingdom. Although the child had guardians, they did not seem to be able to defend the crown. There was trouble from without the kingdom and more trouble from within. The trouble from without was because the Hungarians, or Magyars,¹ were making fierce and bloody invasions of the country. The trouble from within came from the five dukes, each of whom was afraid that the others would become more powerful than he. The child-king died when he was only eighteen, and then there was quarreling indeed, for every duke wanted to be sovereign. At length Con'rad, Duke of Fran-co'ni-a, was set upon the throne; but that did not quiet matters, for some of the dukes had not agreed to his election.

Conrad was a gentle, thoughtful man. He defended his people as well as he could, but perhaps the best thing he did for them was to give them a piece of good advice when he was dying. He had sent for the nobles to come to him, and when they stood around

¹ ma-järz'.

his bed, he talked to them as if they were his children and begged them to live peacefully together. "I do now command you," he said, "to choose Hen'ry, Duke of Sax'o-ny, for your king. He is a man of energy in battle, and yet he is a strong friend of peace. I can find no one else so well fitted to rule the kingdom, and therefore I send to him the crown and the sceptre and bid him shield and protect the realm."

The nobles were amazed, for this Henry of Saxony had opposed most strongly of them all the election of Conrad; but the more they thought of their king's advice, the more they saw that it was good; and after Conrad was dead they carried the crown and the sceptre to Henry's castle. He was not there. "Where is he?" the nobles demanded, and the attendants replied, "He is in the forest hunting with his falcons."

Then the nobles and their followers set out into the forest to search for a king. It was several days before they found him; and when they did discover him, he was standing in his hunting suit, and on his wrist was a falcon waiting patiently until its master should give it the signal to fly after a wild duck or whatever other bird he was pursuing. The falcon and the Duke were both surprised when the company of nobles and their attendants appeared, and Henry was still more amazed when they showed him the crown and the sceptre and told him that they had followed the will of Conrad and had chosen him for their king. This is the way that Duke Henry of Saxony became King Henry I of Germany and won his nickname of "the Fowler."

The Magyars came upon the land in swarms. Henry met them bravely; but in every battle the invaders had one great advantage, — they fought on horseback, while the Germans were skilled



A FAMOUS CASTLE IN GERMANY

only in fighting on foot. Something happened very soon, however, that changed the whole look of matters; Henry captured a Magyar chief, said to have been the king's son. The Magyars were ready to do almost anything to secure his release; and at length Henry said to them, "If you will leave my country and promise to make no attacks upon it for nine years, I will give back your chief and pay you five thousand pieces of gold every year." The Magyars were glad to accept this offer, and soon they were rejoicing over the return of their chief.

Henry, however, was not spending any time in rejoicing. He had much business to attend to in the nine years, and he set

about it at once. First, he brought his people together in cities which could be fortified, instead of allowing them to live in scattered villages. Next, he trained his men to fight on horseback. To test their ability, he tried his new cavalry in battles with the Danes and some tribes around him. Then he waited.

The Magyars were in no haste to give up the tribute of gold, and when the tenth year had come, they demanded that the king should send it as usual. But now he was ready to fight them, and he refused. They started out with a great army to make this defiant ruler yield; but to their surprise he drove them out of his kingdom. They never succeeded in entering the northern duchies again, and it was many years before they were seen in any part of Germany.

The wisdom and courage of Henry the Fowler brought peace to his country; and when he died, he left to his son O'tho a quiet and prosperous kingdom. Otho was quite as energetic as his father. He took the title of Emperor of the Romans, as if his rule were a continuation of the ancient Roman Empire, and for nine hundred years after him every German king claimed the same title.

SUMMARY

The troubles of the child-king. — The rule of Conrad. — The search for Henry of Saxony. — Henry's agreement with the Magyars. — The repulse of the Magyars. — Otho is called Emperor of the Romans.

XX

HUGH CAPET

It has already been said that Charlemagne was a German. He, of course, spoke German, but even in his day the people in the western part of his kingdom, in what is now the land of France, used a language that was beginning to seem somewhat like French. This change had begun long before, in the days when the country fell into the hands of the Romans, who introduced their own language, the Latin.

Now if a new language were introduced into any country today, few people would speak it correctly, and



AN ANCIENT CASTLE AT CLISSON, FRANCE
(The town of Clisson was pillaged by the Normans in the 9th century)

it was so in France. The people made the new tongue as easy as possible. For instance, when a Roman wished to say *of* or *to*, he usually added a letter or two to the noun following. The people of France used the prepositions *de* or *à*, and did not trouble themselves to change the noun. Other words or expressions were made simpler or altered in much the same way, and

before the end of the tenth century, the people of France were speaking a language that was composed of a little Cel'tic, a little German, and a great deal of Latin; but the Latin had become



A CELEBRATED FEUDAL CASTLE IN
TOURAINE, FRANCE

(The original structure was built in Hugh Capet's time, by one of the great nobles. The present castle dates from 1460)

quite different from that used by the Romans. This mixture was rapidly turning into French as it is spoken to-day.

The French people, then, differed in language from the Germans, and many of the nobles were feeling more and more strongly that they did not wish to be ruled by a German, but by one of themselves, one who would talk French and feel and think like a Frenchman, one who would be satisfied with ruling France and would not be ever thinking of forming an empire and becoming emperor.

In 987, there was an excellent opportunity to put a new family upon the throne, for

the last of Charlemagne's direct descendants, Louis the Child, had just died. The great barons met together to choose a ruler. They decided upon Duke Hugh Capet,¹ and he became king. He had little more power, however, than some of his counts and

¹ ká-pá'.

dukes; and it may be that he sometimes wished he was still a duke, for some of the nobles refused to accept him as their ruler. There is a story that one of his vassals, that is, one who held land from him by feudal tenure, overran the district of Touraine', and forthwith began to call himself Count of Tours and Poitiers.² "Who made you count?" demanded Hugh; and the independent vassal retorted, "Who made you king?" Indeed, if the brave men of Normandy had not stood by him, Hugh would have had a hard struggle to keep his throne. He meant not only to keep it, but to hand it down in his family, and only a few months after his election he asked his nobles to elect his son Rob'ert king also. Then, while he lived, he reasoned shrewdly, Robert would help him govern the kingdom, and at his death there would be no question as to who should rule, and no division of the kingdom. At first the nobles hesitated a little. "We cannot elect two kings in one year," they gave as an excuse; but at length they yielded, and Robert was crowned.

This was the beginning of the rule of the powerful Ca-pe'tian family which was to hold the throne of France for more than eight centuries. Gaul, or France, had been ruled for many years by Romans and by Germans, but Hugh Capet was a Frenchman, ruling French people, the first king of France.

SUMMARY

The language of France in the tenth century. — Who shall be king? — The choice of Hugh Capet. — His independent vassal. — The election of Robert.

¹ too-rân'

² pwa-ti-a'.



A FAMOUS CASTLE AT VALENCIA, SPAIN

“Poem of the Cid” was afterward written about his exploits, besides a countless number of ballads. The following are some of the stories that were told about him:—

Long before he was made a knight, two of the Spanish kings had a quarrel about a certain city that lay on the line between their two kingdoms. Each wanted it, and the dispute would have come to war if one of them had not suggested that each should choose a warrior, and that single combat should settle the question. One king chose a famous knight, but the other chose the young Rodrigo. “I will gladly fight for you,” he said to his king, “but I have vowed to make a pilgrimage, and I must do that first.”

So on the pilgrimage he went. On the way he saw a leper who begged for help. Rodrigo helped him out of the bog in which he

was fast sinking, set him in front of him on his own horse, and carried him to an inn. There he and the leper used the same trencher, or wooden plate, and they slept in the same bed. In the night Rodrigo awoke with the feeling that some one had breathed upon him so strongly that the breath had passed through his body. The leper was gone, but a vision of St. Laz'a-rus appeared to him and said, "I was the leper whom you helped, and for your kindness God grants that your foes shall never prevail against you." Upon returning from his pilgrimage, Rodrigo vanquished in single contest the knight opposed to him and so gained the city for his king. After this, people called him the Cam-pe-a-dor', or Champion.

Even before this he had won his title of the Cid, or chief, by overcoming five Mohammedan kings. Instead of putting them to death, however, he had let them go free, and they were so grateful that they agreed to become his vassals, and to send him tribute. But this was not the end of their gratitude. A while later some of the counts of Castile¹ became so envious of the Cid's greatness that they plotted to bring about his death. They made what they thought was a most excellent plan. They wrote to a number of the Moors, saying that in the next battle that should be fought, they all intended to desert the Cid; and then, when he was alone, the Moors could easily capture him or slay him. The Moors would have been delighted to do this; but, unluckily for the plotters, some of the letters went to the five kings to whom the Cid had shown mercy. They had not forgotten his kindness; they sent him word of the proposed treachery, and the wicked counts were driven out of the kingdom.

¹ kas-teel'.

The greatest exploit of the Cid was his capture of the Moorish city of Valencia, the richest city in all Spain. After a siege nine months long, the city yielded; and the people were in terror of what the Cid might do to them for having resisted him so long. But he was very kind. He called the chief men together and told them that they were free to cultivate their lands, and that all he should ask from them was one tenth of their gains. The ruler of Valencia was a man who had slain their rightful king. While the siege was going on, he had sold food to the starving people at a great price; and after the surrender he offered to the Cid the

money that he had made in this way; but the Cid would not accept it, and he put the wicked man to death with many tortures.

The Cid was now a mighty ruler and a very wealthy man. Even the Sul'tan of faraway Persia sent noble gifts to him and earnestly desired his friendship.

*Roche grossé*

THE MOHAMMEDAN KINGS FLEEING BEFORE
THE BODY OF THE CID

After some years the Cid heard that the king of Mo-roc'co was about to come upon him with six and thirty other kings and a mighty force, and he was troubled. But one night St. Pe'ter came to him in a vision. "In thirty days you will leave this world," he said, "but do you atone for your sins, and you shall enter into the light. Be not troubled about the coming of the Moors upon your people, for even though you are dead, you shall win the battle for them."

Then the Cid made himself ready for death. He ordered that, after he was dead, his people should put his body in battle array with helmet and armor, with shield and sword, and fix it firmly upon his horse with arm upraised as if to strike. This they did, and they went forth with the body of the Cid at their head to meet the six and thirty kings. The knights of the Cid came so suddenly and fought so fiercely that the six and thirty kings fled, and galloped their horses even into the sea. "We saw an amazing sight," the Moors afterwards declared, "for there came upon us full 70,000 knights, all as white as snow. And before them rode a knight of great stature, sitting upon a white horse with a bloody cross. In one hand he bore a white banner, and in the other a sword which seemed to be of fire, and he slew many."

Twenty-two of the six and thirty kings were slain. The others went their way and never even turned their heads. Then when the body of the Cid had been lifted down from the horse, his friends robed it in cloth of purple and set it in the ivory chair of the conqueror with his sword Tizona¹ in its hand. And after ten years it was buried close by the altar of St. Peter in a monastery at Cardena.²

¹ tē-thō'nā.

² kār-dān'ā.

One of his followers cared for Banieca,¹ the horse that had been so dear to the Cid. Every day he led it to water and led it back and gave it food with his own hand. When the horse died, he buried it before the gate of the monastery. He set an elm at its head and another at its feet, and he bade that when he himself should die, he should be buried beside the good horse Banieca whom he had loved so well, and for whom he had cared so tenderly.

SUMMARY

The contests between Goths and Mohammedans in Spain. — The Cid and the leper. — The grateful Mohammedan kings. — The capture of Valencia. — The Cid's vision of St. Peter. — The Cid's last victory. — The horse Banieca.

XXII

MAGNA CHARTA

LESS than two hundred years after the reign of William the Conqueror one of his descendants, King John, sat upon the throne of England. He was an exceedingly bad ruler. He stole, he told lies, and he put innocent people in prison. If he wanted money, he simply demanded it of any persons who had it, and if they refused to give it, he did not hesitate to torture them till they yielded. Men who had committed crime and deserved to be punished he would set free if they could raise money enough to make him a present. If two men disagreed and brought their difficulty

¹ bā-ni-ā'cā.

before him for trial, he would decide in favor of the one who had made him the larger gift. Sometimes, for some very small offense, he would demand money of a poor man who had only a horse and cart with which to earn his living; and if the man had no friends to bribe the king, his horse and cart were sold to help fill the royal treasury. King John was even believed to have murdered a nephew, the young Prince Arthur, who had claim to the throne.

John ruled not only England, but also the duchy of Normandy, which had descended to him from William the Conqueror. As Normandy was a fief of France, Philip, King of France, called upon his vassal John, to account for the death of the prince. John refused to appear. Then Philip took away nearly all his French possessions. That loss made his income much smaller. Moreover, the cost of carrying on the government had increased. There was, then, some reason for his constant need of money, even though there was so little excuse for his manner of obtaining it.



JOHN

(From his monument in
Worcester Cathedral)

When the archbishop of Can'ter-bur-y died, there was a dispute about who should succeed him. The pope was appealed to, and he bade the monks of Canterbury name a good, upright man named Ste'phen Lang'-ton to take his place. This choice did not please the king, therefore he seized the monastery and its revenues and banished the monks. For six years John resisted the pope and refused to



ARCHBISHOP LANGTON READING THE LAW OF THE LAND TO THE BARONS

allow Langton to become archbishop. Finally he became afraid that he was going to die, and then he yielded most meekly. He even went to Langton to beg for absolution, or the pardon of the church. "When you promise to obey the laws of the land and to treat your people justly, I will absolve you," replied the archbishop.

John was always ready to make a promise, but he never kept it unless it was convenient. He promised what the archbishop

asked; but, as might have been expected, he soon broke his word.

Now, next to the king, the barons were the most powerful men of the kingdom; but even they did not know what to do. Fortunately, the archbishop knew. He called the barons together, and read them what had been the law of the land since a short time after the death of William the Conqueror. Then the barons understood what their rights were, and they took a solemn oath to defend them. "But we will wait for one year," they said. "The king may do better." They waited a year; then they waited till Christmas. The king had not improved, and the barons went to him and asked him to repeat the promises that he had made to the archbishop. John was insolent at first, but when he saw that the barons were in earnest, he became very meek, and said that what they asked was important, to be sure, but also difficult, and he should need a little time before making the agreement. By Easter he should be able to satisfy them. The barons did not believe him, and so, when Easter came, they brought to the appointed place a large body of armed followers. After a while John sent to ask what it was that the barons insisted upon having. Then bold, dignified Stephen Langton read aloud to him from a parchment such articles as these: "A free man shall not be fined for a small offense, except in proportion to the gravity of the offense." "No free man shall be imprisoned or banished except by the lawful judgment of his equals, or by the law of the land."

John grew more and more angry as these were read; and when the archbishop went on to read other articles declaring that the king must not take bribes, or impose taxes without the consent of

his council, or body of advisers, and finally one giving the barons the right to elect twenty-five of their number to keep watch over him and seize his castles if he did not keep his promise, then he went into a furious passion. "I will never grant liberties that would make me a slave," he declared.

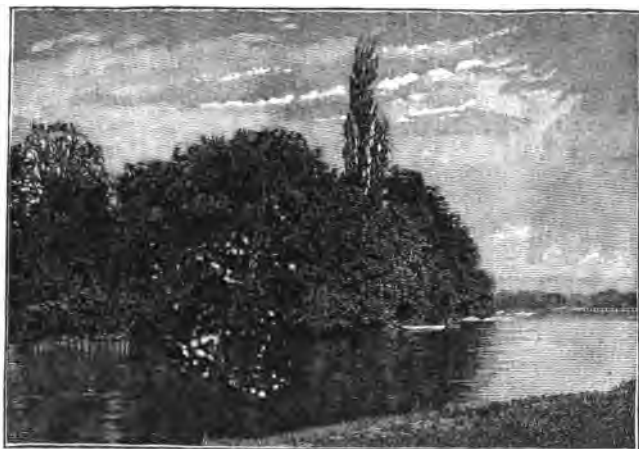
Nevertheless, he had to yield. There was a famous green meadow with low hills on one side and the River Thames on



THE BARONS PRESENTING MAGNA CHARTA TO KING JOHN

the other. Its name of Run'ny-mede, or *Meadow of Council*, was given it long before William the Conqueror landed in England, because there the Saxons used to hold their councils. To this meadow the barons and their army marched from London. Then out of a strong fortress that rose near at hand, and across the

drawbridge that swung over the moat, rode an angry and sulky ruler of England. He signed the parchment, either in the meadow or on an island in the river, and then he went back to his



MAGNA CHARTA ISLAND, RUNNYMEDE

palace. He gnashed his teeth, and shrieked, and rolled on the floor like a madman; but the barons were hard at work seeing to it that many copies of this parchment were made and sent over the land to be read aloud in the churches.

This parchment was the famous Mag'na Char'ta, or Great Charter, signed in 1215. The barons were then the most powerful men of the kingdom, and they saw to it that as long as he lived the king kept his word. About fifty years later, not only the barons but representatives of the towns were admitted to the council. This was the beginning of the English Parliament; and now, if a king ruled unjustly, he must account, not only to

the barons, but to the whole people. From that day to this, no ruler has ever been able to remain on the throne of England who has not kept the promises that King John was obliged to make that June day at Runnymede.

SUMMARY

The crimes of King John. — He loses his lands. — Stephen Langton becomes Archbishop of Canterbury. — John begs for absolution. — The meeting of the barons. — John's delays. — He signs Magna Charta. — His rage. — The beginning of the English Parliament.

LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES

XXIII

THE LIFE OF THE KNIGHT

WHEN a knight galloped into the courtyard of a castle, his helmet and armor all a-glitter, his sword clanking at his side, his plume waving, and his horse prancing and caracoling, it is small wonder that the boys of the place all gathered to see him, and that every one of them said to himself, "I wish I were a knight."

The boy who was going to be a knight must be of noble birth. His training generally began when he was only seven or eight years old. He was taken away from his mother and his father's castle, for it was the custom for boys to be brought up in the castle of some friend of their father's or perhaps of some one of higher rank than he. A castle was a gloomy stone building, with strong walls and towers, usually placed either high up on a cliff or in a swamp, so that it could not be easily captured. Within it were dungeons and treasure rooms and rooms for the lord and his family. It had also a well and perhaps a garden, and it was protected by a moat and a drawbridge.

The little boy about to begin his training at such a castle was first called a page; and before he could hope to become even a



A CASTLE IN SUSSEX, ENGLAND

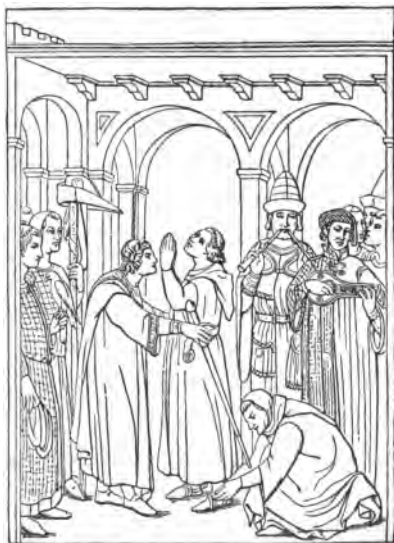
(Built in the 14th century. The moat is shown in the foreground)

squire there was much for him to learn. Until he was fourteen or fifteen his first business was to wait upon the ladies of the household, to run on their errands, carry messages for them, and ride with them when they went out hunting or hawking. He must always be polite and obedient, for no one could imagine such a thing as a knight who was rude or would not obey the laws of knighthood. He must learn to play chess and draughts, to read, to sing, to dance, to play on the flute and harp, and to say his catechism. He was also taught that he must choose some lady and must serve her truly. There is a story that a lady of the French court once asked a little page who was the mistress of his heart. "I love my mother best and my sister next," he replied. "Yes, but who is your lady-love in chivalry?" she asked, and he finally chose a little ten-year old girl. "That is not the way," declared his teacher. "You must not choose a child, but some lady of noble birth who can advise and help you. Some day

you must do daring deeds for her sake, and you must be so humble and faithful to her that she cannot help being kind to you."

Most of the training of the page was given him by the ladies of the household; but he was also taught to ride and leap, to hurl a light spear, and to fight in sham battles with the other pages of the castle. He waited upon his lord and the ladies at the table, and sometimes he accompanied his lord to battle. He was to do no fighting there, but simply to serve him in any way that a boy could. He was in no danger, for it would have been a disgrace to any knight to wound a page.

Of course all this time the boy was looking forward to the day when he would be promoted and would become a squire. That came to pass when he was about fourteen. Then he not only served at table and brought water for the lord and his guests to wash their hands before and after the meal, but he learned to carve, he brought his lord's special cup of wine at retiring, and waited upon him in every way. In a large castle where there were many squires, one cared for the dining hall, arranged it for singing or made the tables ready for chess. A squire was not permitted to sit at table with a knight, not even if the knight was his own father, but he



A SQUIRE BECOMING A KNIGHT

might join in the amusements. Each in turn was "squire of the body," and the one in office was the one whom all the others envied, for when his lord went to battle, this squire was his regular attendant. The young page might carry the helmet, but the squire bore the armor and shield, and it was his task — no easy one — to encase his lord in the heavy armor that was then worn. If the knight lost his weapon, the squire must be ready with another. If he took prisoners, they were handed over to the squire to guard; and if the knight was thrown from his horse, the squire must help him to mount again.

Although a squire was rarely made a knight before he was twenty or twenty-one, he had little chance to be idle. He was still expected to keep up his attendance upon the ladies of the castle; but he now learned to use, not the light weapons with which he had practiced as a page, but the battle-axe and sword and lance of the knight. He must become a master of horsemanship and be perfect in leaping and swimming and climbing. He must learn to bear heat and cold and hunger without a word of complaint, and he must accustom himself to wearing the heavy armor of the time and to moving easily in it. There was one exercise in particular which he was expected to practice until he had become perfect. This was called the quintain. A figure of a man arrayed with sword and shield as if for battle was fastened to a post in such a way that it swung about easily. The young squire rode up to the figure full tilt and struck it with his lance. If he hit it on the breast, nothing happened, but if he aimed badly and hit the legs or the arms or was slow in getting away, then the courtyard reëchoed with shouts of laughter, for the figure whirled about and the unskillful squire was struck a heavy blow with a sandbag.

When the time had come for the young man to become a knight, there was much ceremony, and every act had its meaning. He went into a bath and afterward put on a white garment to indicate purity. A red one was placed over it to show that he would shed his blood for the right. One whole night he spent fully armed, praying and meditating in a church. On the following day he gave his sword to the priest, who laid it upon the altar, blessed it, and returned it. He made solemn vows to defend the church, to be true to the king, and to help every lady who was in distress. Then the lord of highest rank came forward. The young man knelt before him with clasped hands and declared solemnly that his earnest wish was to maintain religion and chivalry. After this, the knights and ladies put on, first, his spurs, then the other pieces of his armor. The lord fixed on the sword and struck him upon the neck a slight blow called the accolade, and said aloud, "I dub thee knight in the name of God and the saints." The other knights embraced him, and the priest prayed that he might ever be faithful and loyal. Then the people all went out of the church, and the newly made knight sprang upon his horse and rode about in his gleaming armor, flashing his sword and spurring on his steed to prance and curvet and caracole. After this he dismounted. He made as generous gifts as he could afford to the servants and minstrels of the castle in which he had received his training. The rest of the day was given to feasting and entertainments.

Of course this ceremony differed somewhat in different countries, and sometimes a man was made a knight on the battlefield because he had just performed some deed of valor. If a knight broke his vows, his spurs were cut off, his sword broken over his

head, his armor taken from him, and he was laid in a coffin. Then the burial service was read over him as if he were dead.

The great pleasure and amusement of the knights was the tournament, or mock battle, and they would journey long distances to see one or take part in one. The battle took place in what was called the lists, a large oblong space marked off by railings. Close to these were the galleries, or seats for the specta-



A KNIGHT IN ARMOR

tors. It was all made as gorgeous as possible with a vast display of banners and tapestry and coats of mail, and especially by the brilliant robes of the ladies. When the trumpet sounded and the cry was heard, "Come forth, knights, come forth!" the two bodies of knights that were to tilt, one against the other, galloped forward at full speed from opposite ends of the lists with their lances in rest and met with a terrible shock. The ribbons of their lady-loves waved from their helmets. Pieces of wood were fastened to the points of the lances, for the object of the charge was not to kill but to unhorse opponents. There were strict rules for the behavior of knights during a tournament, and an accurate method of counting their honors. To strike an opponent out of his saddle counted three, to break a lance on his helmet counted

ten. The ladies were the judges of all questions, but they usually gave their power into the hands of an umpire called the Knight of Honor. After the tournament had come to an end, some fair lady who had been chosen Queen of Beauty and Love presented the prizes.

Knighthood flourished from the eleventh to the fifteenth centuries. Armor grew heavier and heavier till it became almost impossible for a knight to mount his horse without help, and if his horse was slain, he rolled off helplessly and became an easy prey for his foes. About the middle of the fourteenth century, the English won two great battles, at Crécy¹ and at Poitiers, against the French, not by the power of the knights, but by the valor of the common folk with their bows and arrows. Then came the invention of gunpowder, and after that the knight became little more than a useless incumbrance. His time was past, and his armor now hangs in museums.

SUMMARY

Early training for knighthood. — The education of the page. — His lady love in chivalry. — His physical training. — The page in battle. — The duties of a squire at home and in battle. — His exercises. — The quintain. — Becoming a knight. — The disgrace of the false knight. — A tournament. — Why knighthood disappeared.

¹ krā-sē'.

XXIV

COUNTRY LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES

THE people of the Middle Ages would have thought it exceedingly strange for one man to ask another the price of a piece of land, pay for it, and then call it his own. As a general thing, they obtained land in quite a different fashion. The belief was that the king owned the whole country. But he could not cultivate it all, or even defend it with his single sword. Therefore, he gave the use of large districts to his chief men. Each man, when he received a share, knelt before the king with uncovered head, laid his hands in those of his sovereign, and vowed to be his man and to serve him faithfully. Then the king kissed his vassal, or liege-man, and gave him a bit of turf and a twig to indicate that he was to hold the land and what grew upon it. Often when land was granted to a man, he was required to make a small payment of money or produce. This was not rent, but merely an acknowledgment that the property was not his, but his lord's. It was sometimes nothing more than a measure of grain, or a fish or two from some river flowing through the land. In 1492, a piece of land in New'cas-tle-on-Tyne', in England, was granted on condition that a red rose be paid every midsummer day, if it should be called for.

The service that the king wanted for his grants was almost always service in war. When there was need of fighting, he had a right to call out his vassal to fight for him. But every vassal

divided his land into portions and gave it to people who were *his* vassals and had vowed to be faithful to *him*. Therefore, when the king needed men he called out his vassals, the great nobles. They called out their vassals, and these vassals called out those who were under them; and they must all go forth to help do battle. This was the feudal system. It was a sort of endless chain, except that it did finally come to an end in the manor, or village.

The early manor usually consisted of one house of fair size,



ENGLISH MANOR HOUSE

(Built in the latter half of the 12th century)

perhaps even a castle, and, gathered around it, a number of little cottages. They were thatched with straw and had generally only one room. The large house was the abode of the lord of the manor, and the little houses were the homes of his tenants.

Some of these were called

“free” tenants, and they generally paid in money for the use of the land and the protection of their lord. The others were called serfs, or villeins, from the word vill, meaning village. They paid some rent in money or in fowls or produce, and they also had to spend a goodly share of their time, sometimes as much as half of it, working on the land which the lord reserved for himself. The lord of a manor always had a list of the tenants, called an “extent,” which stated just what each one was bound to pay and what work he must do. For instance, on one manor a man

who had a cottage and an acre of land had to pay at the feast of Saint Mi'chael threepence, and at Christmas a cock and a hen worth threepence. Another, who had only a little piece of land, had to bring to his lord one goose, worth twopence, every year. The labor varied greatly in kind and in amount. One man, among other sorts of work, had to provide "a cart and three animals of his own"

and carry wood from the forest to the manor house two days every summer. This was worth ninepence, but his lord was to give him three meals worth two pence, half-penny each. Twice every summer he was to carry half a load of grain; but his meals in this case were not to be so extravagant, for they were to be worth only twopence each.

The arable land of the manor was divided into three or more great fields. One field was planted with wheat or rye, another with oats or peas or barley, and the third field lay fallow for a season. The next year the arrangement was changed



OLD COUNTRY HOUSE

(Said to be the oldest house on the Rhine)

about, and thus every field had its rotation of crops and its year of rest. These lands were divided among the tenants in what seems now a strange fashion. They were marked off into strips, usually forty rods long and four rods wide, and instead of a tenant's having a field to himself, he had a certain number of strips. Moreover, these were not together, but were scattered about, one or two in a place. Even the lord's land was generally scattered in the same way.

The villeins were not allowed to leave the manor; and if it passed into the hands of another owner, they went with it as much as the oxen or the houses. And even if a man wished to run away, where could he go? The whole country was divided into manors. Each one had its own tenants, and there was seldom room for any new ones. There was no work by which one could earn his bread. For a long while there was only one way by which a boy could escape from the manor life, and that was by becoming a priest. If he wished to be a priest and showed that he had the ability, his lord had to let him go free.

Farm work was exceedingly hard in those days, for the implements were rude and clumsy. The ploughs, for instance, were made of wood and were so heavy that eight oxen were needed to draw them. The manor life could not have been very agreeable, but it had one great advantage, it was safe, for the lord was bound to protect his tenants, and in those days of strife and disorder it was a great thing to have protection. Indeed, it often happened that for the sake of being protected a free man would go of his own accord to some powerful noble and offer to become his vassal.

Between the eleventh and the thirteenth centuries, many

knights went on crusades, or warlike expeditions to try to rescue the Holy Land from the Mohammedans. These knights wanted large sums of money, and they allowed many of their tenants to pay their rent in money instead of work. Sometimes they would even let them have a piece of land. This made the villeins feel a little more independent; but until after the battles of Crécy and Poitiers it did not occur to them that they were well able to protect themselves with their own weapons. They had supposed that to be a good soldier one must have a horse and armor and be trained as a knight; but these two battles were won by men who had no armor and no swords, but only their bows and arrows.

Two or three years after the battle of Crécy, a terrible disease known as the Black Death swept over the land. So many villeins died that now a man could find plenty of work at good wages wherever he chose to go. Moreover, if he did not wish to work on a manor, he could live in a city if he chose, for fine wool weaving had been introduced, and he could easily earn his living as a weaver.

Thus, little by little the old way of living on manors was given up, and the feudal system gradually disappeared. In a few places in Europe, however, the ground is still cultivated in great fields wherein each person holds one or more strips; and in the little town of Man'heim, in Penn-syl-va'ni-a, there is some land that is held by a sort of feudal tenure. It was given by a wealthy baron a century and a half ago as a site for a church, and the rental was to be, as in the case of the land in Newcastle, "one red rose, payable in June, when the same shall be lawfully demanded." Twice the baron asked for the rose, and then the old custom was forgotten until it was revived a few years ago. Now one day in

every June is set apart for the payment of the rose to some descendant of the baron. There is always a pleasant little celebration. Then, after the music and the addresses in the church, the people present all walk past the chancel, each one laying down a red rose as he passes. The roses are afterward gathered up and carried to the sick folk in some hospital.

SUMMARY

The granting of land. — The service of the vassals. — The early manor. — The payment made by the villeins. — The division of the manor lands. — Difficulty in leaving the manor. — The effect of the crusades. — Of the battles of Crécy and Poitiers. — Of the Black Death. — Survivals of the feudal tenure.

XXV

TOWN LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES

PEOPLE living in a town in the Middle Ages had to make sure that it could not be easily captured by an enemy. For this reason they often built a heavy wall around it with watch-towers where men were always on guard. Battering-rams and other machines for knocking down a wall could not be used unless they were brought close up to it, and therefore just outside the fortifications of the city a deep ditch was often dug and kept full of water. There were only a few gates, and those were carefully protected. Outside the walls were forests and fields, and every morning the public herdsman drove the cows of the townspeople to pasture,

bringing them back again at night. There were gardens and cultivated fields around the town; and indeed there were many gardens and orchards within the walls. If everything had been kept clean, a town might have been a pleasant, sweet-smelling place; but rubbish was heaped up in front of the doors, and pigs roamed about the streets at their own will. These streets were usually narrow and crooked. There were no pavements, and the upper stories of the houses sometimes projected so far that people living on opposite sides of a street could shake hands from their windows.

The nearer one came to the centre of the town, the closer together were the houses. Merchants usually had shop and home in the same building. The lower part of the front was the shop, and the rear of the house was the home. This was by far the pleasanter part, for it often looked out upon gardens filled with bright flowers.

Besides the merchants, there were the humbler folk, the craftsmen, that is, the carpenters, masons, blacksmiths, and others. Every trade had its apprentices, boys who were bound to re-



AN OLD STREET
(In the town of Dijon, France)

main with some craftsman a certain number of years to learn his business. The master fed and clothed the boy, gave him a home, and taught him. When he had finished his apprenticeship, he became a journeyman, or workman. Of course he was eager to become a master, but before he could do this, he must

make a "masterpiece," that is, a piece of work excellent enough to be accepted by the gild or society composed of the men of his trade.

There were gilds of bakers, weavers, coopers, brewers, goldsmiths, carpenters, indeed, every trade had its gild. The gild did a great deal for its members. If one of them became poor or was ill, his gild gave him assistance. If he died in poverty, the gild paid his funeral expenses and aided his family. If a journeyman, a cooper, for instance, came to a strange town, the gild of



OLD TOWN GATE IN LOCHES, FRANCE.

(Built in the Middle Ages)

coopers in that town would find work for him; or, if there was none, they would give him money to pay his way to the next town.

The gild not only helped its members, but saw to it that they did not impose upon the public. If a baker made his loaves

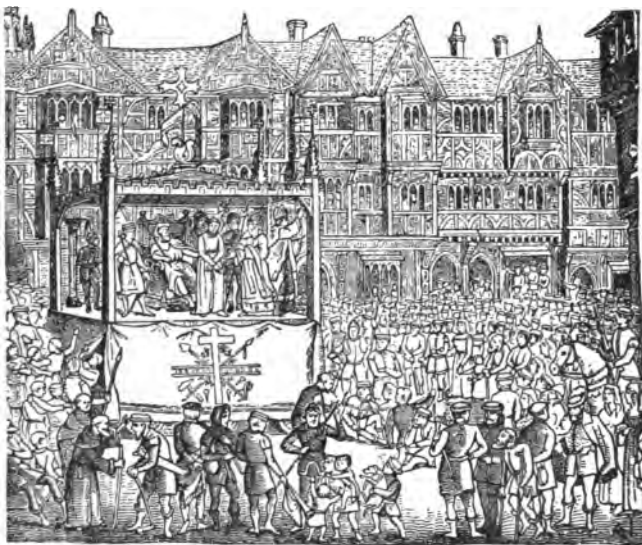
too small or a dyer gave short measure of cloth or a maker of spurs gilded old ones and sold them for new, his gild punished him by a fine or by expulsion. The master himself was punished, and not the workman who had perhaps done the actual work. In many places men were forbidden by their gilds to carry on their trades after the curfew bell, lest they should not do good work, or should disturb their neighbors, or perhaps set their houses ablaze.

The craft gilds were also religious societies, and each one had its patron saint. They gave altars and painted windows and generous presents of money to the cathedrals. The whole gild often went to church in solemn procession. They also presented what were known as mystery plays, that is, plays showing forth scenes in the Bible. One gild presented the creation of the world, another the flood, another the flight of the Holy Family into Egypt, and so on.

The presenting of these plays was often very expensive, but it was looked upon as a religious duty. When the morning for the plays had come, the members of the gild met together, and after prayers those who were to act clambered into a clumsy two-story wagon called a pageant, and went to the corner or open square where the play was to be shown. When it was done, they moved on to act the same play elsewhere, while another gild acted the second play of the series in the place that they had just left. When the play had been repeated in all the places chosen, the members of the gilds went to their homes, feeling that they had performed a religious act that would be good for them and for the crowds that had been listening to them.

The merchants, too, had their gilds, and these were very power-

ful associations. They won a great deal of liberty for the towns: for when a king or noble was in need of money, the rich merchant gilds would say, "We will provide it if you will agree no longer



A MYSTERY PLAY OF THE MIDDLE AGES

to lay taxes upon our town at your own will." Sometimes the gilds made rather hard bargains. If a king or a nobleman wished to go on a crusade, or if he had been taken prisoner and needed a large sum of money for his ransom, he was ready to give many privileges to the town that would supply him with gold, or even to grant it the right to govern itself in all things. Many a city literally bought its liberty with its gold.

SUMMARY

The protections of a town. — The lack of cleanliness. — The life of the apprentice. — Help given by the trade gilds to their members. — The gild's control of their members. — The gilds as religious societies. — Mystery plays. — The merchant gilds and their power.

THE CRUSADES

XXVI

PETER THE HERMIT LEADS THE FIRST CRUSADE

DURING many centuries, if a man asked, "What can I do that will be most pleasing to God?" not only the priests but nearly all his friends would answer, "Make a pilgrimage to Je-ru'sa-lem, to the place where our Lord suffered and was buried." To go from England or any part of Western Europe was a long journey and often dangerous, but it was not expensive, for Christians felt it a good act to give the pilgrims food and lodging. Jerusalem was in the hands of the Sar'a-cens. They were Mohammedans, but they had no objection to allowing pilgrims to visit the city, especially as the wealthier among them spent considerable money during their stay. Good Harun-al-Rashid even erected a Christian church and a building in which the pilgrims might lodge.

About the time that William the Conqueror took possession of England, the Seljukian¹ Turks captured Jerusalem. Then it became a different matter to make a pilgrimage to the Holy City, for the pilgrims were robbed and tortured and sometimes put to death. The Emperor in the East and the popes, one after another, were most indignant. Finally Pope Ur'ban II determined that the church should be aroused to capture the Holy Land from the

¹ s'el-jook' ian.



PETER THE HERMIT PREACHING

Archer

Turks. He had a powerful helper, a Frenchman known as Peter the Hermit. Peter had been on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and on his return he traveled about Europe in coarse woolen shirt and hermit's mantle, telling people everywhere of the cruelties of the Turks. At Clermont,¹ in France, Pope Urban went out into a wide-spreading plain and made an eloquent address to the thousands of Franks who were gathered together. He told them that God had given their nation glory in arms, and that He wished them to use their power, not in fighting with one another, but in winning the city of Christ from the infidels. The multitude shouted, "God wills it! God wills it!" and it was not long before

¹ klēr-mònt'.

hundreds of thousands had fastened the red cross to their shoulders and had set out for Jerusalem. The Latin word for cross is *crux*, and from this the expedition was known as a crusade. The pope had urged that none should go unless they were able to bear arms, and that the rich should take soldiers with them; but people paid little attention to this advice.

The first company started under Peter the Hermit and a knight known as Walter the Penniless. Not all its members, however, were real pilgrims. Some went for gain, some to see the world, and some were mere robbers and thieves. Peter had no authority over them, and they did what they chose. While they were passing through Germany, the people were kind to them and gladly brought them food; but when they came to other countries, they were not treated so generously. Then they demanded food, often most insolently, and when it was refused, they stole it. They killed flocks and herds and even their owners. Of course the people avenged their wrongs with the sword. The pilgrims fought or fled as best they might. On arriving at Constantinople they were received kindly by the emperor and given food; but even there they stole from houses and gardens and churches. They pushed on toward Jerusalem, and soon were attacked and slaughtered by the Turks.

But there were hundreds of thousands of others making ready to join the crusade who were not wild, turbulent folk like the first company, but were far more earnest and serious. It is thought that at least 100,000 of these were knights. They came by different ways, but all met at Constantinople. Then they marched on into Asia Minor. They were in need of food and even of water. Thousands perished. The others were saved by some



THE ARRIVAL OF THE CRUSADERS AT JERUSALEM

Plüddemann

dogs that had followed them. These dogs deserted their masters, but finally came back to the camp. "See their muddy paws! They have found water!" cried the thirsty people. They followed the dogs' tracks and came to water. A pigeon, too, did them a good turn. One ruler had pretended to be friendly, but just after they had left his territory, they picked up in their camp a dead carrier pigeon bearing a letter to the ruler of the next district, bidding him destroy "the accursed Christians."

So they went on; sometimes they captured a town; sometimes many of them died of famine or plague. At length they came in sight of the Holy City, and then all their troubles were forgotten.

They cried, "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" They fell upon their knees, they kissed one another with joy, they cast off their shoes,



GODFREY OF BOUILLON

for had not the very soil become holy where the Lord had once walked? They threw themselves down upon it and kissed the ground. With shouts of "God wills it! God wills it!" they attacked the walls. After a savage combat, the city was captured. Then came a massacre of Saracens as brutal as any in history; for even the gallant knights had not yet learned that it is better to teach an enemy than to kill him.

The most valiant leader among the crusaders was Godfrey of Bouillon,¹ and he was chosen king of what was called the Kingdom of Jerusalem. He was escorted to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, and there he would have been crowned, but he said, "No, I cannot wear a crown of gold in the very city in which my Lord and Master wore a crown of thorns." He was willing to be called Defender of the Holy Sepulcher, but he would not take the title of king.

Godfrey and a few other knights remained in Jerusalem, and

¹ bōōl-yōn'.

the rest of the pilgrims went to their homes. They had spent four years in this crusade; hundreds of thousands of Eu-ro-pe'ans, and perhaps as many Saracens had been slain; but the Holy City had been taken from the infidels, and there was great rejoicing.

SUMMARY

Kindness shown to early pilgrims. — Jerusalem is captured by the Seljukian Turks. — Pope Urban's determination to win the Holy Land. — Peter the Hermit. — The Pope's address at Clermont. — The company under Peter the Hermit. — The second company. — Saved by their dogs. — The arrival at Jerusalem. — The capture of the city. — Godfrey of Bouillon becomes "Defender of the Holy Sepulcher."

XXVII

RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED

THERE were several expeditions to rescue Jerusalem, but the third may fairly be named the Royal Crusade because of the number of sovereigns who took part in it. There was Fred'er-ick, the German Emperor, nicknamed Bar-ba-ros'sa because of his long red beard; there was Philip II, King of France; and there was Rich'ard I of England, the famous Cœur de Lion,¹ the lion-hearted soldier.

After being eighty-eight years in the hands of the Christians, Jerusalem had been recaptured in 1187 by a great Saracen commander named Sal'a-din. He was far more merciful, however, than the Christians of the first crusade, for when the women of

¹ kër-dě lē-ôn'.

Jerusalem begged for the lives of their fathers and brothers and husbands, he forgot all his stern threats and not only freed his prisoners, but loaded them with presents.

The Emperor Frederick could not bear the thought of Jeru-



FREDERICK BARBAROSSA

salem's being in the hands of the Saracens, and he set off with his army to rescue it. He was a brave and wise soldier and would have led his troops most nobly, but by some accident he was drowned before reaching the Holy Land. His subjects were heartbroken at the news of his death. They could hardly believe it possible, and the legend arose that he had hidden himself away in the depths of the mountains; and fathers said to their children, "The good Barbarossa is not dead. He and his

daughter and his brave comrades sit about a marble table in some mountain cavern. His red beard has grown through the marble, so long has he waited. But by and by there will come a time when the ravens no longer fly around the mountain. Then he will come forth, and in that day our land shall be great indeed."

King Richard of England was eager for glory and would gladly have set out for the Holy Land at once; but first the money for an army must be raised. How it was raised he did not care.

More than one man who wanted to be a bishop, got the honor by paying for it. If a man was guilty of wrongdoing, he need not go to prison if he could send a goodly sum of money to the king. England held two fortresses in Scotland; but Richard willingly gave up all claim to them and to the whole country for ten thousand marks. He and Philip Augustus of France were enemies, but now they swore to be most faithful friends. "If one of us is slain during the crusade," they said, "the other shall take all troops and money and go on with the great work of freeing the Holy Land." Richard meant to have better order than during the first crusade, and he made some remarkable laws. If one man killed another, the murderer was to be tied to the body of his victim, and both were to be thrown into the sea. A man who stole was to have hot pitch poured upon his head and over this feathers were to be shaken.



RICHARD CŒUR DE LION

At length both French and English were on the way; but long before they reached Syria, the two kings quarreled. They patched up a sort of peace and went on to A'cre, a seaport

town of Syria that the Christians were besieging. That soon fell. Both kings put their banners on the ramparts; but Richard took up his abode in the royal palace, leaving to Philip a humbler place. Indeed, in whatever they did, Richard always took the first place; and before long Philip declared that he was sick and should return to Europe. "If you are really sick or afraid of the enemy, you would better go home," said Richard scornfully. He easily guessed that Philip's real reason for wishing to go home was that he might try to seize some of the English possessions, and he made the French king swear not to make war upon any of the English lands while he himself was away.

Richard marched south toward Jerusalem. Every night when he halted, heralds cried three times, "Save the Holy Sepulcher!" and all the army knelt and said "Amen!" The hot-tempered Richard had already had trouble, not only with Philip but with Duke Le'o-pold of Aus'tri-a; for at Acre the duke had set his banner upon a tower that he had taken, and Richard had torn it down and flung it into the ditch. There was also trouble at As'ca-lon. Richard was bent upon rebuilding the walls. With his own royal hands he brought stones and mortar. Leopold refused to follow his example, and he declared as the old poem puts it, —

"My father n'as mason ne carpenter;
And though your walls should all to shake,
I shall never help hem to make."

Then, as the story goes, Richard not only stormed at the noble duke, but struck him. Naturally, the duke, too, went home.

On the whole, none of the warriors seems to have behaved in so praiseworthy a fashion as the Mohammedan Saladin. This brave



KING RICHARD IN COMBAT

and knightly leader greatly admired the daring deeds of Richard. They exchanged many courtesies, and when the English king was ill, his enemy sent him fruit and ice for his comfort.

Richard's boldness amazed everyone. He was always in the thickest of the fight, striking off a foeman's head with one blow of his sword, or swinging his terrible battle-axe with twenty pounds of steel in its head. One of his enemies declared, "No man can escape from his sword; his attack is dreadful; to engage with him is fatal, and his deeds are beyond human nature." Saladin's brother, too, looked upon his enemy with warmest admiration;

and when Richard was once dismounted in battle, the Saracen sent him as a gift two noble horses. It is said that fifty years later, if the horse of a Saracen shied, his rider would say, "What, do you think you see King Richard in that bush?"

But the Germans and the French and even many of his own troops had left Richard. Therefore, as he had not men enough to take Jerusalem, he made the best terms he could with Saladin and departed from the Holy Land. In Austria he was captured by his enemy, Duke Leopold, given over to the Emperor of Germany, and put into prison. There is a pleasant story that Blon'-del, one of his minstrels, roamed over Europe in search of his beloved master. A minstrel might go safely wherever he would, but Blondel wandered about for a year without hearing anything of him. At last some country folk pointed out a castle belonging to the emperor and said, "Folk say there is a king kept prisoner in that tower." Then Blondel sang beside the tower the first stanza of a little French song that he and the king had written together. He paused a moment, and from the tower came the voice of Richard singing the second stanza. Blondel straightway went home and told the English where their king was, and they were ready to pay ransom for him. Philip of France and Richard's younger brother John — the John who had to sign Magna Charta some years later — did all they could to have him kept in prison; for Philip thought he could seize Normandy if Richard was out of the way. As for John, he had been ruling England during his brother's absence, and he was determined not to give up the kingdom. But the pope threatened Philip and the emperor with excommunication from the church if they did not let Richard go; and at last they yielded. It was not easy to

raise the large ransom demanded, but the English had a hearty admiration for their king, and finally it was paid and Richard was set free.

He hastened to England, and the whole English people rejoiced, save John and his followers. To John, Philip had sent a message saying, "Take care of yourself; the devil has broken loose." Richard, however, made no attempt to punish his brother, and even when John again showed himself unfaithful, Richard forgave him, saying, "I hope I shall as easily forget his injuries as he will my pardon."

SUMMARY

The leaders of the Royal Crusade. — Saladin's kindness. — The legend of Barbarossa. — How Richard raised money. — His laws. — Richard's quarrels with Philip and with Leopold. — The generosity of Saladin. — Richard's bravery. — He gives up conquering the Holy Land. — The story of Blondel. — The English ransom their king.

XXVIII

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE

A MARVELOUS thing now came to pass, for the children of France and Germany went on a crusade. Stephen, a French shepherd boy twelve years old, declared that Jesus had appeared to him and bidden him lead a company of children to rescue the Holy Sepulcher from the infidels. Other children joined him, and they went about from village to village, bearing crosses and candles, swinging censers, singing hymns, and crying "God wills

it! God wills it!" Soon a great army of boys and girls, including the humblest shepherd lads and the children of wealthy nobles, started on a march for the Holy Land. No one could stop them. The king bade them return to their homes, but they only cried the more, "God wills it!" They broke away from their friends, from the very arms of their parents. The older folk knew not what to think. Some said this was a work of Satan to destroy the children. Others believed that it was the will of God that where armed men had failed, innocent children should succeed; and they dared not hold them back lest they should be fighting against God.

In Germany, too, there was a boy preacher, one Nich'o-las; and he aroused the German children as Stephen aroused the French. The little German boys and girls set out, twenty thousand strong, many of them wearing long gray coats upon which crosses were sewn. They had broad-brimmed hats, and they carried the staffs of pilgrims. As they marched, they sang hymns. One of these has come down to us. It begins,

"Fairest Lord Jesus,
Ruler of all nature."

But the way grew rougher and rougher. The air of the mountains was cold. They came to desert places where there was no food. Thousands died, and when the others reached the city of Gen'o-a, they were only seven thousand. Still the children did not lose courage. God would open a way for them through the sea, they believed, and soon they would be in the Holy Land. They would tell the story of the good Jesus. The infidels would listen and would become His followers.

The morning came. They waited patiently on the shore at

Genoa, but no path was opened through the sea. There is a tradition that part of the children sailed for Syria, but what became of them is not known. Some pressed on to Rome. They told the pope about their journey and their sufferings. He said that it was of no use for them to try to reach Syria, but, as they were bound by their vows, they must go on a crusade when they were older.

By this time only a few children were left. Many had died, as has been said; some had been stolen or sold as slaves, and still



GENOA, SHOWING A PORTION OF THE HARBOR
(From a photograph)

others had stopped in one place or another. Nothing now remained but to suffer the long, hard journey home; and at last this, too, was ended. "Tell us of your wanderings. Where have you been?" begged their parents and friends; but all that the tired little crusaders could answer was, "We do not know."

Meanwhile, the French children, thirty thousand in all, had



HARBOR OF MARSEILLES

(From a photograph)

set out for Marseilles.¹ Their way was less rough, but the heat of the summer was terrible. Many of the little ones had never been farther from their homes than some neighboring village, and whenever they came in sight of a city wall or a castle, they would ask piteously, "Is n't that Jerusalem?" After a journey of three hundred miles, about twenty thousand of them came to Marseilles. "Let us stay here to-night," they begged, "and to-morrow God will open a way for us through the sea." No path was opened, and many started to return to their homes. At length two merchants offered to provide vessels for all who wished to go to the Holy Land. "We do it for the cause of God," they said, "and we ask no reward but your prayers." Then the children were happy. "This is the path through the sea," they cried joyfully. "This is what God promised us." Seven vessels full of the bravest of the children set sail to cross the blue Med-i-

¹ mār-sāls'.

ter-ra'ne-an. Eighteen years later, an old priest came to Europe and told the sad ending of the story. Two of the seven vessels had been wrecked; but the hundreds of children on board the others had been carried to the coast of Africa and sold to the Mohammedans as slaves; for the generous men of Marseilles who had so kindly offered to carry them across the sea were slave traders. Not one of the seven shiploads of children ever saw his home again.

SUMMARY

The French and the German children set out on a crusade. — The difficulties met by the German children. — The children at Genoa. — At Rome. — The pope's commands. — Their return. — The hardships of the French children. — They reach Marseilles. — The slave traders.

THE TIME OF PROGRESS AND DISCOVERY

XXIX

MARCO POLO

IN the days of Mar'co Po'lo, Venice was one of the richest and most powerful cities in Europe, and nowhere else, perhaps, could one see so many magnificent palaces and churches. Venice had shrewd merchants, daring sailors, and many ships, and it was chiefly through the enormous trade which she had built up with the East that she had grown so wealthy.

Among the most enterprising of the Ven-e'tian merchants were the father and uncle of Marco Polo. Indeed, when Marco was a little boy, he used to hear stories of his father and his uncle that must have seemed to him almost like fairy tales. "They went away from Venice to make a voyage to Constantinople," the little boy's friends said, "and in Constantinople they bought a great quantity of rich jewelry. We think they must have gone into the unknown countries of Asia to trade, perhaps even to Chi'na, where the great khan lives."

When the boy was about fourteen, his father came home, and then he had stories to tell indeed. He had gone far into Asia, had sold the jewelry brought from Constantinople, had been at the court of the great Kub'lai Khan, ruler of China, and now he and his brother had come back to Italy with a message from the khan to the pope. He showed the boy the khan's golden tablets

which he had given to the brothers. The royal cipher was engraved upon them and a command that wherever in the khan's domain the brothers might go, his subjects should receive them with honor and should provide them with whatever they needed. The brothers were going back to China, and now the boy was happy, for his father promised that he might go with them.

Then they made the long, leisurely journey from Venice to Constantinople, and across Asia to China. They traveled through fertile valleys and sandy deserts, over stony mountains and through gloomy passes. They saw strange birds and fruits and peoples. They visited handsome cities, and lonely tribes that had no settled homes. It was a slow journey. In one place the sickness of the young Marco delayed them for many months. Sometimes they had to wait for company before they could venture through dangerous countries. Once they had to go far out of their way to avoid passing through a region where two tribes were waging war. At length they came within forty miles of the home of the great Kublai Khan, ruler of China. Here they were met by a large escort, sent out by the khan, and were brought into the city with every mark of honor that could be shown them.

The khan took a strong liking to the young Marco, and gave him a position in the royal household. The young man put on the Chinese dress, adopted the Chinese manners and customs, and learned the four languages that were most used in the country. The khan was delighted with him and often gave him a golden tablet and sent him off on a journey so that on his return he could describe to him the wonderful things that he had seen. Marco's father and uncle were also given positions in the khan's

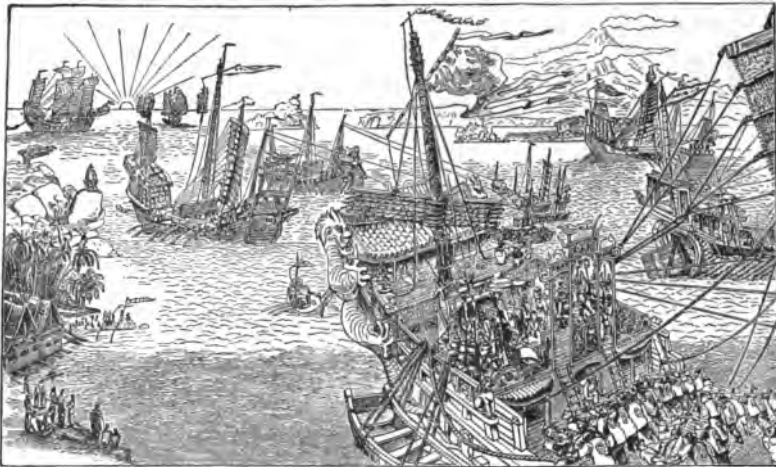
service, and by his generosity they soon became exceedingly wealthy.

China was not home, however, even after they had lived in that country for many years, and they longed to see their own Venice. They begged the khan to allow them to return. "But why?" he asked. "It is a dangerous journey; you might lose your lives. Do you want money or jewels? I will give you twice as much as you now have; but I care for you too much to let you go away from me." Without the khan's tablets, the journey would be impossible; and the Polos began to fear they would never see their home again.

Some months before this the ruler of Persia had sent an embassy to beg that a granddaughter of the Great Khan might become his wife. The princess and a long suite of honor set off for Persia; but the way lay through a country that was at war, and they had to return. The Persian ambassadors, however, had been away from Persia three years, and they did not dare to remain longer at the Chinese court. Just then, Marco Polo arrived from a voyage to some of the islands off the coast. The idea occurred to the ambassadors that they might take ship and go by water to the Persian Gulf at less expense and with greater safety than by the overland way. They talked with the Polos, and found that they would be only too glad to go with them. Then they begged the khan to allow the three Venetians, who were experienced sailors, to escort them. The khan was not pleased, but he finally yielded. He gave the Polos his golden tablets, loaded them down with presents of jewels, and they and the ambassadors and the fair young princess sailed away with a fleet of fourteen vessels furnished with stores and provisions for

two years. It was twenty-one months before they came to Persia. The Polos rested a year in the leisurely fashion of those days, then returned, not to China, but to Venice, having been absent twenty-four years.

At Venice there had been rumors long before that the famous travelers were dead. They were, of course, greatly changed, and they spoke Italian rather stiffly and queerly. It was hard to believe that these foreign-looking men in their long, rough



THE FLEET OF KUBLAI KHAN

Tartar coats could be the members of the wealthy family of Polo. They had some trouble in getting possession of their own palace, and even after they had succeeded, many thought they were impostors. The story is told that to convince these doubtful friends, they invited them to a magnificent banquet. After the feast, the coarse, threadbare coats were brought in and

quickly ripped open. There rolled out such a store of rubies and emeralds and diamonds and sapphires as the bewildered guests had never seen. The whole room blazed and sparkled with them.



MARCO POLO'S RETURN

For the sake of safety on the dangerous journey the Polos had brought their immense wealth in this form. Then the guests were convinced that the three men were not impostors, and they were treated with the utmost respect.

War broke out between Venice and Genoa, and Marco Polo was put in command of a warship.

He was taken prisoner by

the Gen-o-ese' and it was while he was in prison that he dictated to a gentleman of Genoa the stories of his travels. All Genoa became interested, and their famous prisoner was soon set free. Copies of his book in manuscript went everywhere. Some doubted its truth, and when the author was on his deathbed, they begged him to take back the parts of it that they thought must be exaggerated. "There is no exaggeration in the book," he declared. "On the contrary, I have not told half the amazing things that I saw with my own eyes."

SUMMARY

The adventures of Marco Polo's father and uncle. — The journey to China. — The khan's kindness to Marco. — The homeward journey of the Polos. — Their display of wealth. — Marco in prison. — His book.

XXX

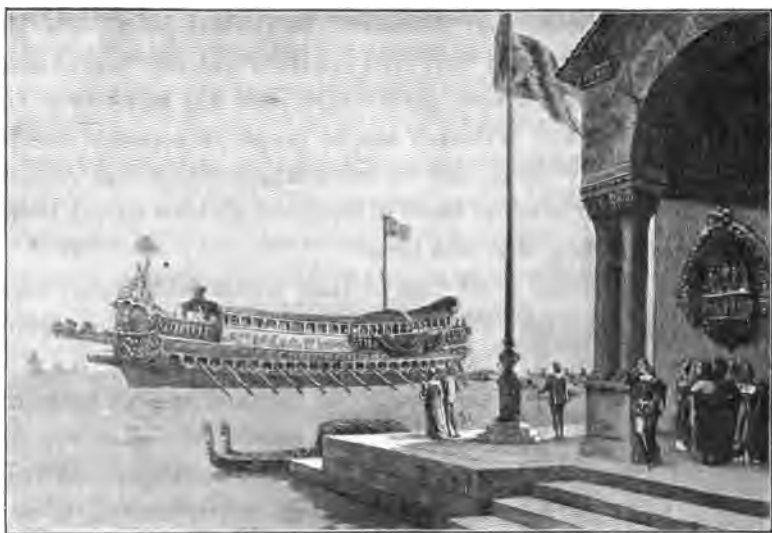
FRANCESCO PETRARCH

HUNDREDS of thousands of men returned from the crusades with their minds full of new ideas. They had seen the distant countries of the East with their mountains, rivers, plains, and seas. In the great cities they had gazed upon hundreds of handsome buildings different from anything in their own lands. Many of the French, German, and English crusaders had gone to Venice to take ship to cross the Mediterranean, and there they had seen most superb structures of colored marble. The outside of the Venetian palaces was generally adorned with bas-relief, and the groundwork was often colored a deep, rich blue, while the sculpture was covered with gold leaf. Moreover, the crusaders had learned that their own ways of living were not always the best and most comfortable. They had found that there were kinds of food and materials for clothing better than those to which they had been accustomed; that there were beautiful furnishings for houses of which they had never dreamed. Having seen such things or heard of them, people wished to buy them. The cities about the Adriatic Sea, especially Venice and Genoa, were ready to supply all these newly

discovered needs. Long before this, the Venetians had driven the pirates from the Adriatic and had claimed the sea as their own. To symbolize this victory, they had a poetical custom. Every Ascension Day the doge, or ruler of the city, sailed out in a vessel most magnificently decorated, and with a vast amount of ceremony dropped a golden ring into the water to indicate that the city had become the bride of the sea. Venice had built ships and carried the armies of crusaders across the water. She had gained stations on the eastern shore of the Adriatic, and might fairly claim to rule the whole sea. She had used her ships for other purposes, however, than carrying armies, for she had an enormous trade, as we have said, in the beautiful things that were made in the distant lands of the East. She brought home cargoes of rich tapestries and silks, jewels, glassware, and most exquisite pieces of work in iron and gold and enamel. Her workmen copied them and found in them hints and suggestions for other work. These things were carried over Europe, and even in far-away England it was taken for granted that any particularly handsome article had been brought from Italy. Macaroni was the best-known food of the Italians, and the English began to call anything dainty and delicate and graceful "macaroni," or even anything dandified and foppish, as our "Yankee Doodle" shows in the lines,

"Stuck a feather in his hat,
And called it macaroni."

The crusades not only taught people about other lands and other customs, but they taught them to wish to see more of the world, to know what men of other countries were doing and thinking. People began to have more interest in what was written in books. They had thought that a man encased in armor, carry-



THE CEREMONY OF MAKING VENICE THE "BRIDE OF THE SEA"

ing a sword and a lance, and set upon a horse, was the greatest hero on earth. Now they began to have a glimmering idea that the man who had noble thoughts and could put them into noble words was greater than the man with the sword.

The most famous scholar of the age was an Italian poet called Pe'trarch. Even as a boy he loved the writings of the early Latin and Greek authors. His father wished him to become a lawyer, and the boy listened to some lectures on law; but all the while he was saving his money to buy the works of Cic'e-ro and Vir'gil. His father threw the precious manuscripts into the fire; but when he saw the grief of the boy, he snatched them out again. Thus Petrarch slowly won his way to being a poet and scholar. He became a great collector of manuscripts, especially of the Greek

and Roman writers; and, moreover, he showed people how to study them. Before his day, even students had felt that if two copies of an author's work did not agree, one was as likely to be correct as the other. Petrarch taught people to compare manuscripts, to study them, and so learn whether one was copied from another, or whether those in hand had all been copied from some older writing that was lost.

Princes and other great men of Italy admired his poetry and showed him much respect, but there were two special honors for which he longed. One was to be crowned as poet laureate by the Roman senate; the other was to wear a similar crown in Paris. On one happy September day invitations to receive both these crowns came to him. He had always taught that it was wrong for a man not to make the most of himself, and even when he was seventy, he did not think of giving up work. His physicians said, "You must rest"; but, instead of resting, he engaged five or six secretaries and worked as hard as ever. One morning he was found in his library, his head lying on an open book. He was dead.



PETRARCH
(From an old painting)

His influence, however, did not die. Others, too, began to collect the long-forgotten manuscripts of the Greek and Roman authors. They searched monasteries and churches and made many copies of the precious writings. Italy was all alive with interest in the great works of the ancient writers. The Italian

students thought wistfully of the manuscripts that must be stored away in Greece. They did not know how soon they would be able to read them for themselves and without leaving their own country.

Thus it was that, although the crusaders did not win Jerusalem, and though the Holy City is even to-day in the hands of the Mohammedans, yet the crusades did much to encourage commerce, to give people new ideas on many subjects, and to prepare them to receive the knowledge that was coming to them swiftly from the East.

SUMMARY

What the crusaders had seen and learned. — The wedding of the Adriatic Sea. — The wealth and power gained by Venice. — "Macaroni." — Increased interest in books. — Petrarch's early life. — He teaches how to study manuscripts. — The two honors that were bestowed upon him. — His death. — His influence.

XXXI

THE FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE

1453

WHILE the Italian scholars were wishing that they had more of the precious old manuscripts, there were exciting times in the country known as Turkey in Europe. This country had been part of the Eastern Empire even after the fall of Rome in 476, but it had come to be so little Roman and so completely Greek

that it is spoken of as the Greek, or Byzantine¹ Empire. It was destined, however, to belong to neither Romans nor Greeks, for the Mohammedans were pressing hard upon its boundaries. They had won Asia Minor and the lands lying directly south of the Danube. Gradually they got Greece, north of the Isthmus, into their power, and in 1453 Mohammed II led the Ot'to-man Turks, who were of the same race as Attila and his Huns, against the capital of the Eastern Empire, the great rich city of Constantinople.

Gunpowder had been invented before this time, but the cannon



CONSTANTINOPLE
(From a photograph)

were small. When the great Turk'ish gun fired its heavy stone balls, men and women rushed into the streets, beating their breasts and crying aloud, "God have mercy upon us!" Day after day the besiegers continued the attack. They used arrows, cata-

¹ bī-zān'tīn.



ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE

(The famous church built in the 6th century by the Emperor Justinian. It has been used as a mosque since the capture of Constantinople by the Turks)

pults for throwing stones, and a few rifles. They wheeled a two-story tower covered with buffalo hides near enough to the city so that archers in the second story could shoot at the defenders on the walls. But the Greeks threw their famous Greek fire upon it and it burned to ashes. Both parties dug mines. Sometimes these were blown up, sometimes the workers in them were suffocated by smoke or gas.

Finally the Turks dug a narrow canal five miles long from the Sea of Mar'mo-ra to the harbor of Constantinople. They paved it with beams, well greased, and one morning the Greeks found thirty Turkish ships lying almost under their walls, for the buffa-

loes of the Turks had dragged them to the shore during the night. Then the people of the city were in despair and begged their emperor to escape and flee for his life, but he refused. "I am resolved to die here with you," he declared.

When it was seen that the city must fall, thousands of the citizens crowded into the vast church of St. So-phi'a, for there was an old prophecy that some day the Turks would force their way into the city, but that when they had reached St. Sophia an angel would appear with a celestial sword, and that at sight of it the Turks would flee. The emperor knelt long in prayer, received the Holy Communion, and then begged the priests and all the members of his court to forgive him if he had ever wronged them. The sobs and wails of the people echoed in the great building.

The Turks made their way without hindrance into the city. They did not stop at the church; and no angel brought a miraculous weapon to drive them back. The emperor fell, sword in hand, fighting to the last for his empire and the Christian faith. The Turkish commander gave over the city to his soldiers, and they stole everything worth stealing, — wonderful treasures of gold, silver, bronze, and jewels. Thousands of citizens were roughly bound together and dragged off to the boats to be sold as slaves. The cross was torn down from beautiful St. Sophia, and the crescent, the emblem of Mo-ham'med-an-ism, was put in its place.

The emperor's body, however, was buried by the Turks with all honors. A lamp was lighted at his grave. It is still kept burning, and at the charge of the Turkish government. This was commanded by the Turkish ruler as a mark of respect and regard for Con'stan-tine Pa-læ-ol'o-gos, the last Christian emperor in the Empire of the East.

At the coming of the Turks, many of the Greeks had seized their most valued treasures and fled. The scholars carried away with them the rare old manuscripts of the early Greek writers. More went to Italy than anywhere else, and the Italian scholars gave them a hearty welcome. There had been learned Greeks in Italy long before this time, and the Italian scholars had been interested in the Greek literature; but now such a wealth of it was poured into the country that the Italians were aroused and delighted. They read the manuscripts eagerly; they sent copies to their friends; and gradually a knowledge of the literature of the Greeks and a love for it spread throughout Europe.

SUMMARY

Mohammed II attacks Constantinople. — The siege. — Devotion of the emperor. — The scene in St. Sophia. — The Turks enter the city. — The crescent replaces the cross. — The burial of the emperor. — Greek scholars carry their manuscripts to Italy. — The spread of Greek learning.

XXXII

JOHN GUTENBERG

THE fall of Constantinople had brought the Greek scholars with their manuscripts to Italy, but it would have been a long while before even the most learned men of Western Europe could have read the writings if a German named John Gu'ten-berg had not been working away for many years, trying to invent a better

process of making books than the slow, tiresome method of copying them by hand, letter by letter. When Gutenberg was a boy, this was the way in which all books were made. Moreover, they were generally written on parchment, and this added to the expense. The result was that a book was a costly article, and few people could afford to own one. After Gutenberg became a young man, a way of making books was invented which people thought was a most wonderful improvement. For each



JOHN GUTENBERG

page the printer took a block of fine-grained wood, drew upon it whatever picture he was to print, then cut the wood away, leaving the outlines of the picture. By inking this and pressing it upon the paper he could print a page. Only one side of the paper was used, and so every pair of leaves had to be pasted together. At first only pictures were printed, but after a while some lettering

was also done. Such books were called block books. Many were printed in this way whose pictures illustrated Bible history; and these were known as poor men's Bibles.

Although the block books were much less expensive than the books written by hand, still they were by no means cheap. It was long, slow work to cut a block for each page; and after as many books had been printed as were needed, the blocks were

of no further use. Gutenberg wondered whether there was not some better way to print a book. He pondered and dreamed over the matter and made experiments. At last the idea which he sought came to him, an idea so simple that it seems strange no one had thought of it sooner. It was only to cut each letter on a separate piece of wood, form the letters into words, bind them together the shape and size of a page, print as many copies as were desired, then separate the letters and use them in other books till they were worn out. Here was the great invention; but it was a long way from this beginning to a well-printed book.



GUTENBERG'S HOUSE
(At Strasburg, Germany)

Now people began to wonder what Gutenberg could be working at so secretly. In those days everything that was mysterious was explained as witchcraft; so the inventor, in order to avoid any such charge, made himself a workshop in a deserted monastery outside of the town. He had yet to learn how to make his

types of metal, how to fasten them together firmly in forms, how to put on just enough ink, and how to make a press.

At length he carried through a great undertaking, — he printed a Latin Bible. This was completed in 1455, and was the first Bible ever printed. But Gutenberg was in trouble. He had not had the money needed to carry on this work without help, and he had been obliged to take a partner by the name of John Faust.¹ Faust was disappointed in not making as much money

as he had expected.

The Bible had taken longer to complete and had cost more than Gutenberg had planned; and at length Faust brought a suit to recover what he had loaned. The judge decided in his favor, and everything that the inventor owned went to him.

Gutenberg was left to begin again. Nev-



GUTENBERG SHOWING HIS FIRST PROOF

ertheless he went on bravely with his printing, trying all the time to print better and better. By and by the E-lec'tor² A-dol'phus of Nas'sau gave him a pension. This is all that is known of the last few years of his life. He died in 1468; but

¹ foust.

² The Electors were German princes who were allowed to choose the Emperor.

the art of printing lived. Printing presses could hardly be set up fast enough, for every country wanted them. England, France, Hol'land, Germany had presses within a few years after the death of Gutenberg. The Jews carried one to Constantinople, and a century later even Russia had one.

So it was that the knowledge of printing flashed over Europe. Of course those old Greek manuscripts were printed and sent from country to country. A Venetian printer named Al'do Manuzio¹ issued especially accurate and well-made copies, which became known as the Aldine editions. The crusades had aroused people and made them ready and eager to

learn. Now they found in the ancient writings of the Greeks and Romans nobler poems, more dignified histories, and more brilliant orations than they had known before. By this "New Learning," as it was called, men were stimulated to think. They felt as if they were brighter and keener than they used to be, as if they were not their old slow, dull selves, but were becoming quick and clear-minded. They felt so much as if they had just been born into a new, fresh world that the name Renaissance,² or new birth, has been given to this period.



OLDEST KNOWN PICTURE OF A
PRINTING PRESS

¹ mā-nōōt'sē-ō.

² re-nā-sāns'.

SUMMARY

The early making of books. — Block books. — Gutenberg's invention. — His Latin Bible. — His troubles with Faust. — His last days. — The spread of printing. — The Aldine editions. — The Renaissance.

XXXIII

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

THE crusades, the Renaissance, the invention of printing, and the travels of Marco Polo in the East had set people to thinking about matters in the great world beyond the limits of their own little villages or towns. The part of the earth in which the greatest number were interested was In'di-a. The reason was that Europeans had learned to demand the spices and silks and cottons and jewels of the East. The old way of bringing these to Europe was up the Red Sea and across the Mediterranean to Venice; or through the Black Sea, past Constantinople, and through the Mediterranean to Genoa. Now that the Turks held Constantinople, the eastern Mediterranean was a dangerous place. Just as people were beginning to think they must have the Eastern luxuries, it became more and more difficult to obtain them; and the nation that could find the shortest way to India would soon be possessed of untold wealth.

One man who was thinking most earnestly about India was named Chris'to-pher Co-lum'bus. He was born in Genoa and had been at sea most of his life since he was fourteen. He had



COLUMBUS BEFORE THE LEARNED MEN OF SALAMANCA

Rötting

read and studied and thought until he was convinced that the world was round and that the best way to reach China and Ja-pan' was not to make the wearisome overland journey through Asia, but to sail directly west across the At-lan'tic. He had asked the city of Genoa to provide money for the expedition; and he had also asked the king of Por'tu-gal; but to no purpose. Finally he appealed to Fer'di-nand and Is-a-bel'la, king and queen of Spain.

This was why, toward the end of the fifteenth century, a company of learned Spaniards met together at Sa-la-man'ca to lis-

ten to the schemes of a simple, unknown Italian sailor. Columbus told them what he believed. Then they brought forward their objections. "A ship might possibly reach India in that way," said one gravely, "but she could never sail uphill and come home again." "If the world is round and people are on the opposite side, they must hang by their feet with their heads down," declared another scornfully. Another objection was that such an expedition as Columbus proposed would be expensive. Moreover he demanded the title of admiral of whatever lands he might discover and one tenth of all precious stones, gold, silver, spices, and other merchandise that should be found in these lands. This was not because he was greedy for money, but he was planning to win the Holy Sepulcher at Jerusalem from the Turks, and to do this would require an enormous fortune.

Columbus had formed a noble scheme, but there seemed small hope that it would be carried out by Span'ish aid, for the Spaniards were waging an important war with the Moors, or Mohammedans. The Moors had a kingdom in the south of Spain containing a number of cities. In the capital, Granada, was the palace and fortress of the Al-ham'bra, a wonderfully beautiful structure, even in ruins as it is to-day. Granada was captured, but even then the Spaniards seemed to have no time to listen to Columbus.

At length he made up his mind to leave Spain and go for aid to the king of France. With his little son Di-e'go he started out on foot. The child was hungry, and so they stopped at the gate of the convent of La Ra'bi-da, near the town of Pa'los, Spain, to beg for the food that was never refused to wayfarers. The prior was a student of geography. He heard the ideas of Colum-

bus, put faith in them, and invited some of his learned friends to meet the stranger. "Spain must not lose the honor of such an enterprise," the prior declared, and he even went himself to the queen. He had once been her confessor, and she greeted him kindly. King Ferdinand did not believe in the undertaking, but the queen became thoroughly interested in it. She was Queen of Ar'a-gon by her marriage to Ferdinand, but she was Queen of Castile in her own right, and she exclaimed, "I undertake the



CONVENT OF LA RABIDA
(The part Columbus knew is to the right)

enterprise for my own crown of Castile, and will pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds."

Thus, after eighteen years' delay, the way opened for Columbus, and he set sail from Palos with three small vessels; but even after they were at sea Columbus must have felt as if his troubles were but just begun, for his sailors were full of fears.

They were not cowards, but no one had ever crossed the Atlantic, and there were legends that in one place it was swarming with monsters, and that in another the water boiled with the intense heat. There was real danger, also, from the jealous Portuguese, for it was rumored that they had sent out vessels to cap-



SHIPS OF COLUMBUS

(The vessels were the Pinta, the Niña, and the Santa Maria)

ture Columbus's little fleet. It is small wonder that the sailors were dismayed by the fires of the volcanic peak of Ten-er-iffe', but they were almost equally alarmed by every little occurrence. The mast of a wrecked vessel floated by, and they feared it was a sign that their vessel, too, would be wrecked. After a while, the magnetic needle ceased to point to the north star, and they were filled with dread lest they should lose their way on the vast ocean. One night a brilliant meteor appeared, and then they

were sure that destruction was at hand. The good east wind was sweeping them gently along; but even that worried them, for they feared it would never alter, and how could they get home? Some of them had begun to whisper together of throwing Columbus overboard, when one day they saw land-birds and floating weeds and finally a glimmering light. Then the sailors were as eager to press onward as their leader.

Early on the following morning land appeared. Columbus, wearing his brilliant scarlet robes and bearing the standard of Spain, was rowed ashore. He fell upon his knees and kissed the ground, thanking God most heartily for his care. Then he took possession of the land for Spain. The natives gathered around, and he gave them bells and glass beads. He supposed that of course he was just off the coast of India, and as he had



COLUMBUS'S FIRST VIEW OF THE NEW WORLD

reached the place by sailing west, he called it the West In'dies and the people In'di-ans. The island itself he named San Salvador'. It is thought to have been one of the Ba-ha'mas. He spent some little time among the islands, always hoping to come upon the wealthy cities of the Great Khan. At length he re-

turned to Spain, dreaming of future voyages that he would make.

When he reached Palos, the bells were rung and people gave up their business to celebrate the wonderful voyage and the safe return. Columbus made three other journeys across the ocean, hoping every time to find the rich cities of the East. His enemies claimed that he had mismanaged a colony that had been founded in the New World. Another governor was sent out, and he threw the great Admiral into chains. Ferdinand and Isabella were indignant when they knew of this outrage; but yet they could not help being disappointed that China had not been found. Neither they nor Columbus dreamed that he had discovered a new continent; and even if they had known it, they would have much preferred finding a way to trade with the distant East.

SUMMARY

Why people were interested in India. — The belief of Columbus. — The scorn of the Spaniards. — The demands of Columbus. — Delay. — Columbus at La Rabida. — Queen Isabella undertakes the enterprise. — The first voyage across the Atlantic. — Landing in America. — The New World. — The return to Palos. — The disappointment of Columbus and his friends.

XXXIV

VASCO DA GAMA

WE have seen that Portugal lost the honor of sending out Columbus, although no one of that age realized that it was an honor. Six years after he crossed the Atlantic Ocean, a Portuguese sailor named Vas'co da Gama made a voyage that was looked upon as being of far more importance, because it opened the way for trade with the far East for which merchants had been longing. He reached India by sailing around Africa. Navigators were already familiar with the western coast of Africa, and a few years earlier one of them had doubled the Cape of Good Hope; but of what lay beyond little was known.



A SHIP OF VASCO DA GAMA'S TIME

Vasco da Gama, therefore, had been chosen by the king of Portugal to sail down the western coast, round the Cape of Good Hope, and then sail north up the eastern coast. When the day of departure had come, Da Gama and the men of the fleet and the courtiers all went down to the water's edge. The ships

were ablaze with flags and standards. A farewell salute was fired, and the vessels floated down the river of Lis'bon and out into the open sea.

On the voyage there were tempests and stormy winds. There were hardly six hours of light in the twenty-four, and the sea was rough day and night. When at last they thought that they must have sailed as far south as the southern point of Africa, they steered directly east. Alas, the shore soon came in sight. "There is no end to the land," declared the sailors, "it goes straight across the ocean." "Stand out to sea," commanded Da Gama. "Trust in the Lord, and we will double the Cape." On they went. The days grew shorter, the nights grew longer, and the cold rains fell constantly. Now the ships began to leak, and the men could never cease pumping. There was so little hope of safety that they no longer called upon God to save their lives, but begged Him to have mercy upon their souls. In the midst of all the distress, Da Gama strode about the ship, angry and fearless. "If we do not double the Cape this time," he declared, "we will stand out to sea again; and we will stand out as many times until the Cape is doubled, or until whatever may please God has come to pass."

By and by the sea grew calm, the wind moderated, and, however far they went to the east, no land was in sight. Then they knew that they had doubled the Cape. They were full of joy, and they praised the Lord, who had delivered them from death.

The Christmas season was at hand, which the Portuguese call Na-tal'. They gave this name to the part of the coast off which they lay, and it has been so called ever since that time. After the shattered vessels had been repaired, Da Gama sailed onward up

the coast of Africa as far as Me-lin'da. There he found a native pilot who guided his ships across the Indian Ocean to Cal'i-cut, in Hin-du-stan'. After many adventures he returned to Portugal. The king gave him generous rewards, made him a noble, and bade that holidays should be celebrated in his honor throughout the kingdom.

Da Gama made two other voyages to India. On one of these he led a fleet of twelve ships and brought them back richly laden with spices and silks and ivory and precious stones. Finally he was made viceroy of India; and there he lived in much luxury and magnificence until his death.

For a time, the voyages of Columbus were almost forgotten. Vasco da Gama had found the way to India, and several countries of Europe, especially Portugal, were becoming rich by their trade with the East. What more could be asked?

SUMMARY

The departure of Vasco da Gama. — A rough voyage. — The doubling of the Cape. — Christmas Day. — Da Gama's rewards. — Columbus is forgotten.

XXXV

FERDINAND MAGELLAN

WHEN the year 1519 had come, people knew much more about the world than had been known thirty years earlier. Other voyagers had followed Columbus. Vasco da Gama had sailed around Africa and shown that it was quite possible to reach

India by that method. Several other bold mariners had crossed the Atlantic and explored different parts of the A-mer'i-can coast. One had crossed the Isthmus of Da'ri-en and had seen the Pa-cif'ic Ocean. It was known, therefore, that there was land from Lab-ra-dor' to Bra-zil', but no one guessed how far to the west it extended. Most people thought that the islands visited by Columbus and probably the lands north of them lay off the coast of China. No one had been around South America, but even those who thought it to be a great mass of land supposed that somewhere there was a strait leading through it to the Chinese waters. No one guessed that the wide Pacific Ocean lay between this land and China, for no one had yet carried out Columbus's plan of reaching India by sailing west.

This, however, was just what a bold navigator named Ferdinand Ma-gel'lan was hoping to do. He was a Portuguese, but his own king would not send out the expedition he was planning; therefore he entered the service of the king of Spain. This daring sailor did not know any better than others how far South America might extend to the southward, but he promised the king that he would follow the coast until he came to some strait that led through the land to the Chinese seas. He was not going merely to make discoveries; he meant to bring home whole shiploads of spices. He knew how cheaply they could be bought of the natives, and he expected to make fortunes for the king and for himself. No one knew how long the voyage would take, but the ships were provisioned for two years. They carried also all kinds of weapons and vast quantities of bells and knives and red cloth and small looking-glasses.

The vessels crossed the Atlantic and sailed into the mouth of

the Ri'o de la Pla'ta. Then everyone was hopeful. "This must be a strait," they thought, "and we are almost at our journey's end." They sailed cheerfully up stream for two days. Then their hopes fell, for the water grew more fresh every hour, and therefore they knew that they were in a river; so they turned back and continued their voyage along the coast. By and by they came to another opening; this might be the passage, and Magellan sent two of the ships to explore it. When they returned, there was rejoicing indeed, for the captains reported that at last a deep channel had been found. This was surely the passage to the seas of China. But the ships were shattered and food was scanty. Since the passage had been found, why not return to Spain? The following season they could set out with new, strong vessels and a good supply of food. So said some of the captains and pilots; but others felt that the hardest part of the voyage was over, China must be close at hand, and they might just as well go home with shiploads of cloves and other spices.



MAGELLAN

On Magellan went, through the straits afterward named for him, into the calm, blue ocean, so quiet that he called it the Pacific. He sailed on and on. When he entered this ocean, he had food for only three months, and two months had passed.

Now the explorers had no choice about turning back, for they had not provisions for a homeward voyage, and their only hope was that by keeping on they might come to the shores of India.



A SOUTH AMERICAN INDIAN

At length they did reach a little island, but it had neither water nor fruit. They came to a group of islands, and these they named the La-drones', or thieves' islands, because the natives stole everything they could lay their hands upon. Then they landed at the Philippines,¹ and here was plenty of fruit, — oranges, bananas, and cocoanuts. They were now in the land of cloves, but unfortunately Magellan

agreed to help one native chief against his enemies, and in the fighting that followed, he was slain.

The little fleet had at first consisted of five vessels; but one had deserted, one had been wrecked, one had been burned as unseaworthy, and one had fallen into the hands of the Portuguese. The Vic-to'ri-a, the only one that remained, pressed on to the Mo-luc'cas; and when she sailed away, she had such a cargo as no vessel had brought before, for besides all that the men had bought for themselves, she carried twenty-six tons of cloves. From some of the other islands they took ginger and

¹ fil'p-pinz.

sandal wood. Then they crossed the Indian Ocean and rounded Africa. They stopped to buy food at the Cape Verde Islands, and here they were astounded to find that while they called the day Wednesday, the people on the Islands called it Thursday. They had traveled west with the sun, and so had lost a day. At length they reached Spain, and there they received a royal reception. After Magellan's death, Se-bas'tian del Ca'no had become captain. The courage and perseverance that had made the voyage possible belonged to Magellan; but he was dead, and the rewards went to Del Cano. He was made a noble, and for a coat of arms he was given a globe with the motto, "You first encompassed me."

During the two hundred years when Europe was making especially rapid progress in learning and in discovery, some of the noblest painters that the world has ever known, lived in Italy. One of these died while Magellan was slowly making his way around the southern point of South America. This was Raphael. His most famous picture is the Sistine Madonna, now in the Dres'den Gallery, the Mother of Christ with the Holy Child in her arms. Ra'pha-el is said to have thanked God that he was born in the times of Mi-chel An'gelo, a brother artist. Angelo was painter and poet, but greatest of all as sculptor. His most famous statue is that of Mo'ses. This is so wonderfully lifelike that one feels as if it must be alive. It is easy to believe that, when it was completed, the artist gazed upon it and cried, "Speak, for thou canst." Angelo lived to be an old man, but till almost the last day of his life he was occupied with some work of art of such rare excellence that every one who loves beautiful things may be glad of its existence.

SUMMARY

What was known and thought of America in 1519. — The plans of Magellan. — Exploration of the Rio de la Plata. — Magellan enters the Pacific. — The Ladrones. — The Philippines. — The death of Magellan. — The cargo of the Victoria. — Losing a day. — Del Cano's reward. — Raphael. — Michel Angelo.

STRUGGLES OF THE NATIONS

XXXVI

ROBERT BRUCE

IN the days of King John, the English had their hands full with only one king to manage, but a time came in Scotland when there were thirteen people who claimed the throne. Finally it was clear that two of them had stronger claims than the other eleven. They were John Ba'li-ol and Robert Bruce. So far the way was plain; but Baliol was the grandson of the eldest daughter of a certain royal Da'vid, and Bruce was a son of the second daughter of this same David, and it would have puzzled the wisest philosopher to say whose claim was the better. People in



EDWARD I

Scotland felt so decidedly about the matter, some in favor of Baliol and some in favor of Bruce, that there was danger of civil war. "King Edward of England is a wise king. Let us



CORONATION CHAIR WITH STONE
OF SCONE

leave the question to him," said the Scotch parliament, and it was done. This was a fine chance for King Edward. He declared at once that neither Baliol nor Bruce, but he himself had the best claim to the Scotch throne. Baliol, however, might rule under him, he said. But Baliol did not prove obedient enough to please him, so Edward carried him and the famous Stone of Scone off to London together. The Scotch prized the Stone highly. They had a tradition that Ja'cob's head had rested upon it the night that he had his dream of

angels ascending and descending between heaven and earth; and whenever a Scotch king was to be crowned, he always took his seat upon this stone. Edward had it put underneath the seat of the chair in West'min-ster Abbey, in which English sovereigns sit at their coronation; and perhaps he thought that Scotland had yielded, and there would be no more trouble. On the contrary, it was only a little while before William Wallace led the Scotch against the English and defeated them in a great

battle. Soon after this, however, he fell into the hands of Edward and was put to death.

In a few years the Scots found a new leader. This was the grandson of Robert Bruce, and his name, too, was Robert Bruce. He was crowned King of Scotland, and the Scots flocked to his standard. Then came Edward with a large force, and soon the King of Scotland was hiding first in the Gram'pi-an Hills, then on a little island at the north of Ireland. He was almost in despair, for he had tried six times to get the better of the English and had failed. One day, it is said, he lay in a lonely hut on a heap of straw, wondering if it would not be better to give it up and leave Scotland to herself. Just then he caught sight of a spider trying to swing itself from one rafter to another. Six times it tried, and six times it failed. "Just as many times as I have failed," thought Bruce, and he said to himself, "If it tries again and succeeds, I, too, will try again." The spider tried again and it succeeded. Bruce tried again, and he, too, succeeded. Edward died, and before his son Edward II was ready to attend to matters in Scotland, Bruce had captured most of the castles that Edward I had taken and had brought an army together.

When Edward was at last ready to march into Scotland, some two or three years later, he came with a large force. Bruce met him with one only one third as large, but every man in it was bent upon doing his best to drive away the English. Bruce dug deep pits in front of his lines. Many of the English cavalry plunged into them and were slain, and the rest were thrown out of order. Then as the English troops looked at the hill lying to the right of the Scottish army, they saw a new army coming over the crest. It was really only the servants and wagons and camp



BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN

followers; but Bruce had given them plenty of banners, and the English supposed they were fresh troops. Then King Edward and his men ran away as fast as they could; but the Scotch pursued, and the king barely escaped being made a prisoner. This was the battle of Ban'nock-burn, the most bloody defeat that the English ever met in Scotland. The victory of the Scotch freed Scotland from all English claims; and a few years later England acknowledged her independence.

It was of this battle that the great Scotch poet, Robert Burns, wrote: —

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!
Now 's the day, and now 's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power —
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!
Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or Freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow! —
Let us do, or die!

In 1707, however, England and Scotland were peacefully united under the name of Great Britain.

SUMMARY

Who shall hold the Scottish throne? — King Edward's decision. — The Stone of Scone. — Wallace. — Bruce and the spider. — The battle of Bannockburn. — The poem of Burns upon this battle.

XXXVII

THE STORIES OF WILLIAM TELL AND ARNOLD
VON WINKELRIED

IN early times, some tall, strong people who had light hair, blue eyes, and fair complexions took up their homes in Swit'zer-land. They were a proud, independent race; and proudest of all were those who dwelt in three districts far up in the mountains, known later as the Forest Cantons. Even



LAKE OF THE FOUR CANTONS AND WILLIAM
TELL'S CHAPEL

after those who lived in the lower parts of the land had been obliged to give up much of their liberty, the Forest Cantons were still free. They yielded to the Emperor of Germany, they said, and to no one else.

At one time Count Ru'dolph of the family of Haps'burg was emperor. He was of Swiss birth. He loved his people and protected them; but after him came his son Al'bert, a cruel tyrant. He was determined to bring the Swiss under the rule of Austria, and he was especially bitter against

the Forest Cantons. He set governors over them who were free to insult the people, steal from them, imprison them, or even put them to death. The worst of all the governors was a man named Gessler, and the land was full of tales of his insolence and wickedness.

Gessler seemed determined to humble the Swiss in every possible way. One day he put an Aus'tri-an hat on a pole and set it up in the market-place with the command that every one who passed should bow down to it as if it were the emperor himself. William Tell, a bold mountaineer, walked through the place with his little son, and did not salute the hat. He was seized by the guards. Gessler told him that since he carried a bow, he might display his archery by shooting an apple from the head of his son, and if he succeeded in doing it without killing the child, his own life should be spared. Tell pleaded not to be driven to make so cruel a trial, but the tyrant forced him to do it. He hit the apple, and the people shouted with joy, but Gessler demanded suspiciously, "Why did you take out a second arrow?" Tell replied boldly, "For you, if I had slain my child." Gessler was furious. He threw Tell into chains and that night started to take him across the Lake of the Four Cantons to a prison on the other side. A fearful storm arose. "Tell knows the lake, and he is the only man that can save us," declared the peasants who were rowing. "Unbind him, then!" bade the frightened governor, "and give him the helm." Tell was unbound. He did know the lake, and he knew where a rock jutted out into the water, knew it so well that he could find it in the storm and darkness. He guided the boat to it, made a bold spring to the rock, gave a thrust to the boat, and in a moment he was free on the land and Gessler

was tossing on the lake. The governor was saved, but the next day he and his escort had to pass through some deep woods. He was exclaiming, "Let him surrender, or one of his children dies to-morrow, another on the second day, and his wife on the

third," when suddenly an arrow whizzed through the branches, and the tyrant fell dead. Whether the arrow came from Tell's bow, no one knew.

Before this, some of the bold mountaineers had met under the stars one night on a little point that stretched out into a lake, and had sworn to stand to-



TELL'S ESCAPE FROM GESSLER

Kaulbach

gether to free themselves from the tyranny of the Haps'burgs. The Duke himself came with an army to subdue the rebellious

Swiss; but as his lines were marching through a deep, narrow pass, suddenly rocks and trunks of trees were hurled down upon them. Then came the Swiss with their clubs and pikes, and the proud Austrians were overpowered and driven back by the mountain peasants.

Again, some seventy years later, the Austrians tried to conquer Switzerland. When the moment of battle had come, the knights dismounted and stood with their long spears in rest, a wall of bristling steel. The Swiss had only swords and short spears, and they could not even reach their enemies. The Austrians were beginning to curve their lines so as to surround the Swiss, when Ar'nold von Winkelried,¹ a brave Swiss, suddenly cried,



DEATH OF ARNOLD VON WINKELRIED

“My comrades, I will open a way for you!” and threw himself upon the lances, claspings in his arms as many as he could and dragging them to the ground. In an instant his comrades sprang

¹ fön-vin'kälred.

into the opening. The Austrians fought gallantly, but they were routed. It was by such struggles as these that Switzerland freed herself from Austria.

These two stories have been handed down in Switzerland from father to son for many years. People doubt their truth; but in one way at least there is truth in them; namely, they show how earnestly the Swiss loved liberty. They came to hate everything connected with Austria, even peacock feathers, because they were the symbol of Austria. It is said that once when the sun shone through a drinking glass and made the detested colors, the ardent — but rather foolish — patriot who held it dashed it to the floor, rather than use a thing that reminded him of the Austrian rule.

SUMMARY

The Swiss of the Forest Cantons. — Count Rudolph. — The troubles of the Swiss. — The shot of Tell. — Tell's escape. — The death of Gessler. — The meeting of the mountaineers. — The defeat of the Austrians by the peasants. — The devotion of Winkelried. — The truth in the legends.

XXXVIII

EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE

For a number of years England carried on a war with Scotland which ended with the battle of Bannockburn. This war would not have lasted so long if the French had not been afraid that England would become stronger than they, and therefore had

done a great deal to help Scotland. This did not make the English feel very friendly toward the French. Moreover, Edward III, King of England, claimed the French crown, because of his relationship to the late King of France. The result was a struggle which lasted

more than a century, and which is, therefore, called the Hundred Years' War. It was in the early part of this war that the famous battles of Crécy and Poitiers were fought which showed the English yeomen — that is,



BATTLE OF CRÉCY

the sturdy common people — that they could defend themselves with their bows and arrows, and need not depend upon the knights for protection. At the battle of Crécy, King Edward shared the command with his son, called the Black Prince from the color of his armor. In the course of the battle, a messenger came galloping up to the king and told him that his son was in great danger. "If the Frenchmen increase, your son will have too much to do," he said. The king asked, "Is my son dead, unhorsed, or so badly wounded that he cannot support

himself?" "No, sir," answered the messenger, "but he is in so hot an engagement that he has great need of your help." The king must have longed to go to his son, but he replied firmly, "Tell those that sent you not to send again for me so long as my son has life; and say I command them to let the boy win his spurs; for I am determined, if it please God, that all the glory and honor of this day shall be given to him and to those into whose care I have intrusted him." The brave prince did win his spurs, that is, performed deeds which proved him worthy

of knighthood; and when the battle was over the king kissed him and said, "You are worthy to be a sovereign."



EDWARD III

(From a wall painting, formerly in Westminster Abbey)

After this battle, the English pressed on to besiege Calais.¹ One whole year the French refused to yield, and they would not give up the town until they were starving. Edward was so angry at the long resistance that he told the people of Calais there was only one way in which they could look for any mercy from him. If six of their principal men would come to him in their shirts, bareheaded, barefooted, and with ropes about their necks, he would be merciful to the others. The richest man in town offered himself first, and five others followed. "Take them away and hang

them," commanded King Edward; but his wife Phi-lip'pa fell upon her knees before him and said, "Since I crossed the sea

¹ ka-la'.

with great danger to see you, I have never asked you one favor. Now I most humbly ask for the sake of the Son of the Blessed Ma'ry, and for your love to me that you will be merciful to these six men." The king replied, "Ah, lady, I wish you had been anywhere else than here, but I cannot refuse you. Do as you please with them." The queen feasted them, and gave them clothes and sent them back safely to their



QUEEN PHILIPPA PLEADING FOR THE MEN OF CALAIS

homes. This story was told by Queen Philippa's secretary, a man named Frois'sart.

Froissart tells another story about the courtesy and modesty of the Black Prince after the French king had been taken prisoner at the battle of Poitiers. Here it is just as the old chronicler told it:—

"The Prince of Wales gave a supper in his pavilion to the king of France and to the greater part of the princes and barons who were prisoners. The prince seated the king of France and his son, the Lord Philip, at an elevated and well covered table.

With them were Sir James de Bour'bon, the Lord John d'Artois,¹ the earls of Tancarville,² of Estampes,³ of Dammartin,⁴ of Gravelle,⁵ and the lord of Par-te-nay'. The other knights and squires were placed at different tables. The prince himself served the



TOMB OF THE BLACK PRINCE, IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

(His helmet, shield, and shirt of mail are shown above)

king's table as well as the others with every mark of humility, and would not sit down at it, in spite of all his entreaties for him so to do, saying that he was not worthy of such an honor, nor did it appertain to him to seat himself at the table of so great a king, or of so valiant a man as he had shown himself by his actions that day. He added, also, with a noble air, 'Dear sir, do not make a poor meal because the Almighty God has

not gratified your wishes in the event of this day; for be assured that my lord and father will show you every honor and friendship in his power, and will arrange your ransom so reasonably that

¹ dār-twä'. ² tăn-cār-vél'. ³ ä-tönp'. ⁴ dām-mär-tän'. ⁵ grä-vél'.

you will henceforward always remain friends. In my opinion, you have cause to be glad that the success of this battle did not turn out as you desired; for you have this day acquired such high renown for prowess that you have surpassed all the best knights on your side. I do not, dear sir, say this to flatter you, for all those of our side who have seen and observed the actions of each party have unanimously allowed this to be your due, and decree you the prize and garland for it.' At the end of this speech there were murmurs of praise heard from every one. And the French said the prince had spoken nobly and truly; and that he would be one of the most gallant princes in Christendom if God should grant him life to pursue his career of glory."

The Black Prince never came to the throne, for he died one year before his father. If he had lived, his courage and gentleness and kindly tact might have prevented some of the troubles that England had to meet.

SUMMARY

The cause of the Hundred Years' War. — The Black Prince wins his spurs. — The siege of Calais. — The pleading of Philippa. — The courtesy of the Black Prince to the captive king of France.

XXXIX

JOAN OF ARC

THE Hundred Years' War dragged on, and at length the French became so discouraged that they agreed that when their king should die they would accept an English ruler. At the death of their sovereign, the king of England was a little boy. His guar-

dians tried to enforce his claims, and they invaded France. They succeeded in getting possession of northern France, but they could not press any farther into the country unless they could capture the city of Orleans. They besieged it; it grew weaker and weaker, and all saw that it must soon fall into their hands.

The French were good soldiers, but they needed a leader. They were fighting for the rights of the young prince Charles, but it did not seem to enter his mind that there was anything for him to do except to wear the crown after they had captured it for him. At length word came to him that a young peasant girl named Jo-an' of Arc insisted upon seeing him. She declared that she had seen visions of angels and had heard voices bidding her raise the siege of Orleans and conduct him to Rheims to be crowned.

She was brought before the prince; but he had dressed himself more plainly than his courtiers to see if she would recognize him. She looked about her a moment, then knelt before him. "I am not the king," said Charles. "Noble prince, you and no one else, are the king," Joan responded; and she told him of the voices that she had heard. Now, there was an old saying in France that some day the country would be saved by a maiden, and both king and courtiers became interested. They gave her some light armor, all white and shining, and set her upon a great white charger with a sword in her hand. Her banner was a standard of pure white, and on it was a picture of two angels bearing lilies and one of God holding up the world. The French were wild with enthusiasm. They fell down before her, and those who could come near enough to touch her armor or even her horse's hoofs thought themselves fortunate. Joan was only seventeen, and she had seen nothing of war, but she succeeded in leading the French troops



JOAN OF ARC ENTERING ORLEANS IN TRIUMPH

Scherrer

into Orleans. When once she had made her way within the walls, the French shut up in the city began to believe that she was sent by Heaven to save them. She bade them follow her out to do battle with the English, and they obeyed joyfully. The English had heard of this. Some thought she was, indeed, sent by Heaven; others said she was a witch; and they were all half afraid to resist her. It was not long before they withdrew. The city was free; and the French were almost ready to worship the "Maid of

Orleans," as they called her. They were eager to follow wherever she led; and with every battle the English were driven a little farther to the northward.

Joan now urged Charles to go to Rheims to be crowned; but he held back. So did his brave old generals. "It is folly," they said, "to try to make our way through a country where the English are still in power. Let us first drive them from Normandy and from Paris. Let the coronation wait until we have possession of our capital." Still Joan begged Charles to go, and at length he yielded. There was much fighting on the way, but the French were victorious, and Joan led her king to Rheims. He was crowned in the cathed-



STATUE OF JOAN OF ARC
(In the gardens of the Luxembourg, Paris)

dral, and she stood near him, the white war banner in her hand.

Then Joan prayed to be allowed to go home; but Charles would not think of giving her up. His people had come to believe that

they would win a victory wherever she led; they even fancied that they saw fire flashing around her standard. "I work no miracles," she declared. "Do not kiss my clothes or armor. I am nothing but the instrument that God uses." She continued to lead the army, but at length she was captured and fell into the hands of the English. They fired cannon and sang the *Te Deum* in the churches and rejoiced as if they had conquered the whole kingdom of France.

Joan was kept in prison for a year, loaded with irons and chained to a pillar. She was tried for witchcraft and was condemned and sentenced to be burned. Charles, to whom she had given a kingdom, made no effort to save her. A stake was set up in the market-place of Rouen.¹ To this she was bound, and fagots were heaped up around it. "Let me die with the cross in my hands," she pleaded; but no one paid any attention to her request, until at length an English soldier tied two sticks together in the form of a cross and gave it to her. She kissed it and laid it upon her heart. Then a brave and kindly monk ventured to bring her the altar cross from a church near at hand. The flames rose around her. Those who stood near heard her say, "Jesus! Jesus!" and soon her sufferings were ended. Her ashes were thrown into the Seine, but to-day on the spot where she died a noble statue stands in her honor.

SUMMARY

The importance of Orleans to the English. — The folly of King Charles. — Joan is brought before the king. — She is made ready for battle. — The confidence of the French in her. — The English

¹ roo-on'.

fear her. — The “Maid of Orleans.” — The coronation of Charles at Rheims. — Joan is forced to continue leading the army. — Her capture and death.

XL

THE TROUBLES OF PHILIP II, KING OF SPAIN

WHEN Philip II of Spain was a young prince, he married his cousin Mary, Queen of England. He cared nothing for her, but he hoped to help her bring England back to the Roman Catholic faith, and also, when Mary should die, to wear the English crown. In both these hopes he was disappointed, for when Mary died she was succeeded by E-liz’a-beth, who was a Protestant.

In those times there was much discussion of religious matters. About forty years earlier, the monk, Mar’tin Lu’ther, had preached against some of the teachings of the Church. He was bidden to come to a place in Germany called Worms¹ to defend himself before the Emperor, representing the pope, and the German princes. He explained what he believed and why he believed it, and declared, “I cannot do otherwise. Here I stand. God help me.” With the aid of others Luther translated the Bible into German; and now that printing had been invented, almost every one could buy or borrow a copy, or at least get an opportunity to read one. Many people came to disagree with parts of the Church teachings, or to “protest” against observing them. These became known as “protestants,” and before long that name was given to all those who did not accept the faith and customs of the Roman Catholic Church.

¹ worms.

There were many Protestants in the Netherlands, or the land which is now called Holland and Bel'gi-um. This country as well as Spain was ruled by Philip. It was in the first place a low, marshy district, hardly more than a great morass, and frequently the ocean swept over it.

But the Neth'er-land-ers had built strong walls called dikes to keep the ocean and the rivers from overflowing it. All over the country they erected windmills to pump up the water from the swampy lands, and make them dry enough to live upon, and they made hundreds of canals for the water to flow through. The land thus drained was rich and fertile, and there were no better gardens and orchards in western Europe than in this country which had formerly been a swamp. The people who had rescued the land from

the ocean were sturdy and independent. They had liked Philip's father, because he was kindly and genial; but Philip was cold and stern in his manner and had no liking for people who did



PHILIP II OF SPAIN
(In the Prado Gallery, Madrid)

Titian

not agree with him. He made the mistake of thinking that by imprisoning the Protestants or torturing them, he could make them obedient to the Church. When he returned to Spain, he left his half-sister, the Duchess of Par'ma,¹ to rule the land in the same fashion. The Netherlanders were so indignant at his laws that thousands left the country and went to England. Queen Elizabeth gave them a hearty welcome, for many of them were



DUTCH WINDMILLS

weavers, and she was much pleased to have these excellent workmen come to her realm. Now the trade of the Netherlands began to suffer, and the country fell into wild disorder. The nobles were generally Catholics, but they were not pleased with the laws of Philip, and they presented a petition

against them to the Duchess. She was much troubled, and at this one of the royal councilors said, "Madam, are you afraid of a pack of beggars?" The nobles caught up the name, and after this the party was known as the Beggars. Many of them put on the coarse gray dress often worn by beggars, and wore little badges marked with the beggar's wallet and bowl.

Philip sent an able general, the famous Duke of Al'va, to quiet the country; but now the Netherlanders were determined to be free from Spanish rule, and they fought so resolutely that when the Spaniards besieged one of their towns they declared that they would never surrender, and that if the siege was not

¹ Parma was a duchy in Northern Italy.

given up they would cut the dikes and let the ocean overflow the country and their enemies together. The Spaniards fled. They were good soldiers, but they could not fight the ocean.



WILLIAM OF ORANGE PLEDGES HIS JEWELS FOR THE DEFENSE OF HIS COUNTRY

The most powerful man in the Netherlands was William, Prince of Or'ange,¹ or William the Silent. He had withdrawn to Germany rather than help the Spaniards; and while there he had become a Protestant. So deep was his love for his country

¹ Orange was a principality in the south of France, which had fallen to William's family.

that he had even pledged his jewels for its defense. He and his brothers were supplying men and money to oppose Alva, and at length the Duke gave up the contest and went home to Spain. William brought about a union of the seven Protestant states; and they stood alone against the mighty power of Spain. Queen Elizabeth did not wish to quarrel with Spain, but she did wish Philip to be kept so busy fighting with some one that he would have no leisure to attack England. Therefore, she sent the seven little states money, but with the utmost secrecy. At length she became bold enough to lend the Netherlanders a few soldiers. Among them was a young man whom she called one of the jewels of her crown, the famous Sir Philip Sid'ney. He was so brave and knightly that all England loved him. In one of the battles of the Netherlands he was fatally wounded, and the story is told that while he was suffering most severely a cup of water was brought to him. He was about to drink when he saw a soldier, also wounded, gazing at the cup longingly. "Give it to him," said Sidney, "his need is greater than mine."

Still the fighting against King Philip went on. He offered a large reward to anyone who would kill William of Orange; and before long the leader of the Netherlanders was shot in his own house. Still they would not yield, and finally Spain had to give up the seven states. These we now know as the kingdom of Holland, or the Netherlands; and the southern part of the country became known as Belgium. Philip still held Belgium, but he had lost Holland.

SUMMARY

Philip hopes for the English throne. — Luther at Worms. — His translation of the Bible. — “Protestants.” — The Netherlands. — The Netherlands flee to England. — Disorder in the Netherlands. — The “Beggars.” — The Duke of Alva. — William the Silent unites the seven Protestant states. — The aid of Elizabeth. — Sir Philip Sidney. — The murder of William.

XLI

THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA

It is not strange that Philip of Spain was angry with Queen Elizabeth and the English for helping his subjects in the Netherlands to free themselves from his rule. He wished to punish the meddlesome English, to win the crown of England for himself, and to make England a Catholic country. He concluded that the best way to bring his wishes to pass was to prepare a great fleet to attack England. The Spanish word for fleet is *armada*; and he felt so certain of success that he named his fleet the In-vin'cible Ar-ma'da.

There were vast preparations in Spain. Ships had to be built and men brought together. Stores and arms and provisions must be collected, and men must be trained in managing the guns. Philip was in a great hurry. A messenger would travel post haste from the king to the fleet with the royal orders; and by the time he had turned about to go back to the king, another messenger would appear with perhaps quite different orders.

Of course the English heard what was being done, and they were greatly alarmed. Spain was the most powerful country of Europe, and England was much afraid of being conquered and made into a mere Spanish province. The English got together as strong a fleet as they could, but it was a queer mixture of vessels. There were warships, merchant ships, coasting vessels, and even fishing craft of all sorts and sizes. There was so much piracy in those days that most captains of merchant ships or

even of little coasting vessels had some idea of a sea fight, and had arranged some means to defend themselves; so that the merchant vessels and the fishing boats were not helpless, but were a valuable addition to the few warships that the English could bring forward.

Philip had supposed that the Catholics in England would welcome him. Instead of that, they stood by their country as firmly as the Protestants.



QUEEN ELIZABETH

The admiral of the English fleet was Lord How'ard, a Catholic, and the vice-admiral was Sir Francis Drake, a Protestant.

One summer day in 1588, the mighty Armada came sailing into the English Channel. The ships were arranged in the form

of a crescent seven miles from tip to tip. The English fleet must have looked like a child going out to fight a giant, for the largest of the English warships were smaller than the smallest of the Spanish warships. The Spaniards had about 120 ships; the English about 170. The English vessels had less tonnage, but



SPANISH ARMADA ATTACKED BY THE ENGLISH FLEET

they had more guns. The battle began. The Spanish notion of a fight at sea was to fire a few guns, not into the hull, but into the rigging of the enemy's vessel to prevent it from escaping, then to close and carry on a hand-to-hand combat. Their warships were like great floating castles. They were most alarming to look at, but were clumsy and unwieldy. An old ballad says of one of them:—

This great Gal-le-az'zo ¹
 which was so huge and high,
 That like a bulwark on the sea
 lid seem to each man's eye.

¹ The modern Spanish word for galley or warship is *galeaza* (pronounced *gā-lā-ā'thā*).

The English vessels were easy to manage and quick of motion. They were long and narrow and they could sail nearer the wind. If the English had been willing to stand still and let the Spaniards sail up to them in dignified fashion, close with them, and fight in hand-to-hand combat, perhaps the Spaniards would have won the day; but instead of so doing, the impertinent little English craft would sail under the very shadow of one of the floating castles, fire a shot or two, and long before the monster could turn about and train its guns upon the enemy, the little boat was bounding



DESTRUCTION OF THE SPANISH ARMADA

over the waves to treat another Spanish vessel in the same fashion.

At length the Spaniards withdrew toward Calais. Soon after midnight they saw dark, shapeless masses drifting down upon them. Suddenly the things burst into flames. There were explosions

from them, and long tongues of fire shot out and clutched one Spanish vessel after another. "Fireships! Fireships!" the Spaniards cried in terror. They cut their cables and made their way to the north, for between them and Spain lay the English fleet.

If the Spaniards would ever see their homes, they must sail around the British Isles. But they had no pilots, no charts. Their ships were all more or less broken, and to make matters



QUEEN ELIZABETH CARRIED IN STATE

worse, they were soon caught in fearful storms. The I'rish coast was strewn with Spanish wrecks. Not more than half of the Invincible Armada ever returned to Spain.

The English had now no need to be afraid of Spain. English vessels might sail wherever they liked. Before this, one reason for hesitating to plant colonies in America had been the fear of Spanish attacks, but now the English might plant colonies wherever they chose. It is no wonder that this feeling of freedom and independence aroused and stimulated them to do good work in many lines.

There were not only great naval fighters in England in those days, but there were such brilliant writers that the age of Elizabeth is called the Golden Age of English literature. Moreover, some of these very men-at-arms were also famous as writers. Sir Philip Sidney was not only one of the bravest of soldiers, but he also wrote some beautiful poems and a delightful romance called "Ar-ca'di-a." Sir Walter Ra'leigh was not only a soldier and courtier and explorer and colonizer, but he, too, wrote poems and a history of the world. Shake'speare, greatest of them all, wrote his wonderful plays; and he was also a cool, shrewd business man. Mil'ton, who lived a little later, was secretary to the ruler of England and also wrote "Paradise Lost," one of the most famous poems of the world. Truly, those were marvelous days, "the spacious times of great Elizabeth."

SUMMARY

Why Philip wished to invade England. — The preparation of the Armada. — The English fleet. — Patriotism of the English. — The fight with the Armada. — The fireships. — The retreat of the Spaniards. — The independence of the English. — The Elizabethan literature. — Sidney. — Raleigh. — Shakespeare. — Milton.

XLII

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS

ONLY nine years after Holland freed herself from the rule of Spain, a struggle known as the Thirty Years' War broke out in Bo-he'mi-a and Germany. It was in great degree between Catho-

lies and Protestants; but the cause of it was not that they were trying to convert each other with fire and sword, but that each wanted certain lands of the country. War is always horrible, but it was even more dreadful in Germany than usual, for the armies were filled with the rabble of many countries, vagabonds and adventurers who had no intention of obeying their generals. Wherever they were quartered, they burned and plundered and murdered.

Another thing that caused much suffering was the behavior of Wal'len-stein, who was in command of the emperor's forces. He

was a wealthy, ambitious man who had raised a large army himself, and provided for its support. He lived, even when in camp, in the greatest luxury. His horses were the most costly that could be obtained, and large numbers of them and



WALLENSTEIN AND HIS GENERALS FEASTING

their grooms were always with him. He carried about magnificent clothing and superb furnishings of all sorts. All these things

were brought about by forcing the people to give him whatever he demanded, torturing them and burning their homes if they refused. He was a Catholic, but the other Catholic dukes finally

rose against him, and obliged the emperor to dismiss him.



GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS

The Protestants throughout Europe had been hoping that Gus-ta'vus Adolphus, the king of Sweden, would come to the aid of the Protestants in Germany. He was called the Lion of the North because he was so good a soldier. For some time, however, he was occupied with other wars, making sure of the safety and prosperity of his own country.

At length the day came when

he felt that he might venture to help the Protestants. He called the representatives of his people together and told them that he did not undertake the war to please himself, but to aid his brethren in Germany. He spoke to the councilors, to the knights, and to the clergymen, talking to them as if he had been their father and giving them good advice. Then he spoke to the citizens. "I wish that your little cottages may grow into big stone houses," he said, "and your little boats into great ships. I wish for you all, that your fields may wax green and bring forth fruit a hundred fold and your comfort and well-being grow and increase, so that your duty may be done with joy and not in sigh-

ing." He took his little four-year old daughter Chris-ti'na in his arms and held her up to the people, for if he should not return she would be their lawful sovereign. He seemed to feel as if he should never see his people again, and the tall, strong man, the winner of many battles, was so moved that his voice broke again and again. The people sobbed and wept, for their big, yellow-haired king was very dear to them.

The news soon reached Germany that Gustavus was coming, and the emperor was much amused. "We have a new little enemy," he said, and it became quite the fashion to laugh about the "Snow King." "He'll melt away as he comes south," people declared. Gustavus came to Germany. The German princes were willing to oppose the emperor themselves, but it was a different matter to unite with a foreigner to fight against him, and they hesitated.

Meanwhile, however, Til'ly, another of the emperor's great generals, was besieging Mag'de-burg. After a long and brave resistance it had to yield. The army rushed in, stole everything that was worth stealing, tortured the people and put thousands of men, women, and little children to death, and set fire to the city.

Then, emperor or no emperor, the German princes were ready to join Gustavus. He conquered everywhere, and Til'ly was slain in battle. Wallenstein was recalled, and again put in command of the emperor's forces. Shortly afterward came the great battle of Lützen.¹ It took place on a level plain through which ran a wide roadway. Early in the morning of that day mass was celebrated in the camp of Wallenstein, and at the same

¹ lüt-sén.



COMMISSIONERS CONCLUDING THE PEACE OF WESTPHALIA

time prayer was offered in the camp of Gustavus. Out of the dense fog rose the voices of the Swedish king and his men singing Luther's hymn,

"A mighty fortress is our God."

The fog lifted, and a terrible battle began. Part of Gustavus's troops were yielding. The king galloped across the field, waving his sword and calling upon his men to rally. His own safety was the last thing he thought of. Suddenly a bullet struck his arm,

another his breast, and he fell from his horse, mortally wounded. The riderless steed ran madly along the Swedish lines. "The king is captured! To the rescue!" shouted the officer who now took command; and the Swedes fought like fiends. Their brave leader was dead, but Wallenstein was forced to retreat.

The Swedes continued to help the Protestants, until after a few years the war gradually became a contest, not between Catholics and Protestants, but between two princely houses, each of which was striving for power. The struggle dragged on until every one was glad when at last a treaty was proposed. This treaty was called the peace of West-phalia, after a region in Germany where it was signed.

The Swedes, however, never ceased to grieve for the loss of their king. Our country, too, may claim friendship with him, for he was interested in the New World and planned to send a colony to its shores. The little Christina became queen, and when she was twelve years old, the wish of her father came to pass, and on the spot in Del'a-ware where the city of Wil'mington now stands some Swedish colonists built a fort and named it Fort Christiana in her honor.

SUMMARY

The cause of the Thirty Years' War. — Why the war was especially horrible. — Wallenstein. — Gustavus bids farewell to his people. — The "Snow King." — The siege of Magdeburg. — The victories of Adolphus. — The battle of Lützen. — A Swedish colony in America.

XLIII

PETER THE GREAT



PETER THE GREAT

FROM the time that Rurik is said to have ruled in Russia, the country had little history for nearly eight hundred years. One reason was because it was overrun for two centuries by barbarians from Asia, called Tar'tars. Another was because, although it had become strong, it was like a lion shut up in a cage. He may be powerful, but he cannot show his power until he gets out. In this case, the "cage" was the different peoples that kept the country from the rest of the world.

The Tartars shut it from the Black and Cas'pi-an Seas, the Lith-u-a'ni-ans lay between it and Germany, and the Swedes and others held the land about the Baltic Sea. Arch-an'gel was Russia's only seaport, and the harbor of that was frozen many months of the year.

The man who let Russia out of the cage was a wild, rough

young fellow of seventeen named Peter, afterwards called Peter the Great. When he was a small boy, he came across an old, half-rotten boat. "I can remember when your great-uncle used to sail that," said an old peasant. "He could sail against the wind." No one could show the boy how this was done, but he searched till he at last found a teacher. He learned to sail the boat and so began his navy. He picked up boys in the streets and grooms from the stables for a company of soldiers; and this was the beginning of his army.

When this kingdom without a seaport fell into his hands, he set to work, first, to build a navy, and he sent young men to Holland and England and Italy to learn about naval affairs. "Return when you have become good sailors, and not before," he commanded them. After a while he himself set out for a tour of Europe, and never was there a traveler with such wide-open eyes. He wanted to see everything and to learn everything. "I want to know how those people live," he said, on one occasion, stopping his carriage before a house. He sent the owner out of doors and then examined the house at his leisure. Another time he waded in water knee-deep across a meadow to visit a mill that struck him as worth seeing. He learned how to open a vein, how to pull teeth, how to make ropes and sails and fireworks. He studied architecture with one man, natural history with another, and even took drawing lessons and was taught how to engrave.

He sent home great blocks of marble for the use of artists — when there should be any; he sent arms and tools, and a stuffed crocodile for the beginning of a museum. He sent also sailors, physicians, gunsmiths, and naval officers.

This remarkable sovereign was not satisfied to see things done and to hire men to do them; he wanted to do them himself. The next we hear of him, he was wearing a red waistcoat with large buttons, a short jacket, and wide breeches like those of the Dutch workmen, and was working in a shipyard, at Zaan-dam'. He called himself Peterbas,¹ or Master Peter; and if he was addressed by any other title, he pretended not to understand. At shipbuilding, he worked four months, not simply watching other



PETER THE GREAT LEARNING SHIPBUILDING

men, but using his own hammer and adze. A little later he went to England. William III gave him a cordial welcome, and quite won his heart by getting up a sham naval battle for him.

This energetic young Czar never learned to behave himself properly. If he felt too warm at dinner, he sprang up and threw off his coat. He met a lady of the court one day and shouted "Halt!" at the top of his voice. Her watch hung at her waist. He caught it up, looked to see the time, and passed on. A handsome house was loaned him while he stayed in England; but after his departure the gov-

¹ pǎ'tër-bās.



NICHOLAS BRIDGE, ST. PETERSBURG

(This magnificent granite structure spanning the Neva River is twelve hundred feet long)

ernment had to pay the owner a large sum, for this strange visitor had carelessly torn the hangings down, ruined valuable pictures, and even broken out doors and windows. It is said that before he left England he presented to the English king a magnificent uncut diamond, wrapped in a bit of dirty paper. He went to make a call on the German emperor, and kept putting his hat upon his head and pulling it off again throughout his visit. The instant he escaped from the palace, he leaped into a boat on a pond in the park and rowed about with all his might, as if he could not have borne the royal interview another minute.

When Peter returned to Russia, he built schools and factories, made roads and improved the laws; he established a printing press, introduced a fine breed of sheep, and built mills for making paper and linen. He had learned that his army was not equal to the troops of western Europe; so he set to work to improve it.

He made his men give up their cumbersome long-skirted robes and dressed them in a more soldierly fashion. Then he armed and drilled them as the troops of the west were armed and drilled. He still longed for a port on the Baltic, but another king, quite as energetic as he, held the land. This was Charles XII of Sweden. He was only eighteen, but he was already a remarkable military commander. Denmark, Po'land, and Russia united against



ST. ISAAC'S CATHEDRAL, ST. PETERSBURG
(The grandest church in Russia and in all northern Europe)

him, and he beat them all. When news of the defeat was brought to Peter, he said, "I expected the Swedes to beat us, but they will soon teach us how to beat them." He set to work to drill, to make cannon, even melting up the bells of the churches when other metal gave out, and to prepare for a

severe battle and a victory. He was also building, on a swampy island at the mouth of the Ne'va River, his capital, St. Pe'tersburg, which was destined to be one of the most brilliant cities of Europe.

King Charles marched boldly into Russia, for he supposed he should be as successful in this campaign as in his previous ones. "I will set ten Russians against every Swede," declared Peter, "and time and distance and cold and hunger will back me up."

This he did. He slowly retreated, devastating all the district that he passed through. Charles pressed after him, and when he was in the midst of a barren, frozen country, the Russians met him at Pultowa,¹ and, as a Russian monk declared, "The Swedes disappeared even as lead is swallowed up in water." Peter had won the lands around the south shore of the Baltic, and now Russia had no lack of seaports.

Peter was coarse and rough, but his greatest wish was to do well by his country. "I would give half of it to learn how to govern the other half," he once said. It is easy to laugh at him and to find fault with him, but he "molded a mass of rugged nobles and crouching serfs into the great nation of the Russians." He died in his fifty-third year. His wife Catharine reared in his honor a noble monument, whereon was written that he "in this place first found rest."

SUMMARY

Why Russia had little history for eight hundred years. — Peter and the sailboat. — Peter forms a navy. — He makes a tour through Europe. — He becomes a shipbuilder. — His rudeness and vandalism. — His visit to the German emperor. — His reforms in Russia. — He prepares to win a port on the Baltic Sea. — Builds his capital. — His victory over Charles XII of Sweden. — His achievements.

¹ pōōl-tō'vā.

XLIV

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

WHEN the American Revolution broke out, the French people sympathized with the Americans, and La-fa-yette' and others came to our aid. The reason for this sympathy was that just as the American colonists were ruled for the interest of England, so the masses of the people in France were ruled for the interest of a few. Half of the land of France was in the hands of the nobles and the clergy. They paid hardly any taxes, and therefore the other people had to pay twice as much as was fair. Worse than this, the king could put a man into prison for life without even accusing him of any crime. Every year the people became more wretched, and finally they abolished royalty, established a republic, and put the king to death. A few months after his execution there began in France a dreadful time, known as the Reign of Terror. The queen was beheaded and many thousands were executed for no reason except that they were nobles or were wealthy. A new instrument, the guillotine, was invented to carry on executions more rapidly. Such madness and cruelty seized upon the people that they used to go day after day to sit on the benches surrounding the guillotine and chat and jest while the machine was doing its awful work.

It is no wonder that the other European nations united against France; but in the midst of all the horrors of the Reign of Terror, France had formed an army and put in command over it a young



NAPOLÉON IN HIS IMPERIAL ROBES.

Gérard

Cor'si-can named Na-po'le-on Bo'na-parte. The country was now ruled by five "directors." They ordered Napoleon to drive the Austrians from Italy. He succeeded in doing this, and also obliged Austria to give up to France her possessions in the Netherlands. Napoleon was the man of the day, and when he returned to Paris he found the people ready to do whatever he asked. He decided to have the country ruled by three consuls instead of by five directors; and the French were willing. He was the First Consul, of course, and he was the on'y one who ruled.

After matters had become more quiet Napoleon asked the people of France to decide whether he should not have the title of emperor. Almost every vote was in favor of it. Then there was a most brilliant coronation ceremony. Napoleon asked no one to crown him, but lifted the crown and placed it upon his own head, and then crowned his wife Josephine empress.

The other countries of Europe looked upon him as a usurper, and several united to oppose him. His worst enemies were England and Austria. He decided to cross the English Channel and invade England; but at the last moment he learned that the Russians and Austrians were marching toward the eastern limits of France. England must wait, he thought, and he marched far into Austria. There he met his enemies and gained a brilliant victory at Austerlitz.¹ He formed a Confederation of the Rhine with himself as Protector; and so many German princes forsook Austria and joined the league, that the Austrian emperor was obliged to give up his title of ruler of the Holy Roman Empire and call himself simply the Emperor of Austria.

Napoleon went on with his victories, and soon he ruled France,

¹ ous'tër-lêts.

Belgium, Holland, much of Germany, and much of Italy. On the thrones of the conquered countries he placed his brothers and his generals. He was now on bad terms with Russia, and he set out with half a million soldiers to capture Mos'cow. Much the same thing happened as when the Swedes followed Peter the Great into Russia. "Time and distance and cold and hunger" were as fatal to the Frenchmen as they had been to the Swedes. Napoleon expected to take Moscow as a matter of course, and he supposed that there would be food and shelter in the city for his men. He entered Moscow, but the inhabitants had fled, carrying with them everything possible. Worse than that, fire soon broke out, probably kindled by some Russians who had remained for that purpose. The houses were of wood, and in a short time the French were without shelter or provisions. They were forced to set out on the long march to France in the bitter cold of the Russian winter. Men died by thousands from cold and starvation. The savage Cos'sacks attacked the lines constantly. Not one man in six returned to France from that terrible march.

This was the beginning of Napoleon's downfall. Russia, Prus'sia, Sweden, and England now united against him. Great armies pressed into France, and Paris was obliged to surrender. Napoleon was sent to the little island of El'ba, off the coast of Italy. France became a kingdom again, and a brother of the king who had been executed was set upon the throne with the title of Lou'is XVIII. This new king had learned nothing from the Revolution, and it did not enter his mind that he could not treat the people just as his ancestors had treated them. Before long they were wishing that the emperor would come back. There began to be rumors in France that something might happen.



NAPOLÉON'S RETURN FROM ELBA

The whole country knew that the violet was Napoleon's favorite flower, and people whispered to one another significantly, "In the spring the violets blossom." Meanwhile, a Congress was meeting at Vi-en'na to try to arrange the countries of Europe just as they were before Napoleon laid his hands upon them. The German states were formed into a league with the Emperor of Austria as president. Italy was divided among several powers, but Austria claimed a general control over the whole country. Both Austria

and Prussia were made somewhat larger. Wherever Napoleon had made a kingdom into a republic or had put one of his brothers into the place of a king, the former ruler was restored, or one of his family was set up on the throne.

Suddenly word was brought that Napoleon had escaped from Elba. The Congress laughed at the idea, but the report was true. He landed in France and went straight toward Paris. When his old soldiers caught sight of him, they forgot that they were the



NAPOLEON AT THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

Steuben

troops of King Louis; they remembered only that their beloved emperor had returned to them. They threw their arms around him and around one another. They shouted, and they wept for

joy. King Louis fled, and Napoleon was again emperor of the French.

But the countries that had united against him were bringing their troops together. The English and Prussians were already in Belgium. Then came the famous battle of Wa-ter-loo', and Napoleon was utterly defeated. He surrendered to the English, believing that they would let him live in peace in either America or England. They refused and carried him to the island of St. He-le'na, off the coast of Africa, and there he died six years later.

From the fifth to the nineteenth century is a long way. Looking back over the history of Europe, we can see that, first, wild tribes from Asia swept over the country; that the Franks gained in power until under Charlemagne they ruled nearly all western Europe; that the Teutons pushed on to the westward, to the British Isles, to Iceland, Greenland, and America; that the boundaries and laws of the nations gradually became more definite; that the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries were marked by feudalism and the crusades; that after this came a time of progress, of travel and exploration, eastward to China and westward to America; then followed the long years of struggle, each nation trying to make the most of itself, to win freedom, and sometimes to get the better of its neighbors.

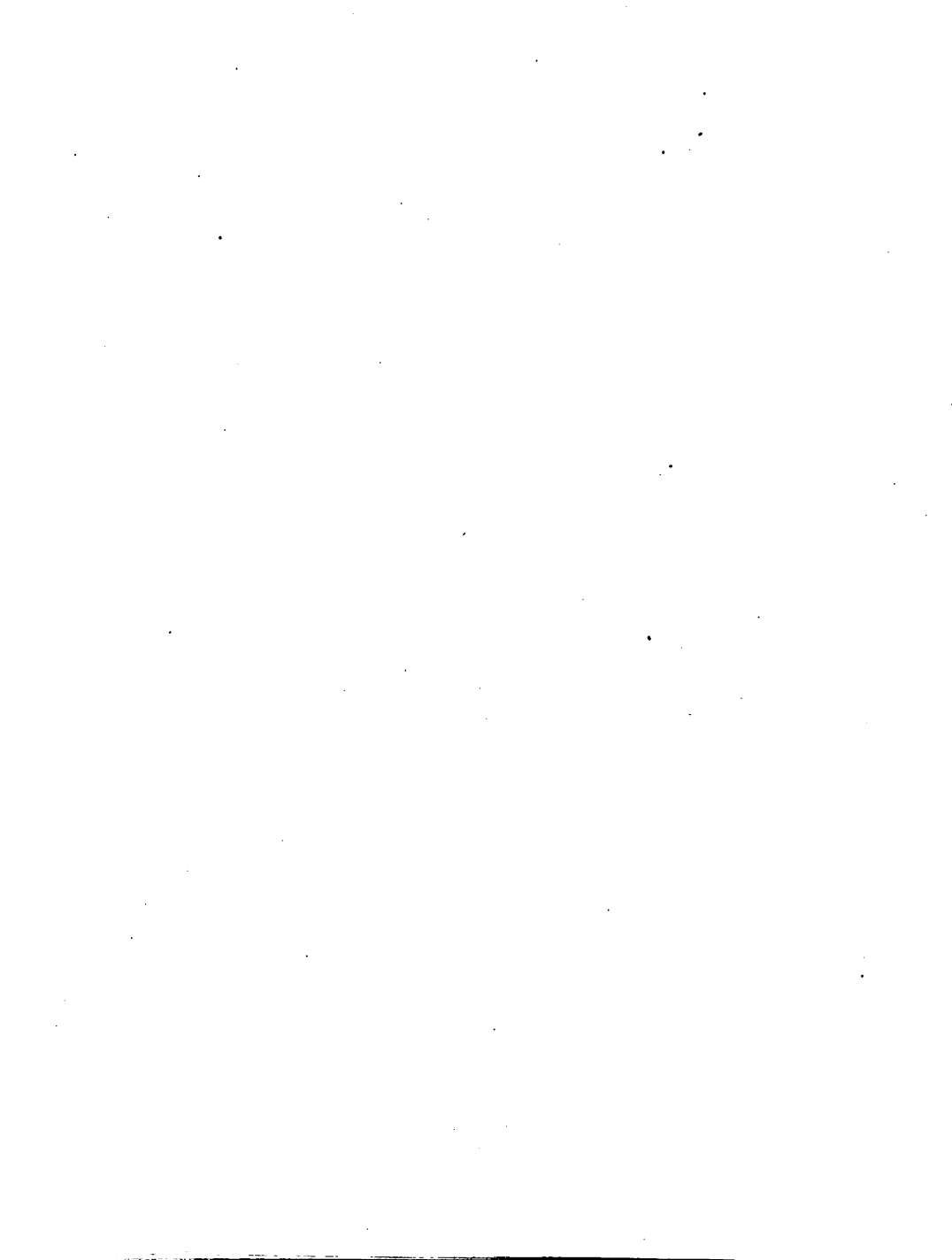
But this is a small part of the real history of the countries of Europe. There were men who were brave in other places than on the battlefield or in voyages of discovery; there were poets and artists and builders and lawmakers and preachers; there were kind deeds and unselfish lives. If the tales of all these could be told, then, indeed, we should have a faithful history of the countries of Europe from the time when they were seized upon by

rude, wandering peoples to the present age and the measure of civilization which has now been attained.

SUMMARY

Why France sympathized with the American Revolution. — The early successes of Napoleon. — He becomes emperor. — Austerlitz. — The Confederation of the Rhine. — The Austrian emperor is forced to give up his title of ruler of the Holy Roman Empire. — Napoleon's victories. — His expedition to Russia. — The burning of Moscow. — Napoleon's retreat. — His exile to Elba. — The folly of Louis XVIII. — The Congress of Vienna. — The return of Napoleon from Elba. — The battle of Waterloo. — Napoleon is sent to St. Helena. — General view of the history of Europe.

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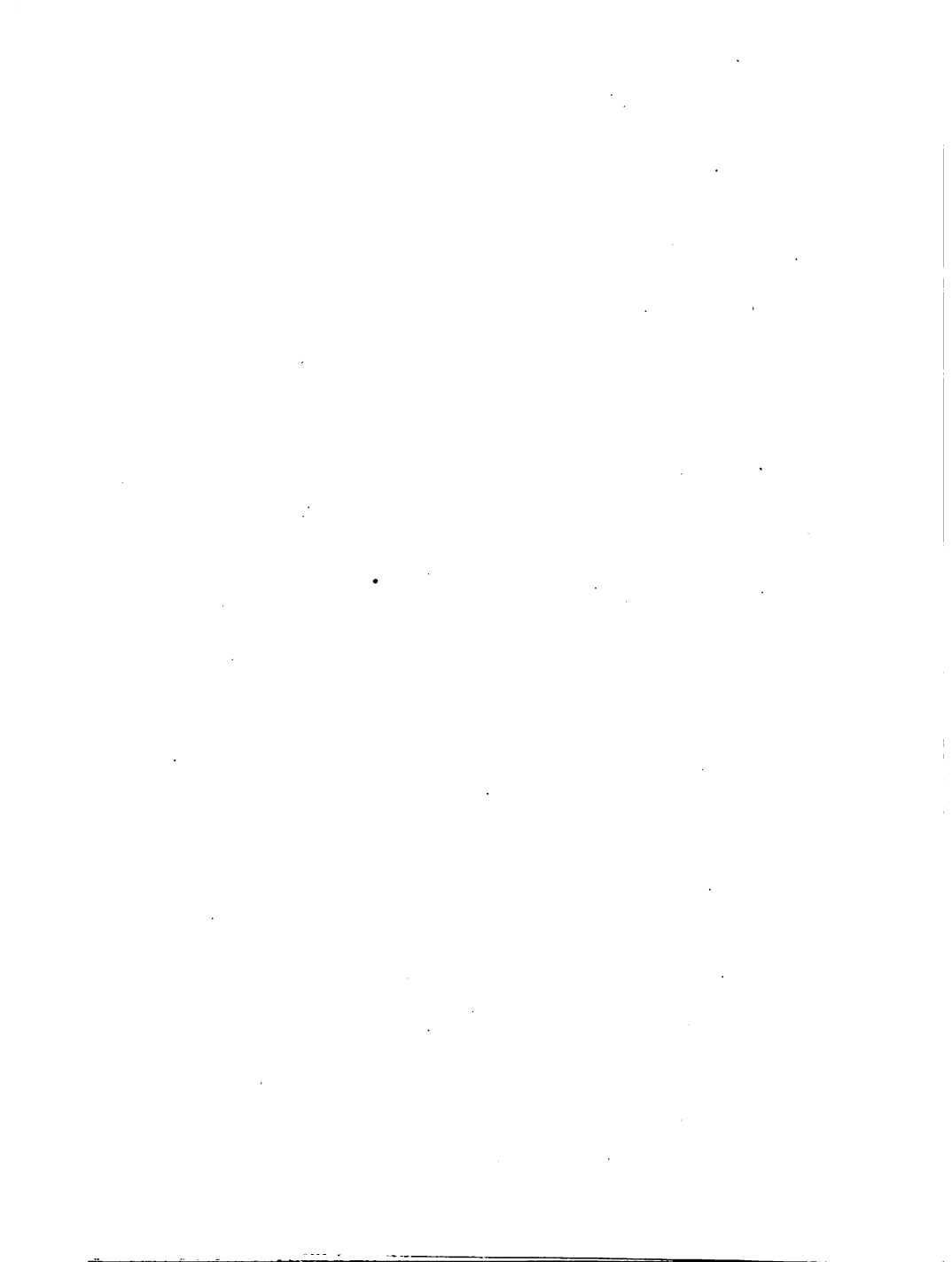
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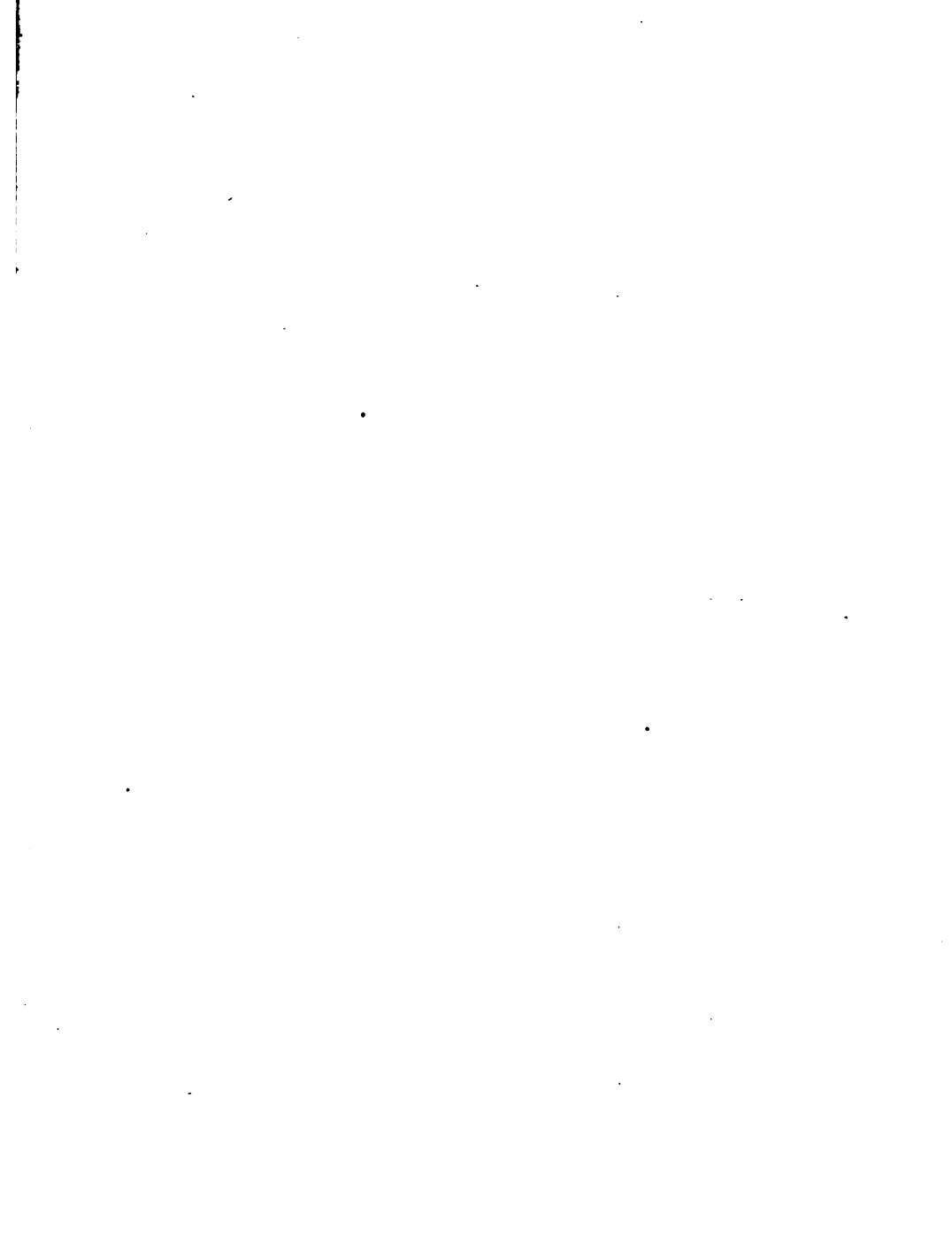
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